

Combined with THE LONE EAGLE, *Fighting Ace*

# THE AMERICAN EAGLE



10¢

OCT.

CONVOY

A Complete Book of  
War-Air  
Featuring The World's  
Greatest Sky Fighter  
By LT. SCOTT  
MORGAN

THRILLING  
PUBLICATION



# "DEATH STALKED US UNDER MOBILE BAY!"

A true experience of EARLE P. JOHNSON, Arlington, Va.



"TWENTY FEET BELOW the muck of Mobile Bay," writes Mr. Johnson, "I was supervising a crew of sand hogs in the building of a new tunnel. Suddenly, to my horror, the lights went out. In the utter blackness I heard an ominous rumble.

"**FEAR GRIPPED MY HEART** as I snapped on the flashlight I always carry. By its beam, I saw that an entire brace of timbers was giving way! The kind of death that haunts sand hogs' sleep was facing us.



"**THEN, WORKING LIKE MADMEN** in the steady beam of the flashlight, the crew braced the timbers. Thanks to dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries, we won a reprieve from death.

(Signed) *Earle P. Johnson*

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.



**FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE**

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.  
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



**1/3 MFRS. ORIG. PRICE**

**GENUINE Late Model No. 8**

**L.C. SMITH**

*was \$102.50*

**NOW**

**\$4.85 CASH**



**only 70c**

*a week*

**While 297 Last or Buy on EASIEST TERMS**

Buy direct from us at about 1/3 mfrs. orig. price and over \$60.00! Beautifully rebuilt and unconditional 2 yr. guarantee. No down payment necessary—10 day Trial. Hurry—only 297 at this price!

**EXTRA VALUE**  
**ROLL-A-WAY SECRETARIAL**

**TYPEWRITER STAND**

For those who have no typewriter stand or handy place to use a typewriter. I make this special offer. This attractive stand that ordinarily sells for \$4.85 can be yours with L. C. Smith for only \$3.00 extra—payable 25c a month. Quality built. Just note all its convenient features. (See coupon.)



Mounted on casters, can be moved by touch of finger.

Big working surface, all metal, compact, strong, quiet, rigid, attractive. Two metal wings, correct working height.

**FREE**

**COMPLETE TOUCH TYPING COURSE**

We give FREE with your L. C. Smith a complete 9 lesson Home Study course of Famous Van Sant Touch Typing system. You can now learn typing quickly and easily.

**OFFER FOR LIMITED TIME—SEND COUPON TODAY**

Accept this wide open offer now! Send no money. Use L. C. Smith for 10 day trial in your home. Return it if you don't think it the greatest value you have ever seen. If you buy, pay on easiest terms—only \$3.00 a month.

**2 yr. ironclad guarantee. Avoid disappointment—mail coupon today.**

**MAIL THIS COUPON**

**NO MONEY DOWN  
10 DAYS' TRIAL  
Easy Terms—10c a day**

No obligation. Send no money. See before you buy on wide-open 10 day Trial. Pay on easiest terms—only 10c a day. You get this genuine late office model L. C. Smith beautifully rebuilt with all standard improvements—basket shift, standard 84-character, 4-row keyboard, shift lock key, back spacer, 3 color ribbon, ribbon reverse, stencil cutting device, tabulator, etc. Ball Bearing throughout—quiet operation. **THOUSANDS PAID \$162.50—IT'S YOURS FOR ONLY \$34.85 (CASH PRICE).** No risk, money back guarantee.

**2 YEAR GUARANTEE**

Our 2 year ironclad guarantee is your assurance of satisfaction and long service! Our 26 years of Fair Dealing Backs This Guarantee.

**IDEAL FOR HOME OR OFFICE**

This late L. C. Smith with basket shift is the machine used by schools, large corporations and business houses the country over. The perfect, all-purpose typewriter for correspondence, office work, billing, manifold work, etc. Has all modern improvements you need, stands hard service—IT'S YOURS AT ONLY \$3.00 A MONTH.

**WIDE CARRIAGE MODELS**

Wide carriage L. C. Smiths for government reports, large office forms, billing, etc. The 14 inch carriage takes paper 14" wide, has 12" writing line—only \$3.00 extra with order. The 18" takes paper 18" wide, has 18" writing line—only \$5.00 extra with order. (See coupon.)

**INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE**  
231 West Monroe Street Dept. 1028 Chicago, Illinois

**INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,**

DEPT. 1028, 231 W. MONROE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Send me L. C. Smith (P.O.B. Chicago) for 10 days' trial. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 per month until easy term price (\$38.85) is paid. If I am not satisfied I can return it express collect.

☐ 10" carriage ☐ 14" carriage (\$3.00 extra) ☐ 18" carriage (\$5.00 extra)  
☐ Check for typewriter stand (\$3.00 extra, payable 25c a month). Stand sent on receipt of first payment on L. C. Smith.

Name ..... Age.....  
Typewritten signatures not acceptable

Address .....

City ..... State.....

**CAUTION—For Quick Shipment Give Occupation and Reference**

**OVER 200,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.**

Combined with **THE LONE EAGLE, Fighting Ace**

# THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Vol. XXIII, No. 1

BRUCE McALESTER, Editor

October, 1948

**A Full-Length War-Air Action Novel**



## CONVOY BLITZ

By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

*Over a Frozen Sea, John Masters Rides to Battle Against a  
Vicious Hun Menace to Democracy's Coast! Follows the  
American Eagle as He Roars into Swift Action to  
Protect Great Britain's Life Line*

14

### Zooming Short Stories

BUDDIES	William O'Sullivan	67
<i>One Used a Machine-gun, the Other a Camera</i>		
BLUNDER BUSES	Joe Archibald	78
<i>Muley Spook, the Kid's Tossup, Barley in Jail and His Uncle</i>		
EAGLE WINGS OVER ALBANIA	Robert Sidney Bowen	92
<i>Jimmy Dolan Joins the Greeks in their Valiant Struggle for Freedom</i>		
WIND ON THE WING	Johnston Carroll	100
<i>Mule Dalton Knew Plenty—but His Passenger Didn't Realize It!</i>		

### Special Flying Features

AROUND THE HANGAR	The Wing Commander	8
THE L. E. A. FLYING COURSE	Bruce McAlester	64
<i>An Important Lesson on the Subject of Engines</i>		
THE STORY OF THE COVER	Illustration and Text	77
MODEL FIGHTING SHIPS	Builders' Plans	88
<i>How to Build the Fisher F. S. 9</i>		
THE SHIP OF THE MONTH	Illustrated Feature	99
<i>The Boeing B-29T 7 to 9-Place Long Range Bomber</i>		

*Join Our Nation-wide Club for Air Fans! Coupons on Page 111  
See List of Pen Pals on Page 11*

THE AMERICAN EAGLE, MAGAZINE, AND ALL OTHER WORKS BY BENTLEY PUBLICATIONS, INC. are published by the American Eagle Publishing Company, Inc., 1111 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y. Phone, FRanklin 3-1111. Single copies, 10¢. Subscriptions, yearly, \$3.00; 6 months, \$1.50. Single copies, 10¢. Subscriptions, yearly, \$3.00; 6 months, \$1.50. All orders, including those for single copies, must be accompanied by payment in full. Payment may be made by check, money order, or cash. Payment by credit card is not accepted. Payment by check or money order should be made payable to Bentley Publications, Inc. All correspondence should be addressed to Bentley Publications, Inc., 1111 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

**READ OUR COMPANION AIR MAGAZINES: SKY FIGHTERS, RAF AGES, AND AIR WAR**



## I Trained These Men



Chief Engineer Broadcasting Station

Before I completed your training, I worked for Radio Station. I was paid \$10 a week. Now I am making \$100 a week. I have learned how to make money on radio. I have learned how to make money on television.



Radio Station for Four Years

I was working in a radio store. I was making \$10 a week. I am now making \$100 a week. I have learned how to make money on radio. I have learned how to make money on television.



JAMES H. KEAR, 125 Radio Street, New York, N.Y.



100 a Week in Spare Time

I completed Radio this when I was in my spare time. I made \$100 a week. I have learned how to make money on radio. I have learned how to make money on television.



Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

They pay them to do this without money. They pay them to do this without money. They pay them to do this without money. They pay them to do this without money.

**THIS BOOK has shown hundreds how to MAKE MORE MONEY**

## I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME in your spare time for a GOOD JOB IN RADIO

Here is a simple way to make money. Radio offers the easiest way to make \$100 a week. You can make \$100 a week. You can make \$100 a week. You can make \$100 a week.



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

### Real Opportunities for Beginners to Learn This Easy Way to \$100 a Week

Over 100 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ thousands of Radio Technicians who receive good money for money's work and experience. Broadcasting stations collect from and sell Radio equipment. They are paid \$100 a week to sell your good job to the radio. Many other Radio Technicians have knowledge of the opportunity to learn their own business of Radio Technicians. Think of the money and pay you can make with this. American, Continental, Radio, Radio and Radio. Think of the money and pay you can make with this. American, Continental, Radio, Radio and Radio.

Get Radio news and information for Radio. Get Radio news and information for Radio. Get Radio news and information for Radio. Get Radio news and information for Radio.

### Read Get How I Train You for Good Pay in Radio

Read the report below. It will show you how to make \$100 a week. It will show you how to make \$100 a week. It will show you how to make \$100 a week. It will show you how to make \$100 a week.

**MAIL NOW FOR BIG BOOK**

**Free**

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1008**  
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me **FREE** report explaining how to make money on radio. I will pay you \$100 a week. I will pay you \$100 a week. I will pay you \$100 a week.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**FOR LEARNERS IN RADIO**



#### WOULDN'T TAKE LONG FOR COURSE

"The lessons are so simple, I have learned to play my solo in 15 days more than a month. I couldn't take a second lesson if my course."

W. B. A. Street City, Mo.



#### PLAYS ON PIANO

"I am happy to tell you that for five weeks I have been up for me and my local club members. For those in your audience for such a wonderful course."

W. B. A. Street



#### FOUND ACCORDION CASE

"I've always wanted to play the piano and have learned to play it in 15 days more than a month. I couldn't take a second lesson if my course."

# Music Lessons for less than 7¢ a day

Here's your chance to learn to play your favorite musical instrument—quickly and easily—in your own home.

YOU thought it was impossible to learn music? That it took lots of money to pay for a private teacher, sheet music and all the other necessities? That it required years of study?

That's just the way it used to be. You can learn to play your favorite musical instrument, any instrument, for less than SEVEN CENTS a day! That's ALL it costs. Not a penny more for sheet music or anything else. And it doesn't take years either.

## Play a Tune in One Lesson

Actually, you start playing a familiar melody on your very FIRST lesson. Then you go on from one tune to another, with your friends and enjoyed to hear you play.

You learn to play by playing—not as you learned the English language by reading it. This is the way to learn, not slow, no waste money.

You learn by a remarkable, short-cut method. A modern, simplified method that shows all the system, self-instruction study and practice. A method that has already proved the world, something never before possible. It's so really FUN to learn music this way you.

Here's the Secret

"A great people" means no more. Features by Professional Music

"A player in worth a thousand words" with the student Chapter



private. And that is the secret of this easy and fascinating way to learn music at home in spare time. Your lessons come to you in brief and players learn. Learn, learn like someone else who every lesson, every more. And the accompanying book is like the work of your teacher at your shoulder, explaining, coaching and encouraging you. You can't go wrong.

## Send for Illustrated Booklet

See for yourself how easy it is to learn your favorite musical instrument this modern, short-cut way. And how inexpensive. Mail the coupon below, checking the instrument in which you are interested. Do it now. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 2244 Broadway Bldg., New York City. Twenty-third year, (Est. 1905)

U. S. School of Music, 2244 Broadway Bldg., New York City

I am interested in learning the musical instrument checked.

Please send me your illustrated booklet explaining how I can learn easily at home, for less than 7¢ a day.

Piano	Violin	Trumpet	Flute
Clarinet	Guitar	Harmonica	Accordion
Drum	Organ	Contra	Other

Name (no instrument)

Address

City

State

☐ Check here if under 16 years of age

# "Give Me Your Measure Let Me Prove I Can Make You a NEW MAN!"

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps —yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

I know, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

## What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do for You

Do you want big, broad shoulders — a fine, powerful chest — biceps like steel — arms and legs rippling with muscular strength — a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle — and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results — and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.



**CHARLES ATLAS**

Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 77K, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.**



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 77K,  
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly.)

Address.....

City..... State.....

# Around the Hangar



A Department

for Readers

**W**ELL, what goes on here? I have seen no longer pans on mules. Horace is missing and has not been around since last week-end? Oh, I forgot to tell you about Horace as we got an S.O.S. from Annapolis. What with the football season coming on, their mascot down there got gingervitis (Bad breath to you illiterates) and he has been sent to a well known soap manufacturer for sweetening.

So Horace will make faces at the army mule during the annual pigskin classic this fall. The navy moguls picked Horace because he has a service record and a wound stripe on his empennage. We should all be proud of that goat.

Oswald has been set down again just as his newly organized flying school is getting under way on the banks of the Gowanus Canal. We have a bulletin from the Civil Aeronautics Administration at hand and it was sent to us from Roscoe Wright of that organization. Oswald has been charged with subversive activities by Larry McPhail of the Brooklyn and up to now they have not made Oswald confess that Bill Terry of the Jints put him up to coaxing Dolf Camilli and Cookie Lavagetto to take flying lessons.

Anyway, it is a fact that McPhail has fined Cookie and Dolf 500 fish each for succumbing to Oswald's bait. We heard that



McPhail asked Oswald why didn't he pick on two of his pitchers who are always up in the air anyhow if he was acting in good faith.

"There is two umpires also," McPhail told the investigation committee, "that me and Lippy would like to see up about twenty thousand feet in a plane with no engine." Oswald never has no luck.

## A Chance for Oswald

We think we will have our old World War flying pal, Oswald Klipspringer, straightened out as soon as we can raise the bail to get him out of the cooler. Os-

wald has been in so many coolers here and abroad that the Air Corps bigwigs look upon him as a perfect guinea pig for certain experiments. At Wright Field there are pilots being put to bed in frigidaires and we are not kidding. They are testing sleeping bags for possible Arctic maneuvers and the temperature of these cocoons goes to 60 below zero.

We have been contacted by the Department regarding Oswald and have assured our superiors that just as soon as we take up a collection in this hangar and spring Oswald from the cooler, we will ship him to the Wright Field cooler where he can still feel at home and serve his country at



the same time. Oswald is nothing if not a patriot. You should see the American eagle he has tattooed on his chest. It wears brass knuckles and spurs.

## Uncle Sam's Steppe Son

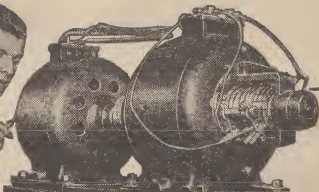
The Russky Reds, it has been said, killed off most of the citizens with brains when they took over and made Joe Stalin the boss. The biggest mistake the scythe and sickle boys made was driving a family by the name of De Seversky out of their native land, for the oldest boy of that family certainly possessed just about all the air savvy in his noggin that there was in Russia. Alexander is his name and he was recently awarded the International Harmon Trophy by President F. D. R. What has Seversky done? Take a gander:

He invented skis for planes, apparatus for refueling ships in flight, first automatic bomb sight, automatic drift control, hydraulic retractable landing gear, air brake and wing flap, trailing edge and split flap, flush riveting, lift intensifier, flexible gun mount, and a dozen others.

Stalin and his Lenin grads cut off their prop bosses to spite their faces and right now we hope that Stalin has uncovered some good plastic surgeons in the Soviet

(Continued on page 10)





# Amazingly Easy Way to get into **ELECTRICITY**

## I'LL FINANCE YOUR TRAINING

Don't spend your life hoping for a better job and a better salary. Let me show you how to train for positions that lead to \$35.00, \$40.00 a week and up in the great field of Electricity. NOT by correspondence but by actual shop work right on real electrical machinery. Then on my "PAY AFTER GRADUATION" PLAN YOU CAN PAY YOUR TUITION AFTER YOUR TRAINING PERIOD IS OVER IN EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

# Learn Without Books in **90 DAYS**

Lack of experience—age, or advanced education bars no one. I don't care if you don't know an armature from an airbrake—I don't expect you to! It makes no difference! Don't let lack of money stop you. Most of the men at Coyne have no more money than you have. That's why I have worked out my astonishing offers.

## Earn While Learning

If you need part-time work to help pay your living expenses I'll help you get it. Then, in 12 brief weeks, in the great roaring shops of Coyne, I train you as you never dreamed you could be trained...on one of the greatest outlays of electrical apparatus ever assembled... real dynamos, engines, power plants, autos, switchboards, transmitting stations...everything from doorbells to farm power and lighting... full-sized... in full operation every day!

## No Books...No Classes

No dull books, no baffling charts, no classes, you get individual training... all real actual work... building real batteries... winding real armatures, operating real motors, dynamos and generators, wiring houses, etc., etc. That's a glimpse of how



### PREPARE FOR JOBS LIKE THESE

Our Employment Bureau for graduates gives FREE lifetime employment service.

- Armature Winder
- Sub-Station Operator
- Auto & Aviation Ignition
- Maintenance Electrician
- Service Station Owner
- Air Conditioning
- Electric Refrigeration
- Radio Servicing
- and many others

we help to make you a master electrician so you can cash in on the opportunities ahead.

## Jobs, Pay, Future

To get a good job today you've got to be trained. Industry demands men who have specialized training. These men will be the ones who are the big-pay men of the future. After graduation my Employment Department gives you Lifetime Employment Service. J. O. Whitmeyer says: "After I graduated, the School Employment Service furnished me with a list of several positions... I secured a position with an Electrical Construction Company paying me 3 to 4 times more a week than I was getting before I entered Coyne and today I am still climbing to higher pay."

## Get the Facts

Coyne is your one great chance to get into electricity. Every obstacle is removed. This school is 40 years old—Coyne training is tested and proven. You can get training first—then pay for it in easy monthly payments after you graduate. You can find out everything absolutely free. Simply mail the coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book... facts... jobs... salaries... opportunities. This does not obligate you. So act at once. Just mail coupon.

## Get this FREE Book



## THE HOME OF COYNE



This is our fireproof, modern home wherein is installed thousands of dollars' worth of the newest and most modern Electrical equipment of all kinds. Every comfort and convenience has been arranged to make you happy and contented during your training.

**COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**  
H. C. Lewis, Pres., Dept. 71-84  
500 S. Paulina St. Founded 1899 CHICAGO, ILL.

H. C. LEWIS, Pres.  
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, DEPT. 71-84  
500 S. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Lewis:  
I'm really in earnest. I do want to get ahead. Send me your big free catalog with full particulars about Coyne training and your plans to help a fellow, who hasn't a lot of money, to get ahead.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

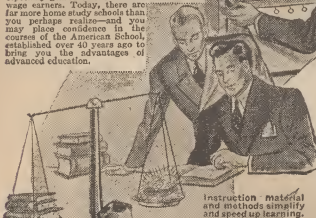
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

# Speed Your Way to Success by specialized Home Study

So you dropped out of school too soon? Well, cheer up! Ask any representative group of Executives, Engineers or Educators and most of them will tell you: "You CAN make good through specialized home study... IF you will make the effort and STICK to your course." In fact, you'll find that a number of important men in nearly every locality are former home study students themselves. They KNOW and have PROVED that home study pays.

In 40 years, home study has become an integral part of "the American way" ... a nationwide educational system especially geared to the needs of wage earners. Today, there are far more home study schools than you perhaps realize—and you may place confidence in the courses of the American School, established over 40 years ago to bring you the advantages of advanced education.

Courses complete in themselves and include basic subjects essential to proper understanding of more advanced portions.



Tuition fees moderate and fair.

Instruction material and methods simplify and speed up learning.

This seal protects you!

Success through Home Training

- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Elec. & Gas Refrigeration
- ☐ Architecture and Building
- ☐ Plumbing and Steam Fitting
- ☐ Automotive Engineering
- ☐ Aviation Drafting
- ☐ Aviation Engineering
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Accounting and C.P.A.
- ☐ Salesmanship

- ☐ Retail Merchandising
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Practical Bookkeeping
- ☐ Economics of Direct Selling
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ Diesel Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Topographical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Engineering

- ☐ Drafting and Design
- ☐ Radio and Television
- ☐ High School
- ☐ Home Economics Courses
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Liberal Arts
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Shop Management
- ☐ Tool Making
- ☐ Better Foremanship
- ☐ Engine and Boiler Work

Catalogs and bulletins sent FREE.

COMMERCE and Industry are tough taskmasters today—but they are just. The penalties of failure may be heavy—but the rewards of success are rich. If you persist in doing work that anyone else can do—if you carelessly leave yourself open to competition with Machinery that sooner or later may do all the "unthinking" jobs... the repetitive tasks—you are slated for final disappointment and bitterness.

To win out, today, you must THINK. You must think ON the job and AWAY from it, and most important, you must think AHEAD of it. And that takes study.

## Join this "Promotion Parade" of Progress-Minded Men and Women

Of the approximately 2,000,000 men and women enrolled for further education in universities, colleges, institutes of technology and home study institutions, about 37½%—or 750,000—have chosen home study as most practical for their purposes. They want to win success. You do, too! They have FAITH in themselves. Do you believe in yourself? They have investigated home study—decided that it offers them their way "out and up"... out of the low pay, periodically unemployed rank and file... up into well paid positions where they enjoy prosperity, security and respect.

Get the facts, yourself. On coupon, check the line of work that MOST interests you... mail it PROMPTLY for information and complete details of this offer.

Come to headquarters for the information you need. NO OBLIGATION. Address your inquiry, TODAY, to

## AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. G758; Drexel at 58th, Chicago

Mark, Clip and Mail This Coupon NOW—  
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. G758, Drexel at 58th, Chicago  
Without obligation. Please send FREE and postpaid, bulletin and details of the Subjects checked.

Name.....Occupation.....  
Address.....Age.....  
City.....State.....

Thousands Have Made Good through HOME STUDY

# Learn this Profitable Profession



## in 90 Days at Home

Hundreds of men and women of all ages 18-50 make \$10.00 to \$20.00 in a single day giving scientific Swedish Massage and Hydro-Therapy treatments. There is a big demand from Hospitals, Sanitariums, Clubs, Doctors and private patients as well as opportunities for establishing your own office.

Learn this interesting money-making profession in your own home by mail, through our home study course. Same instructions as in our **NATIONALLY KNOWN** resident school. A diploma is awarded upon completion of the course. Course can be completed in 3 to 4 months. High School training is not necessary. Many earn big money while learning.



### Anatomy Charts & Booklet FREE

Enroll now and we will include uniform coat, medical dictionary, patented reducing roller and Hydro-Therapy supplies without extra cost. The reducing course alone may be worth many times the modest tuition fee.

Send coupon now for Anatomy Charts and booklet containing photographs and letters from successful graduates. These will all be sent postpaid—FREE.

THE College of Swedish Massage  
Dept. 783-30 E. Adams St., Chicago

You may send me FREE and postpaid, Anatomy Charts, booklet containing photographs and letters from graduates, and complete details of your offer.

Name

Address

City  State

## MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME



*With amazing new invention, you make records of yourself, family or friends for 3 cents each!*

**\$2.98**  
complete outfit

New scientific wonder! Just talk, sing, recite or play music and the amazing new Home Recording Outfit makes a phonograph record that you can instantly play on any phonograph! Surprise your family and friends with your own recordings. Make recordings of favorite broadcasts right off the air. Run a Recording Party and have everyone make a record! Fun galore!

A real scientific instrument. Entire outfit (operates on your AC or DC record player or old type hand wind phonograph and portables) INCLUDING 6 DOUBLE-SIDE RECORDS only \$2.98. (Extra records, only 75c for 12 double sides; 24 recordings.)

Write immediately. Pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage when Home Recording Outfit is delivered. Or send cash or money order and save postage.

**HOME RECORDING CO., Studio KA**  
9 East 19th St. New York, N. Y.

## AROUND THE HANGAR

(Continued from page 10)

I'd like to say that Lieut. Scott Morgan certainly can cook up the situations.

On your cover... that notation... "A Thrilling Publication" is really what the first issue of A. E. 1st! So please keep the others succeeding this issue as fine as the first.

I've been reading your magazines for about two years now and, altogether, they've been rather good reading material in the line of fiction.

ACES OF THE ARCTIC, PACIFIC PATROL and other novels written by Lieut. Scott Morgan have been excellent. (No kiddin'!)

Joe Archibald's "Ambrose Hooley" stories will always rate "tops" with me. That uncle of his back in the States. He should be in the U. S. Intelligence Class.

Nice going, Eddie. We will use this epistle as a sample of what kind of a letter we wish to have arrive in this jernt. It will go on the wall alongside our citation for bravery over Mousey-Le-Chat, France.

Apparently doomed while being attacked by six Mess-er-Fokkers, we climbed out of the pit to the undercarriage, hung by our legs and took a clarinet out of our pocket and began to play. So engrossed in our act was the vons that they withdrew to watch us and some Camels came in and knocked three of them off.

One of the Krauts we captured came to our Operations Office and we asked him what he thought of our great feat. "Der louziest playing of der clarinet I ever heardt," he said. But to get back to business, where were we? Oh, yeah. We will hand your bouquets to the authors you mentioned, Ed.

Let us give a couple of minutes to a character who calls himself Louis (Nosedive) Rosof. Wonder if he is a cousin of Alexis? Nosedive, however, comes from 187 E. Roosevelt Blvd., Philly. It's all clear on this runway, Nosedive. Let's see you land and live up to your name:

I have just finished reading the April issue. I also read the mail and I think the guys who write in are off the beam. If you take Masters back to World War I days it is cruel to the human race. Keep him with the good planes. The mag is good because it doesn't have nutty planes in it. What I mean is it has planes which really exist in it. You don't have planes like a Curtiss R-16-000-Z like I have seen in some other so-called airplane books. Now I have to more to say and I remain yours till Hooley shaves off Hitler's mustache.

You think Hooley couldn't? Thanks for the polite letter, Louie. We are glad you did not crash getting here as this is the type of letter that starts the boss to loosening the safety pins on his pockets. But we must look over this nifty card from the air base at Pensacola, Nosedive. You will excuse us. A 17-year-old all-out patriot named W. H. Jones from that station is asking for a break here. He has it:

I am in the Navy and I'm stationed at Pensacola, Fla. I've read quite a few of your magazines and enjoy them very much. I'd like to join your "pen pals" club and correspond with some of your readers. I've been up in quite a few different makes of Navy planes.

Jonesy, you are a Pen Pal! We will hunt  
(Continued on page 106)

# PEN PALS



Here are some new members of **THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA**—all air fans. Many others will be listed in the next issue. The figures in parentheses are the ages of the members.

Norman Young (14), St. Bethlehem, Tenn.  
Howard Loop (10), Box 137, Wakita, Okla.  
Pvt. Owen C. Hawkins (18), P. O. Box 105, Fort Monroe, Va.

Bobby Lively (17), 755 Penn Ave., Winter Park, Fla.

Jack O'Neil (17), 154 East 5th Ave., Columbus, O.  
Anthony Gustitus (12), 145-02 166th St., Jamaica, N. Y.

Bill Thompson (14), P. O. Box 415, Orland, Calif.  
Roger Critchett (15), 28 Moreland St., Roxbury, Mass.

Eugene Crisp (16), Gray St., Laurens, S. C.  
Richard Brettell (12), 10 Garden Lane, Clendon, England.

Bob Jennings, Rural Rt. No. 1, Aurora, Mo.  
John W. Teeters (16), 105 Franklin Ave., Sidney, O.  
Albert Paglozzi (16), 128 High St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Ralph Foster, Jr. (14), 1006 Shelton Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Charles J. Murphy (16), 33 Capallano Dr., Vallejo, Calif.

Ronald Baynes (12), St. Johns, Antigua, B. W. I.

Richard E. Cosgrove (17), 24 Elmer St., Brockton, Mass.

Robert Law (16), 491 Canal St., Manchester, N. H.

Henry Mielnick (17), 363 Grove St., Jersey City, N. J.

Moss Haroon (17), 840 So. 3rd St., Louisville, Ky.

Herbert Polley (14), 1641 Sanderason Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Duane Estes (15), 1302 24th, Lubbock, Tex.

Herbert Cantin (14), 1648 W. 9th St., New York City.

Jose M. Flores (20), 1223 P. Leoncio St., Manila, P. I.

Paul R. Eden (18), Three Rivers Regt., Camp Borden, Canada.

Gloria Whitworth (15), North Main St., Marshall, Ind.

Norbour Thomas (17), Hdq. Haw. Div., Scho. Bks., T. H.

Pat McBride (14), R. R. 3, Butler, Ind.

Leroy Holford (14), Chewelah, Wash.

Tom Fletcher (15), 1097 Summit, Columbus, O.

Melvin R. Brooks (23), 1314 Carlisle Ave., Cambridge, O.

Elmore Hornburg (16), 411 E. Cap. Dr., Hartland, Wis.

George Stemm (15), 309 W. Pierce, Houston, Tex.

Andrew Lamlit (18), 42-55 65th St., Woodside, L. I.

A. Lowler (14), 54 Cassidy Pl., N. B., S. L., N. Y.

Bernard Veldhuisen (18), R. F. D., Pipestone, Minn.

John D. Egoife (16), R. R. 3, Greencastle, Pa.

Stewart Reamer (15), 3302 Colfax Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Herbert Myers (20), 1426 S. Millard Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Bob Kuhlken (15), P. O. Box 553, Central Islip, N. Y.

Peter Ferguson (14), 33 So. White St., Shenandoah, Pennsylvania.

James Kolcenik (14), 254 Cherry St., Waterbury, Conn.

Jack Eustace (16), 7419 No. 20th St., Phila., Pa.

Read Our Companion Magazine  
**SKY FIGHTERS**  
**10c AT ALL STANDS**

Okmulgee, Okla.  
Hazelton, Pa.

Des Moines, Iowa  
Stout City, Iowa

## Look Men!

Here's a Partial List of States, Cities and Institutions in which **GRADUATES** of I. A. S. were placed in positions as **Finger Print Experts!**



**Be A Secret Service and Identification Expert!**

State of Wash.  
State of Michigan  
State of Utah  
State of Ohio  
Duluth, Minn.  
Detroit, Mich.  
Pueblo, Colo.  
Idaho Falls, Idaho  
Ogden, Utah  
Lorain Co., Ohio  
St. Paul, Minn.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Lincoln, Neb.  
Birmingham, Ala.  
Columbus, Ohio  
Havana, Cuba  
New Haven, Conn.  
Great Falls, Mont.  
Galveston, Texas  
Pensacola, Fla.  
Stillwater, Okla.

Calgary, Alta., Can.  
Houston, Texas  
Waterloo, Iowa  
Victoria, B. C.  
Baton Rouge, La.  
Atlantic City, N. J.  
E. Lansing, Mich.  
Globe, Arizona  
London, Ont., Can.  
Henryetta, Okla.  
Seattle, Wash.  
Faradale, Mich.  
McAlister, Okla.  
Nagaunee, Mich.  
Lawton, Okla.  
Green Point, Ind.  
Bay City, Mich.  
Roanoke, Va.  
Glendale, Calif.  
Hawaiian Islands  
Drumright, Okla.

Miami, Florida  
Orlando, Florida  
York, Pa.  
El Paso, Texas  
Everett, Wash.  
Schenebady, N. Y.  
Alhambra, Calif.  
Livingston, Mont.  
Eggen, Mich.  
Fort Collins, Colo.  
Bedford, Ohio  
Huntington, W. Va.  
Salt Lake City, U. S.  
Taft, California  
Jamestown, N. Y.  
Phoenixville, Pa.  
Rochester, N. Y.  
Media, Pa.  
Dayton, Ohio  
East Chicago, Ind.  
Green Bay, Wis.  
Nacoga, Texas  
Neenah, Wis.  
Kingfisher, Okla.  
Centralia, Wash.  
Bismarck, N. D.  
Bloomington, Ind.  
Cuyahoga Falls, O.  
Rock Island, Ill.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Astoria, Oregon  
Pendleton, Ind.  
St. Joseph, Mo.  
State of Illinois  
State of Iowa  
State of Idaho  
State of Colorado  
Lima, Ohio  
Selma, N. C.

## Want a Regular Monthly Salary?

Investigate this opportunity to earn a regular monthly salary and share in Rewards. You will receive the same course as our hundreds of graduates who are now holding positions in the partial list of States, Cities and Institutions shown here. And one to fifteen I. A. S. Graduates are employed on regular monthly salaries by each bureau listed. Be a Finger Print and Secret Service Operator! Write for Free details how you can train at home in spare time to enter this young, swiftly-growing profession.

**FREE The Confidential Reports Operator No. 38 Made to his Chief!**

Write or send coupon for Free Reports and Illustrated Finger Print Book . . . the same information requested by hundreds of I. A. S. graduates now earning a monthly salary!

**Institute of Applied Science, Dept. 7767  
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Gentlemen—Without any obligation on my part whatever, send me the Reports of Operator No. 38, also your illustrated Free Book on Finger Prints and your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. Literature will be sent only to persons stating their age.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

# Convoy Blitz

A Complete Full-Length Action Novel Featuring  
John Masters, the American Eagle

By LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN

*Author of "Wings of Treason," "Pacific Patrol," etc.*

## CHAPTER I

### *Atlantic Strafe*

SUNSET.

The convoy headed for Britain over an undulating road of gold. In the west the sun was lower-

ing behind the horizon. To the east the shadows were creeping into the sky.

There were three lines, twenty-two ships counting the escort. On either



A prop was caught in the web of death, smashed into a thousand bits of glinting metal  
[Chap. II]





## Over a Frozen Sea, John Masters Rides to Battle Against a Vicious Hun Menace to Democracy's Cause!

side, lumbering, bouncing over the turbulent waves were the compact little craft called corvettes, England's newest weapon against lurking U-boats.

These corvettes, toughest little warships afloat, little more than tubs, stripped down to bare essentials and requiring only a third as many men as a destroyer, costing a tenth as much, are designed to challenge the stoutest gale and ride the sickening pitch of the Atlantic. They carry a couple of 4-inchers, a battery of "Chicago Planos" to take care of Stukas and two depth charge throwers for

Nazi U-boats. There were four of them, two on either flank.

And, riding close to the corvette holding a rear guard position on the port side of the convoy, was the dinky little freighter *Auk*. She was having a hard time keeping up with the rest.

The C.O. of the convoy had been tearing a strip off the *Auk's* captain at regular intervals. But what could a man do, specially when his engineer did not have time to clean boiler tubes between trips?

The engineer had just come up on deck. He stood wiping his hands on

# The American Eagle Roars Into Swift

a bit of rag while he drew in great gobs of clean salty air to clear his lungs. He could still smell the burned oil and dead steam from down there. He had been on for two watches, anxiously keeping an eye on a bearing that wanted to run hot despite his every effort.

**A**S THE sun hung in the balance, almost as if hesitating to take the final plunge beneath the horizon, the machinist mate came on deck and stood staring toward the east.

"Can't see it yet, Lukes," the engineer said, grinning. "Only a couple of days out."

The mate did not reply. He took an envelope from his dungarees and from it pulled a bit of folded paper. The page was filled with a childish scrawl, but he could not see it. A mist had come over his eyes.

"From the woman?" asked the engineer. He wanted to talk, anything to keep his mind off the U-boats that lurked under those cold green waves. Every trip had seen boats loaded with precious supplies slither under the surface, battered to their death by the great tin fish that hissed through the water.

"From the little one," murmured the machinist mate. "Her first letter to me."

"Cheer up, matey," encouraged the engineer. "You'll be seeing her soon. Few more days and we'll be across again."

"I'll never see her again, Collins," the mate said, in a hushed tone. "My home's in Plymouth, you know. Or was."



"Lord, man!" exclaimed the engineer. "I'd clean forgot. Then—"

"Right," growled the mate. "Hitler's bloody Huns got her. Got the little woman too. Brother sent me a wire. Got it just before we left port. There's no home, no woman, no little one, all on count of that murderer."

The engineer moved closer. He offered his pack of cigarettes. He wanted to say something. But there are times when even the most talkative men can find nothing to say. This was one of them.

"It isn't right," muttered the mate. "Back home if a bloke runs amok the bobbies pick him up and put him where he can't harm nobody. Why can't they get up some sort of international bobbies to take care of a bloody fiend like him?"

"Be fine," agreed the engineer. "But first thing we'd know one of these international bobbies, as you tag 'em, would get the swell head, start promising things and *bang!* the bloody lid would blow off again."

"An' it's always the little blokes wot has to suffer—folks like us," growled the mate, as he watched a patch of wreckage float by. "Look, there'll be a path of that stuff clear across. A skipper won't need no compass. All he'll have to do is follow that. I tell you they're getting too many of us."

He watched the corvette dance across the top of a wave and slide into the trough.

"Like to know how they're doing it," the engineer said quietly. "Never a single convoy gets across but what it loses at least half a dozen craft. We never travel the same course twice, but yet they're always waiting for us. Mind how they got eight last trip?"

"I do," snarled the mate. "An' if I had my way I'd be sending for this Yank they call the Eagle. He's a



# Action to Protect Britain's Life-Line!

smart 'un. If there was ever a man who could mess up the Huns' dirty work he's the one. If he'd been at work on this war business I wouldn't be going back to a couple of fresh graves and a pile of rubble."

"Aye," said the engineer. "I think you've got an idea there. Perhaps that Yank could discover how it is the tin fish always know exactly where to look for us. Come on—let's eat."

The two men turned from the rail and went below. . . .

## MIDNIGHT.

The rising moon threw a path of silver across the course of the convoy. Save for the sound of the screws thrashing through the waters there was no sound. A sinister silence had settled over the Atlantic. Men stood along the rail, life belts near at hand while they strained at the shadows, trying to pick up the feather of a periscope.

"'Bout this time o' night when they knocked us about last trip," somebody muttered. "Wonder how they're always in the right spot to do that."

"Maybe they'll miss us this time," another man said.

But his wishful thinking was hurled right back in his throat by a tremendous explosion. A flare of flame revealed a spume of water leaping alongside the ship just ahead of the *Auk*.

"They're at it again, the bloody swine!" a man wailed from his station just under the bridge. "There goes another! That'll be the *Black Princess*."

They felt the tremor and heard the muffled crash of a depth bomb. The corvettes were already at work. Off the port bow somebody was hosing the waters with a steady stream of machine-gun bullets. One of the corvettes let go with a 4-incher, whether



at target or shadow nobody could possibly tell.

"They'll get us this time!" the man under the bridge yelled as he strapped on his life belt. "Our number's up! Can't be lucky all the time."

"Shut up!" somebody snarled out of the shadows. "Want 'em to hear us?"

"Hear us?" came the answer, with a nervous snicker. "Bloody devils don't have to hear us! Got eyes that see in the dark, they have."

A TORPEDO streaked through the waves and plunged into the heart of another vessel off the starboard. A fan of flame leaped into the night. By the light they saw two boats, one apparently with a broken back, the other slipping toward Davey Jones' locker bow first.

"Lukes!" Collins called. "Lukes, got your belt on?"

"Right here, mate," called back the machinists mate. "I feel like Smithy, up front. Got a hunch there's one of them tin fish with our name on it. Be funny to see a torpedo coming at

us with the name *Auk* on it, now wouldn't it?"

"No!" snapped the engineer, as he tightened his life-belt. "I'm fed up with this business of seeing ships sink around us on every trip! Ships with stuff they need so bad against Hitler and his scum."

As he turned to face the man standing beside him in the dark, the deck was suddenly lighted by a wavering flame. The *Auk* trembled as if she had run her bow up on the shelf of a berg. A mass of smoke swirled along the deck, as the side of the ship was ripped open like a can being worked on by a patent opener.

"Lukes!" screamed the engineer. "Lukes, where are you?"

Debris rained down on the already tilting deck as the engineer looked around for his friend. He had been right there a minute ago. Now he was gone.

"Lukes!" he shouted again, as he started to unlash a Carley raft. "Lukes, give me a hand!"

There was no answer.

There was no excitement. Well—maybe excitement, but no panic. Each man had a job to do and he was doing it, even if the deck plates were getting hot. There was plenty of flame down there, but not the kind the boilers could use. Men coughed and sputtered as the smoke kept billowing across the deck.

**N**OW and then a wounded man could stand it no longer. He just had to release the pent-up agony and scream. And there were screaming men down in the hold, too. Men who were slowly being boiled by live steam escaping from scaly tubes and boilers.

"Lukes," yelled the engineer as the captain megaphoned from the bridge to abandon ship. "Lukes!"

"Right here, mate," came the calm voice of his friend. "The blasted murderers have done me a favor."

"What is it?" the engineer gasped.

"You hit?" He slithered across the bloody deck and dropped to the side of the shadow crumpled against one of the winches.

"Got a packet, I did," Lukes said weakly. "Half section of the hatch 'bout cut me in half."

"You'll be okay, mate," muttered the engineer. "Let me give you a hand. There's a raft just under the rail."

"No, laddie, no," gasped the man. "Try to pick me up an' I'd fall to the deck in two pieces. No, I'm finished. But, matey, I got me a ticket to *them*. I'm gonna see them after all. Maybe they've got a little garden started already an' me an' the little one. . . . Yes, me an' the little one—"

That was as far as he got.

The engineer stood there stonily, wiping his blood-smeared fingers on his dungarees. He woke up when somebody shouted at him from the rail. He glanced down at his friend—once—the man who was already on his way to see his loved ones, sent there with a flaming passport from the man in Berlin.

"By, Lukes," he said softly. "Wouldn't be surprised if I wasn't joining you soon."

Two more crashes rent the night as he hurried to the rail and dropped over the side. They were pulling him on an already crowded Carley raft when an ammunition boat blew up with a roar. The raft was almost upset by the wave. But somebody hung onto him and after the wave passed they pulled him on board.

"How many they got so far?" he asked, after he had coughed a mouthful of bitter water over the side.

"Five, I think." The voice that answered sounded like that of the man who had been standing under the bridge. "Knew our number was up—dreamed about it the night before, I did. . . . Look, there goes another. The sea is fair swarmin' with the beasts."

"An' they're always on the spot!" gasped another man as he tried to paddle the raft away from the sink-

ing *Auk*. "God! There goes another!"

"Wish the Yanks would quit talkin' an' start convoyin'," somebody else growled.

"I'd be satisfied if that Yank they call the *Eagle* was on the job," muttered Collins. "He's worth a dozen convoys, from all I've heard. Hates Hitler as much as he does war, too, they say."

"Where's *Lukes*?" asked a sailor, as he recognized Collins' voice.

"Gone to join his woman an' the little one," the engineer said soberly.

"That's right!" exclaimed the sailor. "Heard they'd been blasted to bits in Plymouth. . . . Well, it's over for poor ole *Lukes* then. But we'll carry on!"

**D**AWN.

The sun was creeping over the rim of the world. A battered corvette and a destroyer moved slowly through a sea strewn with the debris of many sunken ships.

She picked up the men on life rafts first, then attended to those in the boats.

There were many out there who did not need to be picked up, brave men who had carried on, only to go West under the murderous impact of a snaking torpedo.

They floated out there, face down as if looking for those who bobbed to the surface of an oily slick.

Yes, the enemy had paid a price for their victorious ambush. Twice depth charges had caved in the steel shells and sent men to their deaths. And now at regular intervals a few of them found their way to the surface, floated there amongst those they had been fighting a few short hours before. Death had wiped away all hate.

Together their souls were heading into the mysterious land beyond the west.

And as the sun crept higher it cast a pinkish glow over the waves. But the pink in those waves was not all reflection from the rising sun.

## CHAPTER II

### *The Eagle Flies*



WHILE the corvette picked up the numbed survivors, the man of whom some of them had been talking in that night of horror stood on the dock of a little naval depot up on the west coast of Scotland. By the side of John Masters, the American known throughout the world as the *Eagle*, stood Winston Churchill, the doughty little prime minister of England, bowler hat pulled forward, cigar tilted at an angle in his bulldog jaw.

"How many did the last report say the U-boats got?" Masters asked anxiously.

"Thirteen, Masters," the prime minister said brusquely. "A matter of seventy-six thousand, two hundred and forty-eight tons. Got to stop them or we're licked."

The *Eagle* nodded. He watched Phil Warren, his close friend and nearly constant companion, who was down at the float talking to the crew of a big Sunderland flying boat. Then he slowly turned and faced the prime minister.

"The next convoy across is scheduled to be escorted by U.S. naval vessels," he said slowly. "Do you realize what it's going to mean if they not only crack up most of the convoy but get a couple of the battle-wagons as well?"

"I do, Masters, I do," murmured Mr. Churchill. "It would spoil everything. Your calamity howlers back in the States would begin to yelp 'I told you so,' into every microphone in the country." He shook his head soberly. "I can't see how it is that every convoy has been waylaid for the past few weeks."

"Neither can I," said Masters. "And that's why I'm going to fly out and meet the remaining boats. We've got to *know* why."

"But what can you do, Masters?" protested Churchill.

"What can I do waiting here?" said Masters. "I want to talk to the survivors. Perhaps somebody saw something this latest time that'll give us a clue. . . . You say the aircraft carrier *Victorious* is rushing to the scene under escort?"

"That's right," replied Churchill. "Orders are for the pilots to comb the seas for U-boats. Got to blast them out of the ocean."

"Then if you will issue the necessary orders I'll go out in that Sunderland to meet them," said the Eagle. "I'll work from the *Victorious*."

"As you say, Masters," Churchill agreed. He puffed savagely on his now cold cigar. "And in the meantime I'll turn heaven and earth from this end. They've got to be stopped before they strangle us!"

Not an hour later, with Masters at the controls, the huge Sunderland coastal patrol plane lifted its ponderous hull off the bight. It swung slowly as it climbed. Then finally leveling off at 8,000 feet, it headed out over the turbulent Atlantic.

"Got any ideas, John?" Phil Warren asked from the second pilot's seat.

"Not a one, Phil," growled the Eagle. "But I do know we've got to halt this tin fish scheme before they crack down on one of our own convoy vessels."

"You mean we're really going to escort ships over?" exclaimed Warren. "Finally getting both feet into this battle against Hitler and his gang?"

The Eagle nodded grimly.

"See what it'll mean if a couple of our boats are sunk on the very first trip?" he pointed out. "The yelpers will stick their yellow noses into the air and bay at the moon. And I mean *howl*. Might be the end of help for Britain."

Warren shook his head as he leaned back and took a course correction from the navigation officer.

"The fools can't see we're fighting not so much for England as we are for the right to live the way we wish," he grumbled.

"And to smash this fiend who wants the whole world to knuckle under to him," the Eagle added, his jaw hard and tight.

"We'll never do it," retorted Warren, handing the notation on the course to Masters.

"Never?" Masters snarled through those clenched jaws. "Never? As long as I live I'll be fighting him!"

**W**ARREN started to say something, but his words were lost in a sudden sound of furious pattering on the big port wing. He turned quickly, to see a group of tiny black holes being embroidered in the covering of the foil. There was a sound like hail on a tin roof.

Masters was already lugging the big Sunderland around. As yet he had been unable to see who was attacking. Behind him the man in the Frazer-Nash turret was blazing away with his quartet of guns. And the man in the starboard gun position was adding his bit to the cacophony of hate.

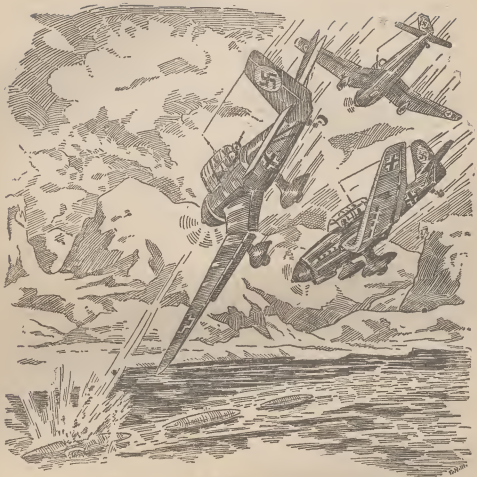
As he completed his turn he looked up through the transparent panel covering the cockpit like the roof of a greenhouse. Warren was gesticulating wildly.

"It's one of their big Focke-Wulfs!" Warren shouted. "Look out! He's coming around to let his rear gunners rake us."

Masters saw the maneuver in time to kick on full right rudder. Both gunners took advantage of the opportunity to let drive. Through the Perspex he saw tracer lashing around the big four-engined job with the red swastika on its towering rudder.

"Got a bit of a jump on us in speed and maneuverability," Masters muttered anxiously, as the big crate disappeared behind him along the port side.

Again he heard the slugs battering



The Junkers bore down on the three overturned kayaks (Chap. VIII)

at the metal sheathing of the hull. In frantic haste he opened the throttles wide, stuck the nose down to pick up a few precious notches of m.p.h. He needed every last one of them to combat the trim ship flying around him, hosing him from every direction with stinging tracer.

"Did you see where he came from?" shouted Masters during a split second lull in the firing.

Warren shook his head. "Didn't know he was around until he was pumping stuff into us. I'll ask the navigator. Think he was shooting the sun when it happened."

But before Warren could push himself out of the bucket seat the big Nazi job was on them again. The air

around the Sunderland was alive with curling lines of blazing tracer. Holes were being gouged in the wings and around the motor nacelles. The man in the forward gun position was swinging his hot Vickers, fighting desperately to stave off the lunging parries of the Focke-Wulf.

"Hammer it to them, Big Boy," Masters shouted, grinning tightly as he curled around in a stiff bank, while at the same time he kept his nose down.

He was heading for the water, though he dared not level out until he had a position only a few yards above the tossing waves. At that level he would have to twist and turn to escape the hail of lead. But at least

the Huns would be unable to swoop under him and riddle the hull. It was his only chance, for there were no gun ports in the bottom of the big hull of the Focke-Wulf.

"Navigator says they overtook us," Warren informed a moment later, as he dropped beside Masters. "Evidently spotted us through a hole in the scud. When the navigator first saw them they were flying due west. Before he had a chance to warn us they'd closed in."

"Due west," muttered Masters as he yanked the wheel back to bring the Sunderland back to level flight. "Heading out there toward the convoys."

"Thinking the same thing I am?" asked Phil, as he watched the forward gunner reach out with a burst of tracer and rip a ribbon or two off the red swastika.

"What?"

"That they might be spotting convoys from the air," said Warren. "Using silenced motors and getting over the ships at night. Easy to call U-boats to the right place, once the convoys are spotted."

**M**ASTERS started to say something, but bit it off as the Focke-Wulf poured over them, spilling a tornado of lead from the armored dust-bin in its belly. The hail of slugs slashed the cowling cover into a thousand bits. It rained to the floor like a drift of diamonds. Then the shattering storm passed over the top of the hull and died away toward the rear.

"Lordy, that was a close one!" gasped Warren. "Hope nobody in the rear got it."

Masters nudged his companion's arm and pointed. Through the opening leading to the companionway they could see the figure of the forward gunner sprawled beside his Vickers. A pool of red had already begun to eddy back and forth across the cushion on which he lay.

"My job," Phil said slowly, as he crawled through the doorway and started down the steps leading to the lower deck.

Masters watched him roll the dead gunner away from the Vickers, sweep the shattered Perspex to the floor, and flop behind the gun. The Eagle wondered whether the ship could stand another thunderous burst like the last one.

Throwing a quick glance over his shoulder he saw the navigation officer tying a bandage around the arm of one of the rear gunners. The gunner grinned at him and nodded that the other man was still okay.

John Masters shook his head as he eased the control wheel over. A wave reached up, almost as if an ally of the Nazis raging overhead. Masters lifted the wing-tip quickly, and leveled out. Once more he heard the angry chorus of the guns in the Frazer-Nash power turret. At the same time the staccato chatter of the Nazi guns burst against his ears.

Weaving right and left, keeping one eye on the waves and the other on the Focke-Wulf, Masters fought to escape the mesh of gray tracer.

Up front Phil was swinging his gun on the mounting. Masters kicked rudder to help him and smiled grimly as Warren laid a quick burst along the tapered fuselage with the white-bordered black cross.

The big crate zoomed, half-rolled and came down with the gunner in the nose blasting away for dear life. The gray tracer appeared to skip and jump straight for the bow of the Sunderland. Masters saw it coming and slammed on full left rudder. The stuff nicked his wing and passed on, to throw tiny geysers of spray along the crests of the waves underneath.

Before the Focke-Wulf could change its course, Masters was all the way around. Once again the big guns in the rear opened up.

Kicking into a skid, the Eagle quickly slid the panel back and looked

out. Far above him he could see the four-engined crate climbing, then curling over for another lightning thrust.

Fainting first to the right and then to the left, Masters tried to avoid the blow. He knew the gunner in the nose would get in first licks, then the Hun in the dust-bin would have a go at them and finally the man in the rear gun position would throw a long squirt as the big ship banked.

Then it came. First a chattering sound. After that the steady beat of lead on wings and hull. The guns on the port side of the Sunderland stuttered in answer. Then death muted them as the gunner slid slowly to the floor, his fingers still reaching for the trigger.

In frantic desperation Masters tried to lift the big ship out of the line of fire. But the Nazis, seeing victory in their grasp, closed in, their leaden fangs tearing and gnashing at the big surfaces of the British ship.

**S**LOWLY but surely the Sunderland was being driven to the surface, despite Masters' every effort. A prop was caught in the web of death. The skein tangled around it, smashed it, sent it flying in a thousand bits of glinting metal.

Masters grabbed frantically for the racing motor, but he was too late. It tore loose, flopped crazily for a moment, then fell away. The ripping nacelle tore a big chunk out of the leading edge. A second later the hot motor hit the top of a wave. A patch of oil, a tiny cloud of steam marked the spot.

The big ship slewed around as Masters fought to bring it under control. A stream of black oil poured back over the crippled wing. Then the man in the rear office of the banking Hun opened up. His aim was true. He had been lining his guns for the past minute or so. When his finger closed around the trigger he sent his slugs right into the Sunderland.

Slowly, very slowly, the Sunderland rocked and staggered under the terrific impact. A slug found the oil-cooler duct and smashed it. Another cut the oil line to one of the port engines and it began to loose revs at once.

"Got to set down," Masters decided, as he quickly appraised the damage. "Too far out to risk landing with a leaking ship."

With no other alternative, he reached for the throttles. Gobs of black smoke poured from the crippled engine as he held the big ship level over the leaping waves.

He felt the hull smack one, bounce twice, then nestle into the heaving water.

"Thank God for that!" breathed Warren, as he stuck his head through the opening. "Been hoping you'd do that for the past five minutes. Or was it five centuries?"

Masters shook his head as he watched the Focke-Wulf circle slowly over the crippled ship. His eyes narrowed, for he fully expected to see the Nazis hold true to type and open up again.

"Better get back to your gun, Phil," he said steadily. "Got a hunch they may try to put us out of our misery. I'll go to one of the rear gun positions. If they make a pass—shoot, and shoot hard."

As Masters leaped from his seat and hurried to the rear gun post the wireless officer reached out and grabbed his arm.

"Something you might want to hear, sir," said the little Britisher. "They're trying to talk to us. Listen." He held a phone toward the Eagle.

"It is too bad," came a rasping voice out of the air. "I think we were both headed for the same destination. And as has become a habit with we Germans, we will arrive on schedule. And before long another of your convoys will go to the bottom. Only this time a few of the cursed Yankees will learn a lesson."

"What do you mean?" demanded Masters into the mike.

"Who's voice was that?" the German asked sharply. "I seem to recognize it."

"What was that crack about Yankees?" Masters snapped.

"They are on their way to a rendezvous with death," the Nazi circling above them laughed. "They think a few tin battleships can stop me."

"Who is *me*?" shouted Masters.

**H**IS mind raced as he tried to place the voice. He was certain that somewhere his path and that of the man speaking up there had crossed.

"That, my friend," the voice rasped on, "is a secret that only the *Fuehrer* and myself know. All you know is that I am efficient in my work. So efficient in fact that I can go back and visit the Fatherland between convoys. Sorry, I cannot waste more time or fuel on you. I have a long way to travel. But rest assured the men in the convoys have a longer road. Theirs goes to the Great Beyond."

"You've caught your last convoy, mister!" snarled the Eagle. His knuckles gleamed white under the skin of his clenched fist. "I'll stop you, whoever you are!"

He heard a rasping sound in the phones. The big Focke-Wulf just visible through the navigator's dome heeled into a tight bank.

"Stand by your guns!" Masters yelled. Then he listened.

"Ah," the Nazi was saying. "I think I remember. . . . Yes, you must be the Eagle. I recognize the voice. It is too bad I do not have a bomb or two on board. It would be quicker. But you will die. I will see to that."

With that the Focke-Wulf closed in. But the men on the *Sunderland* were ready. They poured a stream of lead into the path of the hurtling ship and forced it to level out. It tried a few times more, but finally headed west, leaving the battered plane on the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER III

### *Derelict Wings*



**M**ASTERS watched the Focke-Wulf as it disappeared behind a cloud bank along the horizon. His eyes narrowed to slits as he tried to place that rasping voice, more certain than ever that he had heard it somewhere before. Perhaps if he could identify it he might have the clue for which he sought—the necessary clue that would tell him how U-boats were always able to know the location of British convoys.

"We're out of luck, John," Warren said over his shoulder.

"Why?" Masters asked absently.

"Radio's smashed," said Warren. "That long burst made a lot of junk out of it. Have to signal some passing vessel."

A grim smile played across the Eagle's face for a moment.

He shook his head slowly and thoughtfully.

"We're out of the lane," he said. "Too far north. Only some ship from a scattered convoy might spot us. Or—" He stopped.

"Or a U-boat working back to its base," muttered Warren.

"Right," snapped Masters. "Have to see if we can make repairs enough to taxi. Keep us into the wind anyway. Rig a sea anchor, will you?"

While Warren saw to getting the canvas affair rigged and over the nose, Masters made a quick survey of the battered ship. The Hun slugs had done their work well. Two of the fuel tanks in the starboard wing were leaking like sieves. The inboard tank on the port side was trickling a steady stream.

"Looks bad, sir," the engineer reported.

"How's the hull?" asked the Eagle.

"A few holes," said the engineer. "Navigation officer and one of the



gunners are working the bilge forward."

Masters nodded.

"We'll have to spell them," he said. "Work out a watch list. Include me."

"Pukka show you put on," a voice said over his shoulder.

Masters turned to face the man who was to have flown the Sunderland back after he contacted the aircraft carrier.

"Where were you while it was going on?" he asked.

"In the after turret," the man said steadily. "Hawkins got his the first burst. I took over. We've got two dead men on board."

"We'll have more, that is if we don't run into help pretty soon," muttered Masters. "Wireless is out. There's only one motor that's of any use, and another that'll give us about half its normal revs."

The R.A.F. officer shrugged. "Can't live forever, you know," he remarked philosophically. "We won't be the first to go West in this mess, or the last."

"'ow 'bout a spot of tea, sir?" asked the cook, sticking his head out of the tiny galley. "Tea an' scones to buck hup the ole morale."

A broad grin spread across the Eagle's face as he looked down at the squinty eyes of the little cookie.

"You guys would stop for tea if you were headed straight for hades, wouldn't you?"

"An' why not, sir?" The cook chuckled. "Could do with a spot of fire from there right now, to keep the bloody tea 'ot. Come on."

"Tea, Warren?" Masters asked, as Phil joined him.

Warren shook his head.

"Good thing these guys hold off with their tea long enough to fight," he mumbled. "When they're not shooting Huns they're drinking tea. Glad the Nazis don't drink the same brand."

"Looks like the one we just bumped up against does," retorted Masters

over his shoulder, as he made his way to the compact galley on the lower deck of the Sunderland. . . .

THE day slipped by. While Masters and the engineer struggled to get at least one of the battered motors functioning, the others kept the bilge pump going to keep ahead of the water seeping through the riddled hull.

Then darkness settled around the crippled ship. The wind died away until only a breeze filtered out of the north. But slight as it was it carried a damp, penetrating cold that bit into their very marrow. The frothy waves died down to a heaving slick. A few stars gleamed through the scud.

"Wish the moon'd come up," Phil said mournfully, as he came up from the bilge pump.

"Feeling romantic?" Masters grinned as he tried to wash the grime from his hands.

"No," rasped Warren. "They say it's made of green cheese, an' I'm hungry."

"Why don't you try fishing?" asked Masters. "They say raw fish is good."

"Yeah," snorted Warren. "If we had some chips we could have some fish an' chips if we had some fish. Guess I'll have to be satisfied with cold tea and biscuits."

"Come on then," said Masters. "I'll have a snack, then it's my turn at the pump."

When Masters and Warren came up from the galley a little later the navigation officer stood peering through one of the ports. He appeared to be listening to something.

"What's up?" Masters asked.

"Listen," said the navigation officer. "Hear it?"

Masters and Warren listened. A queer bubbling sound met their ears.

"Water getting into the hold!" Phil Warren cried. "We're going down!"

Masters shook his head. "It's out there further. Sounds like a whale or two playing."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Warren. "If they get to playing tag around us they'll upset us!"

Suddenly Masters grasped his friend's arm. "Shut up!" he commanded. "Listen!"

"Waves on rocks," muttered Warren, after a moment. "We're drifting ashore."

"No land within three hundred miles of us," whispered the navigator. "Except straight down. And we're already too close for comfort in that direction."

"That's corny," retorted Warren. "Which reminds me. How I could go for some nice corn on the cob with fresh butter."

"You Yankees eat corn as if you were playing a bloody harmonica," commented the navigation officer.

"Quiet, you mugs," ordered Masters. "There's another vessel out there. That sound is waves smacking against a steel hull."

"Think they're looking for us?" Warren asked softly, as he reached for the rack holding the Very pistol. "Want me to send one up?"

"You do an' I'll kick you so hard you'll follow it," snapped Masters. "Remember that bubbling sound?"

"Yeah," whispered Warren, quickly taking his hand from the signal gun.

"Well, putting two an' two together that bubbling noise and the waves on a hull—"

"What does two an' two spell?" Warren said somberly.

"U-boat."

"U-boat!" the other two men chorused under their breath.

"Yes," retorted the Eagle. "There's a U-boat lying out there. Pass the word along. No talking and no light. Every man is to stand at his post. Get somebody up to the port gun."

**T**HE order was passed along. The tension was electric. Men hardly dared breathe as they stared out into the night. Out there, not many yards away was an enemy craft. One false

move and they would be sent to the bottom.

"I hear voices, John," Warren whispered into Masters' ear.

The Eagle nodded. "I hear them too. Look—somebody's lighting a pipe."

The sound of men talking drifted across the water. Now and then they caught the quick gleam of a puffed pipe. Once a shower of tiny sparks drifted their way as somebody emptied a bowl.

"I'm going over an' visit them," Masters said abruptly.

"Water's too cold for swimming, John," Warren objected. "You'll be numb in no time."

"We have those two collapsible dinghies all filled, haven't we?" Masters replied calmly. "Had them ready ever since we set down."

"Well, come on," Warren shrugged. "We'll join the party over there. But I'll guarantee there won't be any tea."

"I'll take the detail alone, Phil," Masters said, after a moment. "You stay here to cover me with the machine-guns. One of us has got to come out of this thing."

"Okay," Warren sighed resignedly. "I'm used to staying home by now. 'Keep-the-Home-Fires-Burning Warren', they ought to call me."

"Always-Squawking Warren would be better," Masters retorted, chuckling as he made his way toward the door where they had the two rubber rafts already moored in the water.

On the way they picked up the navigator.

"Don't forget," whispered Masters as he and the navigation officer slipped into the life-raft. "Don't send up a flare unless we fire three times. Lawrence, here, has a gun. Be seeing you."

A chill played up and down Phil Warren's spine as the raft, rowed by the Eagle, slipped away into the night. Many times he had heard that casual farewell. And many times there had been long hours of agonized

waiting before the Eagle put in an appearance again.

After checking to see that the men were at the gun positions, Warren went up to the shattered control cabin and waited. . . .

Using the stubby little oars with extreme caution, Masters propelled the dinghy over the waves in the direction of the voices. On approaching the hulking shadow looming in front of them, the two men in the dinghy lay down and kept moving forward by reaching over the side and paddling with their hands.

"It's no go," Masters said after a time. "Breeze drives us away. I'm going over the side."

"You'll freeze," cautioned the navigation officer.

"Got to risk it," muttered the Eagle.

He slipped his boots off, then laid his coat and trousers on the rubber bottom of the raft. Without another word he eased himself over the side and slipped into the water. He fought back the gasp that tried to slip between his already chattering teeth. Then he struck out for the hump-backed shadow in front of him.

Swimming silently, keeping his head low so as not to reveal his face against the dark water, Masters pulled steadily toward the U-boat. He approached it warily, keeping well in its lee. At last he found a place where he could reach up and grip a projection in the

hull close to the bridge. Clinging there, jaws clenched to keep his teeth from chattering, he listened. Against the sky he could see a quartet of figures silhouetted. They were talking in German, but John Masters was as familiar with that language as he was with his own.

"**H** E MUST be wrong," muttered one of the men. "Must have given us the wrong position. I am tired of waiting up here in the cold."

"Has *Der Rote Schneehuhn* ever given us a wrong position, Hans?" a gruff voice asked. "Has he not always led us right to the convoy?"

"But he was flying when he gave us this one," persisted the first speaker. "Navigation from the air is more difficult."

"But how do you know he does not fly when he contacts us?" spoke up another of the men. "Remember, all we get is the order as to when and where to attack. He may be in the air for all we know."

"He must be," replied a man who was leaning against the windshield. "How else could he lead us to the convoys the way he does?"

"I have listened," said another of the Germans, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "But I have never heard the motors of a plane."

"I know," spoke up the man who had been called Hans. "I have a cousin

[Turn page]



Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by authorized bottlers.

who works in the Focke-Wulf factory. He told me that they built a plane that had a silencer on."

"Bah!" growled the man nearest Masters. "We hear rumors all the time about silenced aircraft motors. But they still sound like saws gone mad."

"What I should like to know is just who is this one they call *Der Rote Schneehuhn*," said the man, Hans. "He gives us our orders. It is he who tells us where to intercept the convoys. And he never misses."

"Neither do we." One of the group laughed cruelly. "Twenty thousand tons we got as our haul this time. They say thirteen boats were sunk."

"Achl!" growled another. "But the next convoy is the one we are waiting for. There will be Yankee boats in that one. We'll teach this Roosevelt to meddle in our *Fuehrer's* affairs. There will be a month's leave for the crew bagging the first Yankee warcraft. And *Der Rote Schneehuhn* will put us in the right spot to get one—or more."

"He is a clever one." One of the shadowy figures chuckled as he moved to the hatch. "Must have spies all over the United States. He must get full details as to each convoy's sailing orders. We will meet him soon."

That was one thing the Eagle knew was impossible. Only one man knew the route of a convoy, and his orders were always sent on board in a sealed envelope five minutes before the boats cast off.

Those envelopes were not opened until about twelve hours later. And even then the captain was the only one who knew the course or the convoy's destination.

As Masters mused over the remarks of the men above him another stuck his head through the hatch.

"Below, you men," he said quickly. "We are submerging. The captain says the plane must have sunk."

"Good," said Hans. "Let's get to the important work. Besides a fog will

blow down out of the north. I can smell it."

As the men went below and the hatch closed, Masters felt the U-boat begin to throb as the electric motors began to turn.

Slipping from his chilly perch, the Eagle swam the length of the craft, then struck out in the direction of the rubber life-raft. He found it quickly and with the help of the navigator clambered on board.

"That was one of their pocket edition U-boats," he said through chattering teeth as he rubbed himself dry with his coat. "First one I've seen in action."

**T**HE navigation officer started to row while Masters dressed.

"They've been threatening for a long time to fill the Atlantic with those things," the officer growled. "Only carry a couple of torpedoes according to reports."

"And that means there's a mother ship around," declared Masters, as some warmth began to steal into his body. "They can't operate far from their base before needing fuel and tubes."

"But did you learn anything?" asked the officer.

"Only that their boss is a guy they call *Der Rote Schneehuhn*, and that they're out to stop the next convoy escorted by American warships," said Masters. "Say, here comes a nice little patch of fog. That Jerry knew his stuff. One of them said a fog was coming down from the north."

Like a blizzard of wet gray wool the fog bank engulfed them. The world was shut off by the damp wall.

They could not see more than the edge of the bouncing raft to which they clung.

Masters listened a moment.

"Did you hear the sub go under?" he finally asked.

"No, I didn't," the navigator said, as he handed over the oars. "Busy listening to what you were saying. Better

row for awhile to make sure you drive the chill out."

"What's the use of rowing in that stuff?" asked Masters. "Can't see a thing."

"Want me to fire those three shots?"

"Better wait, although I'm sure the sub went under. . . . No—go ahead."

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

The three shots rang out.

They waited, ears strained for a hail from the Sunderland.

There was no answer.

"Try again," ordered Masters.

Once again the shots dirked the fog.

Still no hail.

"We must have drifted quite a bit, Masters," said the navigator, after another wait. "That U-boat would have drifted, too. I was so busy keeping my eye on the thing that I never noticed."

"Warren!" Masters bellowed.

There wasn't even an echo.

Masters rowed awhile and then yelled again. But with no better result.

"Lawrence," he said slowly, "we're in a mess."

"I know, Masters," said the navigator. "We're lost!"

The fog seemed to settle closer around them. The waves lifted and dropped them. They were adrift in what seemed another world, a cold wet world, with nothing between them and death but a thickness of fabric.

## CHAPTER IV

### *Rescue Ship*



AWN came, wrapped in a shroud of misty gray. A cold wind poured down out of the distant Arctic. The little raft holding the two weary men bobbed up and down on the waves like a dead oak

leaf on a mill pond.

Masters sat with his knees drawn up against his chin, while the British navigation officer kept the raft riding steady.

"Looks bad, Lawrence," the Eagle said slowly. "If the wind picks up we're going to have a nice battle on our hands."

Lawrence started as if he were hearing the Eagle's voice for the first time.

"Sorry, old chap," he said, as he pulled the raft up the slanting side of a wave. "I was thinking about that queer name you mentioned last night. *Rote Schmeer* or something like that."

"*Der Rote Schneehuhn*, those U-boat men called him," Masters said. "Funny I was just thinking of that bird myself."

"Bird?" asked the navigator.

"Yes," answered the Eagle. "Although I didn't quite mean my remark that way. *Schneehuhn* is really the name of a bird. *Der Rote Schneehuhn* means the Red Ptarmigan."

"That's an arctic bird, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I never heard of a red one, did you?"

The navigator thought a moment. "Funny," he said slowly, "but whenever I hear the word 'arctic' I can't help but think of a lecturer I heard in London shortly before the war. Queer-looking duck. Bent over like one of those German pretzels. If he'd stood straight I think he would have measured well over six foot. But with his posture I don't think his hawklike nose was more than five feet from the floor. Big mop of flaming red hair. Beard was the same color. Never quite got the mental picture of that German out of my mind."

Masters eyes were wide open. He was leaning toward the man at the stubby oars.

"What was his name and what did he lecture on?" he demanded.

"Von Hollweg was his name," said the navigator. "And he talked on Greenland. Seemed to know what he was talking about, too. . . . Why the smile? Have you heard of him, too?"

"Never heard him lecture," Masters said thoughtfully, "although he did bawl me out a bit one day when I said he would never see the day when Ger-

many would rule the world. Bumped into him in Berlin. He's a two hobby man. Electricity and exploration. . . . Say, that's the voice I heard from the Focke-Wulf yesterday! That was von Hollweg! He's the Red Ptarmigan, or I'll eat one of those oars."

"That would make it about right then," said the navigator. "Big red-haired chap, expert on Greenland, and as you say a man who is convinced that Germany will rule the world."

"*Der Rote Schneehuhn!*" exclaimed Masters. His fist bounced as he smacked it on the side roll of the raft. "Fits right in! A bird of the north, and a red one at that. I think we've got something. If I get out of this that's where I'm heading. What could be more perfect than a base in Greenland! But what the thunder? We're only guessing. Can't go off on a wild goose chase, with convoys being sunk on every trip."

"That was just what I was going to remark," said the navigator. "The rest of this ties up fairly well. But that still doesn't tell us how the convoys are being located."

A grim smile played across Masters' strained face as he motioned for the oars.

"From what I heard last night even the chaps who man those pocket U-boats don't know how he's pulling it off," he said. "But here's one baby that's going to find out!"

**T**HE navigator looked around at the enveloping mist and shrugged. He held little hope of ever seeing land again, much less of stopping this threat to England's life-line.

Masters and the British officer worked the oars in relays. All they could do was keep the blunt nose of the raft into the wind. As to direction, their only clue was the breeze. It was cold. And being cold it could only come out of the north. But as to what quarter neither one of them could do more than guess.

Hours went by, long, cold, dragging

hours, each minute of which seemed an eternity. Their case seemed hopeless. They had never expected a complication such as this. They had taken neither food nor water along. The few clothes they had on were damp things that absorbed what little warmth was left in their bodies.

Then around noon the wind shifted. And with the shift the fog was torn to shreds. The sun began to bore through the light overcast, giving them their direction for the first time.

"Feel better already," Masters said, as he stared at the pale orb of sun. "That'll soon burn this thick stuff away completely. Maybe we'll sight the Sunderland."

"Can't understand why they didn't answer our shots last night," muttered the navigator, as he took over the oars again.

"Fog plays funny tricks," said Masters. "More than likely muffled the shots, or threw the sound in another direction. We wouldn't have been able to see their signal if they had heard them."

"Perhaps the Sunderland was leaking worse than we thought," Lawrence said quietly. "I've been wondering all night whether the plane sank right after we pulled away."

"Listen!" cautioned Masters. "I hear a plane!"

The two men sat tensed. Now both heard the distant roar of motors. Help was winging its way toward them.

They came out of the east, three black gashes against the clearing sky. They grew until the Eagle's keen eyes were able to make out their silhouettes.

"Huns!" he exclaimed then. "Junkers Ju Eighty-eights. Get down! Lie on your face, let one arm hang in the water as if you were dead. Quick! One's peeling off and coming down to look us over."

The men straightened out. The navigator lay on his face, trailing one arm over the side. Masters stretched out on his back, throwing one arm

stiffly in back of him, while the other shielded his face.

They were no sooner in position than the big long range Junkers flashed over them and went into a bank.

Masters held his breath while the plane circled. The gun in the dustbin seemed to be pointing right at him. One quick squirt and the raft would buckle and go under. That would mean the end of any chance of stopping the convoy raiders. If the Eagle died, American ships would go down under the torpedoes controlled by this grim and mysterious man of the north they called *Der Rote Schneehuhn*, with small likelihood of anyone else, outside Germany, knowing of his existence.

Then, as suddenly as it had come down, the plane stuck its nose into the air. Its two 1,200 h.p. "Jumos" yanked it heavenward to join the others.

"Wonder what they're up to?" Masters asked as he sat up again. "Those babies were carrying eggs."

Having nothing else to do the two castaways sat and watched the three big bombers wing their way toward the west. They envied the Nazis the safety of the big crates. They at least had a fighting chance.

**S**UDDENLY the ships which were tiny specks now seemed to swerve in their course. One by one they peeled off and dived toward the horizon. A second or so later a dull boom came bouncing across the water.

They saw the first of the Junkers zoom. Then another crash, followed by the steady rat-tat-tat of heavy machine-guns.

"Do you suppose they've located the Sunderland?" Lawrence asked anxiously.

"Hardly think so," Masters told him, as he watched the distant ships take turns in hurtling down on some unseen objective. "May be a convoy. Sounds like heavy caliber anti-aircraft guns. If we were higher we

could see the target easily. Watch the next time we mount to the crest of a wave. Maybe you can see what it is."

They sailed over a wave and slid into the trough.

"See anything?" asked Masters.

"Just some flak breaking in the sky."

They sat helpless, listening to the bombs smack into the water one by one. Then the shooting stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

"Either nailed their target or were driven off," Masters decided. "Keep your eyes open, Lawrence. They may visit us on the way back."

But the Junkers returned west. The only sound to be heard was the slap of water against the raft. Now and then a wave spilled over the side and the two castaways forgot planes while they hurriedly bailed.

They were busy doing just that, both wondering how they would ever get through the night, when Masters happened to glance over his shoulder.

"Well, I'll be a badger's nephew!" he shouted. "Do you see what I see, Lawrence? Or am I going cuckoo?"

The navigator's jaw dropped as he looked in the direction indicated by Masters. For there, cutting the waves with a sharp high bow, was a British destroyer.

And more miraculous was the fact that the craft was steaming in their direction!

"Did you ever see a ship that looked prettier?" Masters asked jubilantly, his mouth split in a broad grin. "Boy, that's a sight I'll never forget."

"Are you sure they see us?" the navigator asked anxiously. He was still finding it hard to believe in his luck.

"Somebody on the bridge is waving," said Masters. He lifted his arm and returned the greeting.

Within another fifteen minutes the destroyer slid close to the raft. Masters grabbed the oars and pulled up to the blue-gray side of the English vessel. And when they crawled on board

it was to be welcomed by the commander—and Phil Warren!

"What in thunder happened to you, John?" demanded Phil as he grabbed his friend's hand. "We waited and waited. Then the fog closed in. This vessel picked us up this morning."

Masters shrugged, and grinned. "Let me have a sip of water, will you please?" was all he said then. "Lips feel pretty bad."

As soon as he'd had a drink, he turned to the commander.

"Might I ask how you happened to spot us, sir?" he asked. "We were pretty low in the water."

"You've got your friend to thank for that," replied the British officer. "He spotted the planes and saw one go down to look something over. He insisted that we have a look, too."

"An' then they jumped us." Warren laughed. "Some excitement for awhile."

"We heard it," said Masters. "What happened to the three Junkers? We watched for them to come back but they didn't show up."

"Headed west," said the commander. "A look-out reported later that they changed their course more to the northwest."

"Cold out there last night?" asked Warren.

"What do you think?" answered Masters.

"I know." Warren chuckled. "That's why I bought this. Just finished drying it. Ought to keep me warm, eh?"

**H**E HELD a fox-trimmed parka toward the Eagle.

Masters grabbed it, studied the fur and workmanship for a minute, and then looked at Warren.

"Where'd you get this?" he demanded.

"Bought it from one of the men who was torpedoed the other night," replied Warren. "Why?"

"And where'd he get it?"

"Picked it out of the water," said

Warren. "Said it came up with a lot of débris after one of the corvettes dropped an ash-can. What's the mystery?"

"No mystery." Masters smiled as he ran his fingers through the luxuriant fur. "This happens to be the type of parka they use up in Greenland. Don't you understand? These U-boats are visiting the island."

"Seems to tie up with what we were talking about, doesn't it?" Lawrence said quietly. "Do you suppose this fellow they call *Der*—well you know who I mean—has a base up there?"

"I'm positive of it," said Masters. "There's some connection between Greenland and *Der Rote Schneehuhn*."

"*Der* who?" demanded Warren.

"*Der Rote Schneehuhn*."

"Now you're asking riddles," said Warren. "What in thunder's a what-you-may-call-it?"

Masters told then of the conversation he had overheard on the U-boat and of the man Lawrence had heard lecture on Greenland in London.

"I know the bird," he concluded. "One of the cleverest scientists Hitler has."

"But how's he doing it?" demanded Warren. "Spotting every convoy?"

"Now you're asking riddles," said Masters, grinning. "But one of these fine days I'll have the answer. Ask me then."

"But don't you think I should contact the Admiralty?" interposed the commander.

"By all means, no," said Masters. "Once anybody tips off *Der Rote Schneehuhn* that we are on his trail, he'll change his base of operations. By the way, is the *Victorious* near?"

"Not far away," said the commander.

"Could you put me on board?" asked the Eagle. "Then you could go on to your destination and no one would be any the wiser that I'd had never been picked up."

"Yes," replied the commander slowly. "I could do that. Then I take



it you don't want me to mention this when we reach port?"

"Mum's the word, sir," said Masters. "For a little while anyway. I work better when too many folks aren't in on the game. Got to work fast, too. They're after the next convoy."

"That would tie it, wouldn't it?" the commander said gravely. "For I understand the United States is going to send an escort."

"That's why I've got to stop this Red Ptarmigan," growled Masters.

As the commander hurried toward the bridge to change course, a seaman in wrinkled clothes sided up to Masters.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said softly. "But are you the American they call the Eagle?"

Masters hesitated and then nodded. "Why?" he asked.

"Funny, but me an' my mate were talking about you just before he went West," said the English sailor. "He was wishing you'd have a go at these Nazi convoy raiders. Blimey, but wouldn't he be tickled if he knew you were on the job!"

"You say he went West?" asked Masters. "How'd it happen?"

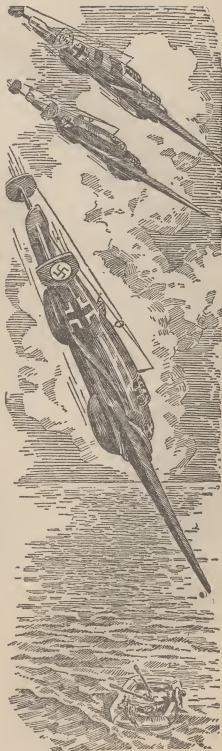
"We were on the *Auk*," said the Britisher. "I was engineer, and he was machinist's mate. My name is Collins, sir. His was Lukes. Lukes lost his wife an' kiddy in Plymouth, so I suppose he's happier where he is."

"This is the man who picked up the parka," said Warren, as he came back from the rail where he had been hanging the fur. "I'm trying to air it out and get rid of that Jerry smell."

"Do you think you can stop 'em, sir?" Collins asked anxiously.

"We're going to do our best, Collins," said Masters, as he laid his hand on the man's shoulder. "We'll try to do something to make up for your mate, Lukes. His wife an' kiddy, too."

"That'll be great, sir." The seaman grinned. "An' please, sir, if there's anything I can do, count me in, will you?"



The men straightened out as the Junkers nosed down at them (Chap. IV)

## CHAPTER V

*Arctic Wings*

IT WAS almost dawn when the destroyer contacted the aircraft carrier and put Masters on board. With him went Warren and the man Collins who insisted on being in on this fight against the men who had robbed him of his companion.

"What's our position?" Masters asked the commander of the *Victorious* when they reached the chart-room.

The gray-haired officer pointed his pipe-stem at a point on the big map.

"Roughly, about a hundred and fifty miles southeast of Kjöge Bay," he said.

"Have you encountered much ice?" Masters asked as he studied the map.

"Very little, sir," said the commander, and paused to light his briar.

"Do you think Denmark Straits would be clear enough for the Nazis to work through from a base in Norway?" Masters went on.

The commander threw a quick look at the *Eagle*.

A smile slipped across his weathered face.

"Our minds seem to work along the same channel, Masters," he observed.

"Then you think it possible?" asked the *Eagle*.

"Absolutely," said the commander.

"The Admiralty has been convinced of that possibility." He paused and glanced around, then leaned closer to Masters. "Admiral Holland is combing that stretch of water in the *Hood*. According to our plans we will meet about here and then work back through with planes to spot subs."

"The *Hood*," murmured Masters. "Be a tough blow if one of these little tin fish they're using should nail her, wouldn't it?"

"To sink a ship like the *Hood* is practically an impossibility," the commander said, smiling proudly.

"Nothing is impossible in this devilish mess," growled Masters.

He studied the map. Along the east coast there were few and scattered villages. The elevation marks indicated high rocky cliffs. Perhaps in there somewhere was a little known fjord which would make a perfect base from which the tiny U-boats could operate.

"Could I borrow a plane?" he asked, after a few moments. "I'd like to look over the country a bit."

"Orders are for you to have anything you wish, sir," declared the smiling commander. "They're standing orders in both the Royal Navy and the Army."

"How about a Fulmar?" asked Masters. "One of them has plenty of guns, in case I run into those Junkers."

"You feel certain the Junkers headed for Greenland, don't you?" said the commander, as he reached for the phone.

"I saw four fly west," Masters said firmly. "One flown by the man who dropped us, and then three more yesterday. None of them came back."

The commander spoke into the phone a moment, then turned to Masters.

"Do you think the planes have anything to do with this convoy blitz they're putting on?"

"Frankly, I don't know," said Masters.

HE LOOKED down on the sweeping expanse of the flight deck where a Fulmar had appeared, with folded wings. It looked like a moth emerging from a cocoon.

The commander shook his head. "They've detailed us to patrol the area ahead of the convoys," he informed. "But so far we haven't accomplished a thing. Haven't even seen one of their bloody U-boats, or a plane. I've had flights in the air every day, too. Haven't you some idea as to how they're doing such a perfect job of contacting our ships?"

"Not the slightest," said Masters, as he watched the mechanics unfold the wings and then start the 1,145 h.p. Merlin. "But I think I know who is behind the scheme. Let me locate this fellow they call *Der Rote Schneehuhn*, and I'll guarantee action."

"And who might he be?" asked the commander. "Queer name, the Red Ptarmigan. Sounds a bit melodramatic."

"And he would be melodramatic," declared Masters. "He's a Nazi fanatic by the name of von Hollweg. Ever hear of him?"

"Von Hollweg," muttered the commander. "He's a pukka Hun. I've read some of his books on Greenland." A new thought came to him. "Say, wasn't there some sort of big fuss raised about his shooting a couple of Eskimos? And did you ever see that picture he made—called it 'Falcon of the North.' In it was a scene purporting to be two berserk Eskimos attacking von Hollweg's camp. I saw the picture in a London cinema. Exciting, to say the least. Quite a thriller even if a bit disagreeable."

"Did he shoot the Eskimos for the sake of a thriller?" demanded Masters.

"No one could even prove that," replied the commander. "But it looked like deliberate murder in an effort to get a bit of excitement in one of these dreary exploration pictures."

"I tagged him as being a ruthless bird the minute I was introduced to him," Masters said grimly. "The cold gleam of a killer is in his eyes. Blue eyes, red hair. That's a combination for you."

"Yes," muttered the commander. "Just the type who would get a lot of enjoyment out of this business. It's probably like stalking game to him."

"I'm out to do a bit of stalking myself," growled Masters. "And if there's any shooting to be done—I've played that game before. That time I met this fellow in Berlin I think he was trying to egg me into an argu-

ment. Well, he's got one now all right."

The phone buzzed, and the commander answered.

"Plane's ready, sir," he said to the Eagle. "And the best of luck. I'll hold my position here and wait for your return."

"Good!" said Masters.

He left the bridge and hurried down to the flight deck. . . .

The Fairey Fulmar stood poised on the long deck. Masters checked his instruments, gave a tug at his parachute harness, then glanced back at Phil Warren.

Warren leaned out of the greenhouse and waved that he was ready.

The Merlin roared.

The tail of the plane came up as Masters poured soup to the motor. The ship was thundering down the deck toward the wisp of steam in the bow to give the wind direction. He eased the stick back. The nose lifted toward the scattered clouds scurrying across the blue sky like frightened sheep.

After making a complete turn around the *Victorious*, Masters set his course toward the northwest. Somewhere behind the distant horizon was the man called *Der Rote Schneehuhn*, a sinister red-haired man whose blue eyes gleamed with the hateful fanaticism that only a sadistic follower of the *Fuehrer* could have.

"I'll find you," growled Masters as he eased the Fulmar over a bump. "I'll play your hunting game. And when I catch up, look out!"

CHECKING with the map strapped to his knee, the Eagle kicked on more left rudder and headed for Cape Farewell. Here and there below him, like ghostly schooners, were drifting bergs. A large one, sharp-spined like a racing yacht, moved majestically toward the Atlantic sea lanes where it would be tagged and watched by the U. S. ice patrol.

Swinging far out from the south-

ernmost tip of Greenland, Masters held steady for about a quarter of an hour, then cut north again. The cape soon loomed up before him. Mountains where glistening white snow in the folds along their slopes serrated the horizon.

Throttling down, the Eagle slid his speedy little Fulmar over the rocky terrain. He was heading for the opposite coast line. Somewhere along that jagged shore lay the lair of *Der Rote Schneehuhn*. It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack he knew. But find it he must.

Sliding the panel back, he leaned out.

"You watch the other side, Phil," he said over the inter-com. "Keep an eye peeled for anything suspicious, even this far inland."

But nothing met their gaze except the rocky land stretching as far as the eye could see.

Soon they were across. Once more the sea stretched out before them.

Out there was the Atlantic Ocean from which they had been snatched just a few hours before by the destroyer.

"John—John!" Warren suddenly yelped. "There's a plane coming up from behind that rise in the ground. Look out! It's headed this way. They see us!"

Masters' eyes narrowed. He saw the ship, too. It was one of the big Junkers he had seen the day before.

"Hope it's old Red Whiskers," he snarled.

His foot kicked the rudder as his fist punched the throttle home. The Fulmar leaped ahead as if catapulted by a Gargantuan rubber sling. His fingers felt for the button.

He watched the big crate curling into the air for a moment, then, on his map, he marked the spot from which it had risen.

"Now I've got an idea about where they're hanging out," he muttered. "Whoa! Here comes another."

A second Junkers was sweeping

into the sky. The first ship waited, or tried to wait until its companion reached its level. But the Eagle had other ideas. He slapped the stick over and headed right for the ship circling over the crest of the hump on the horizon.

"Why don't you fly ships that have a gun in the rear cockpit?" growled Warren.

"You're always complaining about being overworked," snapped Masters. "This time all you have to do is relax and watch me work."

"Relax!" snorted Warren. "I never get a chance to do that in this game. Not with you around anyway. Look out! He's through stuff—an' it isn't confetti."

It came at them like a swarm of blazing hornets. It curved from the forward gun position, and when that Nazi was through, the gunner in the rear office took up the business of the moment.

Masters took the first hatful of tracer on his port wing-tip, then curled into a thundering climbing turn, sweeping around to get on the bomber's tail.

The rear gunner opened up again, sending a funneling line of slugs at the weaving Fulmar.

**A**S MASTERS banked to sweep back into position Warren began to yelp from the rear cockpit.

"That's the third chance I would have had!" he cried. "Three easy shots! If I'd had a gun they'd have gone down. Got nothing back here but a bunch of radio tubes."

"Throw them if you have to throw something," snapped Masters. "Whatever you do, shut up. You distract me."

"As if anything could distract . . . Woops! Hey, that was close. Watch what you're doing, will you?"

Masters nodded. A grim smile touched his face as he feinted to the left, then poured on right rudder. The Fulmar heeled over on one wing, held

a moment, then leveled out at the Eagle's command.

"Guess that'll show 'em," he growled as he poured a two-second squirt right into the nose of the Junkers. "I'm not flying a lumbering Sunderland now. Got a fast moving ship under me, an' eight nice machine-guns in my wings. Somthing I can fire myself."

He gave the button another squeeze as he corrected his deflection. His eight Brownings woke up again, weaving a gray skein of death around the cockpit of the thundering Junkers.

The big ship staggered under the impact of the slugs. And in that moment of hesitation Masters bored in close, sweeping over the ship in a screaming zoom.

He looked down through the transparent panel and cursed in disappointment. The man slumped in the pilot's seat was not red-headed. He seemed to be a young chap.

But the angry chatter of the guns in the rear cockpit drove Masters away. He came around, however, his guns blazing, completing the job he had started a moment before.

The Junkers lifted its nose like a harpooned whale, spewed a gob of black smoke, then went twisting toward the rock-strewn terrain at the foot of the hill. Before it had completed a full turn, or the crew had a chance to step out, the ship exploded, scattering flaming débris to the winds.

And at the same moment a holocaust of blazing darts poured in on the Fulmar. Masters kicked rudder desperately to get away from those gnawing things that wanted to hurl him after the flaming mass of wreckage.

Coming around in a tight turn he saw the other Junkers banking in the opposite direction. For one wild hair-raising moment it was a case of follow the leader, with Warren moaning in the rear cockpit because he had no gun.

"Never again!" Warren cried. "Never will I go out in a plane where there's no gun for the observer!"

Masters wished Phil Warren would shut up, as he watched for an opening. He had to be careful. There was a gun in the nose of the Junkers, another in the rear observer's cockpit and still another in the blister under the fuselage. It was a lot like getting at a porcupine, for the Junkers fairly bristled with weapons.

"Got to nail this one," Masters thought as he held his position. Each one brings me that much closer to *Der Rote Schneehuhn*. Get him an' I'll stop this murderous convoy blitz!"

## CHAPTER VI

### *Savage Against White Man*



LUGS whined across the wing of the Fulmar as the big Junkers edged in closer and suddenly dipped its wings in the other direction. The Nazi in the dust-bin was blazing away, throwing short bursts at the ship with the British cocard on its wings.

In a flash Masters threw the stick over. He had been waiting for the big crate to make just that move. His thumb hit the button. The eight Brownings began to buck along the leading edge. The Fulmar slowed up about 30 m.p.h. under the recoil. But the converging streams of tracer nibbled at the big elevators, then crept along the fuselage to brush off the rear gunner. A second later they were pouring straight into the fuel tank between the main spars. A long line of smoke unraveled behind the ship.

"You got it!" yelled Warren. "Nice shooting. Couldn't have done better myself."

A wavy spiral of smoke showed the course of the big ship as the panic-stricken Hun tried to make up his mind what to do. Masters held his fire. He had no stomach for the *coup de grace*. Shooting down helpless men wasn't in his line, even if they were Nazis.

The three remaining members of the crew spilled out, fell away, then cracked their 'chutes. Masters watched them a moment before he turned inland.

After a few moments more he cut the gun to half throttle and eased his ship into a valley.

"You take over, Phil," he said quietly, as he unstrapped his safety belt.

"Then what?" Warren asked anxiously.

"I'm stepping out," said Masters. "Got a little stalking to do."

"Not down there," cried Warren, looking at the bleak terrain.

"Nothing else to do."

"But, John, it's suicide!" insisted Warren.

"Perhaps." Masters grinned as he opened the hatch and prepared to step out on the wing. "You hustle yourself back to the *Victorious*. I'll find some way of signaling you. . . . Maybe you'd better fly over this way tomorrow." He glanced at his watch. "Make it the same time. . . . Be seeing you."

Masters slipped off his flap-mike and dropped it on the seat. For a moment he clung to the cowl and studied the rocky country below. After choosing a fairly level spot in the lee of a hill he nodded to Warren.

Warren banked. Masters slid off the wing and hurtled into space. He waited a few seconds, then yanked the ring. The 'chute popped above him. He checked the swing then, grasping the shrouds, proceeded to jockey the billowing fabric toward the spot he had chosen.

The 'chute finally dropped him to the pebbly drift. He slid a distance before he was able to spill the air. Then as the silk collapsed he started to gather the 'chute together.

He had almost completed the bundle when he heard a noise behind him. Dropping the silk he turned quickly to face a grimy-faced Eskimo who stood a yard or so away from him with a harpoon poised over his shoulder.

The slanty eyes of the native indicated he meant business.

"You die, too," said the Eskimo. "Quick—like my brothers."

"Hey, take it easy!" cautioned Masters as the harpoon slowly drew back. In another minute he knew the muscles of that thick arm would uncoil like a striking snake. The big shaft with its murderous barb would tear through his heart.

"You die," the native said slowly.

**T**HE Eagle's muscles tensed. He knew he was as close to death as he had ever been before in his life. He was not afraid to die. But to die this way, killed by a man with whom he had no battle, an ignorant savage who was being an unwitting obstacle in the democracies' battle against the despot who sought to tear assunder the foundations of civilization! The situation was ironic to say the least. He had not even time to wonder that the Eskimo spoke English. Though even with thought that would not have been too strange, since Masters was aware that there were many English-speaking missionary schools in Greenland, and more traders who spoke the language.

For a full minute the two men stood facing each other, savage against civilized man.

"You die!" muttered the Eskimo. "Big man with red head die soon, too."

"Look!" Masters said, using an old ruse that had fooled educated men more than once. "Money, there by your feet."

The Eskimo looked down.

There was only a split second between Masters and death, but that was enough. As the slant eyes left his, Masters leaped. His arm swept the harpoon to one side as he closed in.

The struggle was short. The Eagle had too many tricks for the man who only knew how to fight denizens of the Arctic. The clumsy weapon flew

against a rock. The native slipped to his knees and rolled over as Masters applied a hammerlock.

"I die now, all right," muttered the native, as he looked over his shoulder at the man towering above him.

"No, you don't, brother." Masters laughed as he stepped to one side and stood on the harpoon. "You're going to tell me what this is all about. I want to help you. Understand? I want to help."

The Eskimo's eyes narrowed with distrust.

"You lie like big red man. I see no money."

"Here it is." Masters chuckled as he dug into a pocket inside his flying suit. "I picked it up. Here."

He spun a silver dollar toward the astonished native.

"This 'Merican money," muttered the native. "See—eagle."

"I'm an American, too," Masters said quietly. "They call me an eagle sometimes. I want to be your friend. I'll help you fight against this man with the red hair. He is my enemy, also."

"You no come from up there in big umbrella?" asked the native. "I see three come down from ship that fly."

"I came from the other ship," said Masters. "It was the ship of friends."

The Eskimo shook his head.

"What's your name?" asked Masters.

"Patloq," replied the native.

"Well, listen, Patloq," said the Eagle. "I'll try to explain this mess. Then maybe you'll understand why we are brothers against the one with blue eyes and red hair."

It took some explaining. But one thing helped, and that was the fact that the puzzled Eskimo knew that the lands from which the missionaries came were at each other's throats, killing women and children by the thousands.

And then the Eskimo told Masters why he had a feud with von Hollweg. The German had come to Greenland

to take motion pictures, and to get an exciting sequence had told two of Patloq's brothers to feign an attack on the camp. The innocent Eskimos had taken it as a lark up to the moment the big German's high-powered rifle had blown gaping holes in the two natives while the camera ground away.

**P**ATLOQ and his two surviving brothers had sworn vengeance. But von Hollweg had slipped out of the country with his cans of murder film. Now he had returned, and they were after him again.

"You see, Patloq," Masters said. "He is killing again. He sinks the boats of those who would be your friends. Thousands die. That is why *he* must die."

"I help," said Patloq, after a moment's hesitation. "You are honest. There was money there."

"Where is this one with the red hair?" Masters asked eagerly.

The native thought a moment, then pointed over the range of hills.

"That way, I think. Me an brothers travel that way. We find him."

Suddenly the *piulee-piulee-piulee* of an auk sounded from the rocks behind them. Patloq's muscles tensed. He did not turn in the direction of the cry.

"Sit still," cautioned the native as he rose to his feet and answered the birdlike call. Then it sounded again, a single *piulee*.

Masters waited. He heard feet sliding loose gravel. And a few minutes later two jubilant Eskimos came bounding into sight, each with a bundle of white under his arm.

At sight of Masters they stopped and raised their seal spears. And the Eagle noted the barbs were wet. Not only wet—but crimson!

Patloq leaped in front of Masters with outstretched arms and spoke to the men in his native tongue. They lowered their arms, but suspicion gleamed in their slant eyes as they advanced. Patloq explained about

Masters, and then listened to them as they jabbered excitedly.

"They are sorry," said Patloq. Think they make big mistake. They kill three men who fly down under white umbrellas. Maybe your friends, huh?"

"No," replied the Eagle, though he could not help but feel sorry for the three Huns who had met their death at the hands of these avenging savages. "They are friends of him with the red hair. They tried to kill me."

"You go *clack-clack-clack*." One of Patloq's friends grinned. "We hear. Then they tumble from big ship in sky. Then *boom!* an' ship go, too. You in little ship, fast like new kayak."

"That's right," the Eagle told them. "My friend fly it back for help while I hunt our enemy."

Suddenly one of the natives spied Masters' 'chute. He quickly spread it out and placed the other three beside it.

"Plenty good sail," he observed sagely. "Fine for seal hunt, too."

Masters knew the Eskimo was talking about the little white shields the natives hid behind while they stalked seals on the ice.

"It's yours," he said. "These your brothers, Patloq?"

Patloq grinned and pointed at the two men.

"Panigpak," he said, indicating the taller of the two. "Sorqaq." He nodded toward the one who was examining the parachutes.

"Will they help?" Masters asked.

"Sure, sure." Patloq grinned. "We all help. We all brothers now. We call you Sakoatarnak—you are harpooner. We see you harpoon ships bigger than whales in sky. You are brave, so we call you Sakoatarnak."

"Okay," said Masters grinning widely.

"Okay, okay, okay," chorused the pleased natives. "Everything okay. You go *clack-clack* and the big one with red hair go *boom*."

"Let's get going then," said Mas-

ters, getting to his feet. "You lead—I follow."

The men rolled up the 'chutes and built a cairn around them to keep out the foxes that infested the vicinity. When the job was finished Patloq motioned to Masters and started off in the direction of the coast.

## CHAPTER VII

### *With New Allies*



BEFORE the Eskimos and John Masters breasted the ridge and started down toward the rocky beach, dawn had come. Masters felt certain that they had come out some miles south of the hill

from behind which the two Junkers had climbed to meet him. He asked Patloq about it.

"We hear far back that friends are near here," said the native. "We find them first. Maybe they know."

They located the group of natives huddled under a high cliff along the shore. They were badly frightened as they pointed to two bundles lying beside a rock. Boots indicated the bundles contained bodies, dead Eskimos.

"What happened?" Masters asked, after Patloq had been talking to the group for a few moments.

"They come to fish," Patloq said. "Then one day a big ship sailed by in the air, there comes a bad noise, and there were holes in their kayaks. Two men die. That one over there gets hole in his arm and he cannot tell how. Big noise they say."

"That was your red-headed enemy, Patloq," Masters said.

He motioned for the wounded man to come near him. The frightened native pulled back the sleeve of his summer parka and showed Masters a festering wound.

"Hey!" exclaimed the Eagle. "I've got to tend to this! Need a fire. Got any wood?"

Patloq repeated the question to an



old native who nodded his head and pulled a wooden box from under one of the over-turned kayaks.

"Where'd this come from?" the Eagle asked excitedly.

He had good reason for his excitement, for the box bore the label of a German oil company.

"They say much like this float out there," said Patloq. "Use 'em to make little fire so big ships don't see smoke. Drift from up that way." He pointed northward along the coast.

One of the natives stepped forward and held out a large can. It too bore the label of a Germany company and at one time had held powdered milk. Another brought out a water-logged carton that had once contained dehydrated eggs, so the German inscription stated.

"We're getting closer and closer, Patloq," Masters declared, as he filled the can with water and set it on the tiny flame the Eskimos had started. "We'll catch up to *Der Rote Schnee-huhn* before long."

Patloq drew his finger across his throat.

"Then we finish, huh?"

"You bet," Masters promised grimly, as he took out his knife. "Tell your friend this is going to hurt. But if he wants to keep his harpooning arm he'll have to stand it."

Masters boiled the knife in the can, then tore his shirt to strips and boiled that in the container. And while he

worked on the arm the wounded Eskimo looked on without changing his expression in the slightest.

"There now," said Masters as he packed the wound to allow it to drain. "Arm'll be good as new in a few days. If I locate von Hollweg I'll get hold of some first aid stuff. He won't have any use for it."

The native walked off, proudly displaying his neatly bandaged arm to anybody who would look at it.

"You like eat?" Patloq asked.

"Sure thing," said Masters. "I've got an appetite like Warren's. What have you got, Patloq?"

"Good, good," answered the native, grinning again. "Auks, you like?"

"Never tasted them," replied Masters. "Suspect they're a bit strong from eating fish. Got some cooking?"

"Yeah—got auks," declared the native, as he turned to one of the other Eskimos. "They tell me they got plenty. They go fetch."

**M**ASTERS was a bit puzzled as he saw one of the natives hurry toward the base of the cliff and begin to tear a stone cairn apart.

"Got a natural refrigerator," mused Masters as he watched snow and ice appear under the top layer. "Like our quick frozen stuff back home. Boy, am I hungry after that trek!"

But Masters began to lose his appetite as the grinning native came

[Turn page]

*Just Out—Our New Companion Magazine*  
DEDICATED TO THE VALIANT BRITISH PILOTS!

Featuring in the First Issue

**THE FIGHTING CANADIANS**

*A Complete Full-Length Air-War Novel*

By **ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN**

**RAF  
ACES**  
ON SALE 10¢ AT ALL STANDS

back, dragging a soggy-looking seal-skin. It began to dawn on him that the natives were about to offer one of their greatest delicacies—auks pickled in oil.

He had heard of the Eskimo custom of killing a seal and skinning it through the mouth without cutting the hide. In doing this the skin formed a poke and left plenty of blubber on the inside. The skin would be taken to an auk rookery and filled with the freshly killed birds, feathers and all. The skin would then be tied and placed under a pile of stones. The blubber would turn to oil and soak into the birds which would slowly grow tender—just how tender, Master could well imagine.

He had some misgivings as the natives quickly split open the skin. The birds were still partly frozen, but soon became soft as they were handed around. Masters stood with two of them in his hands, wondering just how the gastronomical delicacies were to be attacked. He watched the others take them by the legs and bite the feet off.

Then with a twist the feathers were removed, practically all of them, and the skin pulled back from the heavy bill. Each one stopped to suck the dripping oil from the skin before swallowing it at a gulp. Masters found himself gulping every time one of those little skins slid down an eager Eskimo's throat. And it helped matters little when they began at the meat.

The Eagle's appetite was gone. He made a half-hearted attempt to eat what the natives seemed to think was a glorious treat, for he knew the cache had been broken open in his honor. But the melted blubber ran down over his fingers. Dead eyes seemed to look accusingly into his.

He tried to hold his nose and take a bite, but his fingers were so smeared with the oil he had to clench his teeth whenever he brought his hands near his face. He tried slipping the little

bodies under the stones, but every time the Eskimos saw his hands were empty they forced another brace of pickled auks on him.

"No time to eat, Patloq," Masters finally said, as he leaped to his feet and went down to the water's edge and began to scrub his fingers in damp sand. "Got to get the Red One. His big ships might come back, then fishing would be off for good."

"Fishing no good now," said Patloq.

"Why?" asked Masters.

The Eskimo pointed toward the sharp peak of a nearby hill.

"Devil machine up there. Makes fishing bad."

"Show me," said Masters sharply.

"Where is this devil machine?"

Patloq spoke to a couple of the Eskimos, then motioned for the Americans to follow him.

"Come, I show. They afraid."

It was a stiff climb, but the two men soon reached the peak.

"There is devil machine," said Patloq, pointing to a rock cairn.

"Well, I'll be—" muttered the Eagle as he looked between the chinks of the loosely piled rocks. "A loop aerial." He pulled a few of the rocks away in order to study the little contraption better. "Wonder what the larger cable is for?" he mused.

**T**HE metal loop had two insulated cables running from it and disappearing over the rocky terrain. One was thin and the other, about the thickness of his forefinger, was heavily sheathed. Even as he studied it the box at the base of the loop started to hum, and the loop turned before his astonished eyes.

"That thing's being controlled from around here somewhere," thought the Eagle, as his eyes traveled along the wires laid on the ground. "Patloq, come on!"

Patloq shook his head.

"No go far that way. Deep hole. Long. No get down except fall. I show you."

A mile or two further on they hit a slope. Masters dropped to his knees and crept cautiously up the side. Patloq followed suit.

"See?" said the Eskimo as they reached the top and looked into a deep gorge. "No get down."

The native was right. There was a slice in the terrain about an eighth of a mile wide and looked to be about a thousand or more feet in depth. And across the canyon stretched those two wires.

"Where does that lead?" demanded the Eagle, pointing in the direction of the wire.

The Eskimo hesitated a moment. "Over there is big hill. On other side like this, only water down there." He pointed toward the bottom of the gorge.

"Then the only way to reach it is by water," stated Masters. "This gorge seems to run far inland."

"Two days march," said the Eskimo.

"Okay," said Masters. "We go by water."

"Only got kayak," replied Patloq. "You sail kayak, too?"

"Sure thing." Masters smiled. "Built one the last vacation I had. Lots of fun after you get used to them. Come on."

The two men left the crest of the hill and hurried down to the party huddled at the base of the cliff.

Once again Masters was determined to beard his enemy in his own lair.

The Eskimos seemed to forget their fear as they helped deck the Eagle out. He thought they were laughing at him, and he wasn't sure but they had a reason to. With a parka a size or two too small, and a pair of trousers, the fur of which was so greasy and dirty he couldn't tell what animal it had once covered, he stood before them certain that he must look like the pictures of Robinson Crusoe he had seen in the books of his boyhood.

All he seemed to lack was a fur-lined umbrella. The boots were the biggest problem, and it took fast

work on the part of the three women in the group to fashion a pair that came anywhere near fitting him.

Stepping over to where the fire had been, Masters raked aside some cool ashes and rubbed them over his face and his still greasy hands. The fact that the ashes smelled of pickled auk didn't help matters much.

"Now," he said, as he straightened up, "which kayak am I to have?"

He saw the Eskimos chuckling to themselves and guessed the reason why. They were prepared for a circus the moment he crawled into one of the tricky craft and tried to take the first stroke.

Patloq pointed to the nearest kayak.

"Good one," he informed. "Like new."

As Masters stepped over to lift the kayak on his shoulder and take it to the water's edge, Patloq touched him on the arm.

"Sakoatarnak," he said, "the old one like to know why you not kill devil machine?"

**T**HE Eagle paused and looked into the wrinkled face of the old native who appeared to be head man in the party.

"Tell him I left it so I could see how it works. If I killed it the Red One would be warned, and you could not have your revenge."

"Okay, okay," said Patloq. He turned and explained to the old man, then looked up at Masters. "He say you are wise like blue fox."

"Thanks." Masters smiled again as he picked up the kayak and slid it into the water.

He slipped in, slid his feet under the hide deck and pulled the draw string tight around his waist.

"You and one of your brothers coming?" he called.

"Only three kayak," said Patloq. "But we—"

"Hey!" exclaimed Masters. "They're fighting. Stop them!"

"No fight," declared Patloq. "Only

see who is strong. Strong one go with."

As he said it Panigpak went down with a thump. His brother, Sorqaq sat on Panigpak's chest a moment and then leaped up and ran to the remaining kayak.

"Have to tell Phil about that one," Masters was thinking, as he shoved away from the shore and took a couple of trial strokes.

He noticed that all activity on the beach had stopped. Every eye was turned in his direction.

"They think I don't know how to handle one of these," he told himself. "I'll show 'em."

Taking another stroke to make sure there were no rocks underneath, Masters dug one blade in parallel with the craft. A quick thrust sent the kayak over, and another pull brought him around and upright again, the craft having made a complete revolution on its axis.

"How's that, Patloq?" he asked, laughing as he shook the water out of his eyes.

"Good," chuckled the Eskimo. "You wash your face. Come back. Patloq fix."

While Masters paddled back, the Eskimo went to the fire and got another handful of ashes.

"This better," he said, as he rubbed the ashes over the Eagle's face. "No come off with water."

Masters came up gasping for air, and every time he took a breath he wished he hadn't. For Patloq had made a paste of ashes and oil from one of the pickled auks.

"You rat, you!" he growled. "Anybody could smell me a mile. Wish I could keep to windward of myself."

"You ready now," said Patloq. "You smell good. Not bad like white man."

"The Lord help me," moaned Masters. "If the sea gets rough I'm gonna be sick sure as shootin'."

Patloq and Sorqaq slipped spears into their kayaks and came out to join Masters.

"We go now," informed Patloq.

"Just a minute," ordered Masters. "Let's spread out. Patloq, you paddle a couple of hundred yards further out. Tell Sorqaq to keep close to shore and I'll hold a position here. I want every floating thing reported to me. Boxes, cans—everything."

"We do," murmured Patloq, as he repeated the order to his eager brother."

"Okay then," said Masters. "We're ready to set out."

"Okay, okay," they chattered as they dug their double-ended paddles into the water.

With a final wave to those waiting on shore, the little armada started nothward along the east coast of Greenland.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *Death Strikes Again*



THE morning passed and miles slipped behind them. The only clues they picked up were a water-soaked cardboard box that from the wrinkled label had contained something called "Brat-

ling," which Masters recognized as a powdery mixture of soy beans, grain and milk albumins spiced with herbs.

This was one of the many ersatz concoctions issued as rations to the German fighters. The other clue—and more important—was another case with the label of a German oil company stenciled on its sides. That case he knew had once contained a five-gallon can of lubricating oil.

In the early afternoon they picked up an empty can which had a short time before held tomato puree.

"We're getting close," said Masters, as he examined the can Patloq had brought to him. "We've found enough. Let's get in closer to shore before they spot us. How far to this inlet you were telling me about?"

"Up there," Patloq said, pointing

to a hill jutting into the ocean about two miles away.

"Let's follow the shoreline. Be safer."

As the three kayaks swung around and headed for shore, Masters' head jerked up. His eyes narrowed as he listened.

"There!" exclaimed Patloq. He pointed toward a low hill to the west of them.

"I see it," said the Eagle as he dug his paddle into the water. "Try to make shore."

They hadn't gone a hundred yards before the big Junkers 88 banked and came their way.

"Make out you're spearing fish or something," cried Masters. "Don't seem excited. If they come low wave to them."

Patloq repeated the order and the two men sat poised, spears upraised as if they were watching a fish just below the surface. Out of the corner of his eye Masters watched the grim ship wheeling toward them on the wings of the wind. The nose came down. The Junkers was boring right at them. He looked up and waved to the man crouched in the nose of the ship. But the man did not return his salute.

He simply glared down at the three kayaks.

The ship roared over them so low the water was rippled by the blast of the propellers. It zoomed and came around again in a tight bank, holding just over the three men.

"It is the Red One," grunted Patloq.

Masters saw the pilot, too. He was leaning out of the control cabin. His bushy red hair and beard fluttered in the slipstream. Once again Masters waved. This time his answer was an upraised fist.

"Look out!" yelled Masters. "Here it comes!"

The gunner in the dust-bin let loose. A spate of slugs lashed the water to the right of the three kayaks.

It swept in half an arc, then lost them as the big ship wheeled.

"When they come again, roll!" cried the Eagle. "Hold your breath as long as you can. But don't go over until they open up."

He eyed the Junkers anxiously. It was coming around in a wide turn. Every member of the crew was looking their way.

Every gun was poised, aimed, ready to unleash a swarm of lethal death in their direction.

"Watch it!" cautioned Masters, as he laid his paddle blade in the water.

His muscles poised and he could see that the two Eskimos were also waiting for death to strike out of the skies.

**T**HEN the guns rattled. The rear gunner and the man in the blister were flailing the water with hot tracer. The water went wild. Little geysers danced over the waves.

"Over!" cried Masters, as the frothy path roared toward them.

Masters hung upside down in the cold green depths. His fingers were wrapped tight around the paddle. His heart pounded as he heard the bullets smack into the water. He opened his eyes and saw the foamy streaks zig-zagging around him.

It seemed an eternity before the hail of lead was over. Then the only sound to be heard was the unnatural pounding of blood in his head. With a twist of his strong arms he dug the paddle in and brought the kayak back to his keel.

He took a deep breath, shook the salt water from his face, and looked around him. The Junkers was heading toward the south, but the other two craft were still floating keels up.

"Patloq!" he yelled as he smacked the water with the blade of his paddle. "Patloq!"

To his astonishment Patloq's head appeared by the side of the other kayak. The Eskimo pointed back at his own craft and Masters saw that its

bow was chewed to shreds by bullets.

"But Sorqaq?" cried Masters.

"They kill him, I think," said Patloq. "See?"

He pointed to where the water besides the overturned kayak was tinged with red.

Masters dug in and pulled up to the spot where Patloq had ducked under.

In a moment the Eskimo appeared, holding the body of his brother.

"They kill him, too," choked the native. "Soon Patloq have no brothers but Sakoatarnak."

"Here, slip him up in front of me," said Masters. "Is his kayak badly hit?"

"One hole," said Patloq as he helped Masters get his brother's body up on the deck of the good kayak. "One hole go right through Sorqaq. I no understand. Missionary from country of the Red One tell me no kill. Big God do not like. Why does white man kill then?"

"That's the toughest question missionaries have to answer, Patloq," Masters said soberly, and to himself he said, as he adjusted the dead weight in front of him, "right through the heart!"

Patloq turned back to the kayak. In a second he had it right side up. The hole of the Nazi bullet was just below the gunwale. Then with the Eagle's assistance the Eskimo squirmed back in.

"We go to shore now," said Patloq. "We put stones on Sorqaq, then kill the Red One."

Masters nodded, and fell in behind his companion.

When they reached the rocky beach, Patloq picked out a location for the final resting place of the man who had given his all to bring down *Der Rote Schneehuhn*. They built a cairn which would defy fox and polar bears for years. When the job was done, Patloq calmly set to work patching the hole caused by that single fatal slug from a Hun gun.

They were about to slide it back

into the water when Masters grabbed the Eskimo's arm.

"Look, Patloq! Submarines! Twelve of them."

Patloq looked out over the Atlantic and saw the U-boats snaking through the water.

"Low like big kayak," he murmured. "They sail in sky, too?"

"No. They go under the water, far down."

**T**HE Eskimo turned from the U-boats. His eyes narrowed as he looked at Masters.

"You make fool for Patloq now."

"No—honest, Patloq," Masters said earnestly. He watched the boats traveling toward the promontory to the north of them. "They can sink right to the bottom and stay there for hours," he told the Eskimo. "That's the sort of boat they use to kill all the people I told you about. They shoot bullets as big as a kayak."

"They belong to people of the Red One then," rumbled the native as he eyed the vessel traveling in line out there.

"That's right," said Masters. "He sends them out to sink big ships. Soon he is going to try and sink American ships. That is why I must stop him."

"Him no sink 'Merican boats," muttered Patloq. "'Mericans good people. Trade honest, send honest traders sometimes. Here come ship that fly again."

Masters had been watching that speck in the sky as Patloq talked. He pulled the Eskimo behind a rock and together they watched the big Junkers wheel over the flotilla of subs and disappear over the crest of the hill.

"The Red One is in that sky ship," snarled Patloq. "I find him some day. Then I kill."

"We'll find him tonight, Patloq," Masters said firmly. "We'll wait until it is dark. Think you can find the way in the dark?"

"I find him any time," said the native. He glanced at the stone cairn

where Sorqag lay. "Three of my brothers he kill."

"We've tracked him down," said Masters, as he watched the U-boats slide behind the point. "Now we go into action at close quarters. Tonight's the night. Before dawn we'll have the wings of *Der Rote Schnee-huhn* clipped!"

It was dark when Patloq finally swung into the opening between the towering cliffs. Stars twinkled on the swell-like diamonds dropped from the velvet cloak of the heavens.

Masters let his kayak drift for a moment as he studied the cleft in the mountains. It was almost as if somebody had split the terrain with a gigantic ax.

"How far in does it go?" he whispered to Patloq who had his own craft right against the Eagle's.

"'Bout one mile," said the native. "Then it get big. Big like bay."

"You ever been in?"

"No," murmured Patloq. "Bad spirits live there. I look down once from up on mountain. Angry spirits. They curse. . . . Listen! They mad."

Masters heard the deep rumble, then a crash. Earth, sky and water seemed to tremble.

"Bad spirits, Eskimo afraid," Patloq whispered awedly.

Masters thought a moment. Then he turned to his dark-skinned companion.

"You come with me as far as the point, Patloq," he said. "Then you wait. I'll go on in."

"Patloq go with Sakoatarnak," muttered the native. "You come to drive the Red One from my country. I help. He kill no more Eskimos."

"That isn't the point, Patloq," said Masters. "Only two of us know where this spot is. If I fail, you must turn back, tell your friends about it. Then all of you scatter, and try to get to one of the U.S. ice patrols. Tell them about the ships that fly and the ships that go under water. Understand?"

"Patloq understand, but he want to help," repeated the muttering native. Then he nodded. "I see. One man better than two for seal hunt. You go, I wait."

"That's the stuff, Patloq," approved Masters. "I'll drive this red Hun into the open. We'll clean out this nest."

"You go *clack-clack*, he go *boom*," Patloq said soberly.

"Something'll go boom," promised Masters. "You stick close to that point. Then if you hear a *boom*, come on in. But be careful—just as if you were stalking a polar bear."

"Okay, okay!" agreed the native, as Masters dug his paddle in. "When Patloq hear big *boom* he come in. Patloq not afraid of bad spirits while you near, Sakoatarnak."

"Be seeing you," Masters said over his shoulder.

He headed toward the narrow opening between the cliffs.

## CHAPTER IX

### *The Secret Base*



LOSED in between those high rocky walls, it was dark as the inside of a kangaroo's pouch at midnight. With his ears attuned to every slightest sound, the Eagle paddled noiselessly ahead.

As Patloq had said, the entrance was about a mile long. Soon he came out into the open where the starry canopy of the heavens spread over him like a jeweled cloak.

Suddenly he heard a low rumbling sound. It grew, rising in a roaring crescendo until it ended in a splash. Sensing what caused it, Masters steeled himself. And none too soon, for he felt the frail kayak lifted under him as by invisible arms. When the wave had passed he settled himself to his paddling again.

"Ice breaking off a glacier in here somewhere," he thought.

He tried to pierce the darkness. Off



to his right he could see a dim mass of white. His ears picked up the music of cascading water.

"Better keep away from that area," he told himself, and swung his craft to the left.

As he changed his course a queer gurgling sound broke the silence, a sound that seemed to come from both right and left. With paddle poised he waited, listening, trying to figure out what was disturbing the water around him.

Then before he could make a move he found himself bathed in a searing white light. He was blinded by the glare. He held his hands before his face, trying to shield his eyes from the beams that poured on him from every quarter. But the lights held him centered on that watery stage of hate.

"It's one of the blasted Eskimos!" he heard a voice say in German. "And what an evil-smelling one! Phew!"

A boat slid into the circle of light. A hand reached out and grabbed the bow of the kayak.

"Perhaps a bath would do him good."

There was a harsh laugh. The little craft was quickly turned over. As he went under, Masters loosened the string around his waist, freeing himself from the tiny cockpit.

He came to the surface, still held by the relentless glare of the searchlights. A fist shot out, grabbed the hood of his parka, and hauled him on board the little boat.

"So, we have you," came with a chuckle from a shadowy figure. "And now we take you before *Herr* von Hollweg."

As the searchlights sputtered off, Masters caught a glimpse of conning towers.

"Well, I found the place anyway," he thought, as he was roughly pushed to the floorboards. "Here's where his nibs has his base."

The little speed-boat turned, much to Masters' surprise, straight toward the glacier. It held its course for a

few moments, then bore toward the right, passing between two sharp rocks that jutted out of the black fjord.

"Well, I'll be—" Masters almost ejaculated as the little craft edged into a huge tunnel formation at the side of the glacier.

The moment they were inside the entrance to the tunnel, lights flashed on and Masters was able to look around him. The channel along which they traveled was approximately fifty feet wide, and straight. It seemed to be carved from solid ice.

Once, on the way in, the boat slowed and pulled to one side while one of the pocket edition U-boats moved slowly toward the open. Then the channel widened and Masters found himself again in a bay, only this time the body of water was underground, in a gigantic ice cavern in the side of the mountain.

"Couldn't see it from the outside in a month of Sundays," he told himself.

**H**E GLANCED around at the U-boats moored in solid ranks along either shore. There must have been a hundred of them. And around the subs there was a beehive of activity, with men loading fresh stores, and torpedoes being slung on board by electric cranes.

One of the men in the speed-boat with him reached out and yanked him to his feet as the boat slid up to a tiny steel dock, which Masters' practical eye saw was a portable affair. Another indication of the inventive ability of the men in Hitler's war machine.

"Come on," snarled the German, poking the Eagle in the back with an automatic. "But keep your distance. Bah, how you smell!"

Masters fought back a grin. He had at least found something that kept the Huns at arm's length. He stepped out on the dock and stood looking around him, but was careful to keep his parka

pulled over his face. The place glistened like a fairy castle as the lights played on the blue ice on every side.

"Move. *Schnell!*" growled the Nazi.

He motioned Masters toward an opening in the icy wall. With the German following at a distance, Masters shuffled through the portal and soon found himself in a large room which to all indications was the nerve center of the organization run by *Der Rote Schneehuhn*.

Dial-clustered panels were on every side, and men sitting at desks slowly turning black knobs as they watched compasses and listened intently through earphones.

"What caused the alarm, Schultz?" asked a man as he turned from watching a huge chart crisscrossed with black lines.

And as the man turned, Masters saw he had finally reached his quarry. For there, bent in a queer stoop, his face covered by a flaming beard, and with a mop of unruly hair covering his immense head, stood *Der Rote Schneehuhn!*

"This foul-smelling Eskimo," said the guard, pushing Masters forward. "He came into the channel in a kayak and crossed the beam."

"Ah, the stupid natives!" Von Hollweg laughed. "They do not know of the electric eye."

The German stalked up to Masters and began to jabber a few phrases in Eskimo.

Masters looked blank and pointed to his mouth as he made the queer guttural sounds of a mute.

Von Hollweg's eyes narrowed. "A blue-eyed one," he said, and grinned. "Nordic blood perhaps." Before Masters could make a move *Der Rote Schneehuhn* reached out and yanked the hood back. "And blond besides. Very interesting. Tear that parka away, Schultz. I think you will find it covers a strange Eskimo. Use a knife to it."

The guard whipped out a knife and slit the parka from top to bottom.

Then, with a jerk, he ripped it off and dropped the wet skin to the floor.

"Ah!" gloated von Hollweg. "And a white Eskimo. I have traveled much up here, but this is the first specimen I have ever seen. Wash him, scrub him, then bring him back."

Without another word or glance in the directions of the prisoner, von Hollweg turned back to the big chart under a shaded light.

"It is about time the *Bismarck* called me," he remarked coolly. "Ah, there she is!"

A buzzer sounded as another guard stepped up, and between them they led the Eagle toward a tub in the far corner of the room.

Over his shoulder Masters caught a glimpse of the strange red-bearded man speaking into a mike, and heard him.

"Yes, Luetjens," von Hollweg was saying. "I am holding your beam well. Oh yes, we have had the *Hood* marked ever since she started through the straits. You realize what this means, Guenther. If this works it will be the end of the British Navy. We will have the range even before they can prepare to shoot. . . . Oh yes, our convoy business is excellent. At the moment I am watching a convoy of twenty ships on their way across. Escorted by American vessels. The Yankees and their loud-talking President are due for a rude awakening. . . . Yes, keep your beam on. I will get in touch with you every fifteen minutes. *Heil Hitler!*"

**T**HE Red One snapped a switch as the two guards forced a cake of gritty soap into the Eagle's grimy hands. Masters hesitated, then chose the lesser of two evils. It would be a lot more comfortable to wash himself than let the two Germans start scrubbing.

He bent over the tub and began to wash. And he tried to do a thorough job, too. Anything to get the odor of the pickled auks from his skin. But

though he managed to get the grime off, the odor still persisted.

"It'll stick with me for months," he thought, as he dried himself on a bit of rough fabric one of the men handed him.

The other guard, surprised at the features appearing from under the mask of filthy ashes, hurried back to von Hollweg.

"Bring him here!" he heard the Red One roar. "Let me have a look at him."

The guard gave Masters a shove. He stumbled across the slippery floor and brought himself to a stop in front of the man he had been hunting.

"So"—von Hollweg grinned evilly—"we have a spy in our little net. Face seems familiar, too." He frowned thoughtfully. "Ah, yes, of course! How stupid I've been. I might have guessed you did not sink with the Sunderland the other day. So you are the mighty Eagle, the American who persists in sticking his nose into other people's business. The great and only John Masters who told me one time in Berlin that Germany would never rule the world. What do you think now, my friend?"

"The same as I did then," snapped Masters. "All the maniacs who ever dreamed of world domination finally met their Waterloo. And your Hitler will soon reach his own!"

"Bah! You prattle on like a silly dreamer." The jibing grin never left von Hollweg's face. "This is a different era. This is the day of the practical man, the man who acts, not the one who threatens to act."

Masters shook his head. "No, von Hollweg," he said slowly. "We dreamers, as you call us, may be in for a rough time, but we've got right on our side."

"That is just a matter of spelling," said the German. "Change the 'R' to 'M' and you have the might. We have the might, so we will never let go of the territory we have gained."

"That's what your back-stabbing

ally, Benito, said about Ethiopia," snapped Masters. "Now look at him. He had the might but he didn't have the right. So he's not only lost Ethiopia, but most of his army as well. And besides that he's lost the respect not only of the world, but of his own people."

"That braggart!" sneered von Hollweg. "When the time comes we will gobble him up, too. Nothing can stop us. Come, I will show you something which I think will open your eyes to our power!"

## CHAPTER X

### *Von Hollweg's Invention*



VON HOLLWEG led the way to the chart over which he had been leaning when Masters had been brought in. The Eagle saw that it was a huge map of the north Atlantic, covering the whole area from the coast of Norway to the North American Continent. It was a big scale affair and every lettered square was divided and subdivided into smaller ones. The whole thing must have been thirty feet by twenty-five feet.

Strangest of all were two shiny metal arms, at the ends of which was a little metallic box of tiny wheels. And as Masters studied them the boxes moved, leaving spots of ink behind to mark their course.

"You are smart, Masters," said von Hollweg, his blue eyes alight with pride. "But I don't think you have ever seen anything quite as clever as this. This is my brain child. I slaved years to perfect this. In fact I don't think you can even tell me what it is."

The Lone Eagle studied the two-inch square metal boxes for awhile, and as he watched they changed their position again, but always they seemed to be drawing closer and closer to the southeast coast of Greenland. His mind raced as he sought the solu-

tion to the problem. That loop on the hill that he had seen had some connection with this big map and those boxes that left an inky trail he was sure.

"Not bad," he said, turning coolly to von Hollweg. "Sort of figured that you being an electrical expert, as well as a murderer, would work out something like this."

"You call me murderer because I sink convoys?" snarled the German. "That is war!"

"No," Masters said calmly, "I refer to your killing Eskimos for the fun of it. This scheme is devilish enough—and I'm going to stop it—but there are a few natives who'd like to sink seal spears in your hateful hide."

"Bah!" sneered von Hollweg. "What are a few natives? Certainly I kill them. I killed them to get a good picture. Yesterday I killed a few to give my gunners practice."

"You mean you killed one," Masters shot back. "I was one of the men in those kayaks. The third has gone to report to the U. S. patrol lying a few miles below the point."

"You are trying to conceal the fact that you are ignorant of what this is," von Hollweg said, waving a hairy paw toward the map.

"No, I'm not," Masters said easily.

He had a better picture of the whole thing in his mind now. For while he had been talking, his eyes had taken in every panel, every dial, every man sitting at the portable desks listening through phones while he turned knobs.

"Then what is it?" snapped the German in exasperation.

"Just a glorified loop outfit," said Masters. "You've made a lot of refinements, and I'll admit you're some years ahead of others. These"—he pointed to the two metal boxes—"represent ships—arms are controlled by motors in those cases at the top of the chart. The motors in turn are actuated by the loops you have out there in the hills."

"So!" snarled the big Nazi.

"Your men over there are taking a cross bearing on one ship, and as the loop swings to follow a beam sent out by said ship, these boxes change position and mark the ship's course on the map. Another man is doing the same with another ship. One box represents the *Hood* and the other your new *Bismarck*, which I can assure you will never return from her first cruise."

"The *Bismarck* is unsinkable," snapped von Hollweg.

"You'll see," Masters grinned confidently. "Her turn will come."

Von Hollweg shook his head.

"You are an optimist, Masters." He snapped a switch and a light flooded another of the huge charts. "What do you make of this?"

**M**ASTERS studied the chart for a moment. This chart held but a single one of those metallic boxes that crawled slowly across its squared surface leaving tiny dots of ink to mark its course. He followed the trail of dots and saw that they emanated from a point just east of Halifax.

His heart sank. He knew that box represented the convoy now plowing its way to England under escort of American warships and patrol boats! And he knew that somewhere in that convoy a beam was being sent out to keep *Der Rote Schneehuhn* informed of its progress. The same thing was happening on the *Hood*, although he felt that the *Hood* was powerful enough to take care of herself.

"Clever, is it not?" Von Hollweg laughed jeeringly. "By this little device I can keep track of every convoy leaving Canada. And the beauty of it is the fact that it does not start to function until the boats get out on the ocean. The Canadians are too dumb to discover that Captain Osprey of the port authority was killed months ago and his place taken by one of our men. It is that man of ours who sees to the planting of my little transmitter in one of the vessels."

"Don't think the Canadians are dumb," Masters fired back at the German, though he was trying to hide his astonishment. "This Fifth Columnist of yours was picked up right after the convoy left." He was shooting in the dark, of course, fighting to worm every detail of the scheme out of von Hollweg.

"That, my friend, is a lie," chuckled the big German. "Don't forget, my man is able to send a beam from his own cottage in Halifax. And for your information, I got a flash from him just an hour or so ago. He is still alive, free, and preparing to plant another box."

"What wavelength are you using, von Hollweg?" Masters snapped. "I figure about five hundred megacycles, using a small directional antenna."

Von Hollweg, the scientist, the proud inventor, could not resist that interest in his achievement. He began to talk.

He bragged about his brain child, the thing that was wiping shipping from the seas despite every effort on the part of the British.

"You don't need to tell me about it," said Masters after a moment. "I can see how it works. Your man plants this box containing a small but powerful transmitter. Every so often it sends out a beam which is registered here on this chart."

The German's eyes opened. The mind of this American was a revelation to him. Being a German he himself lacked the imagination to piece the bits of a puzzle together once he had the salient facts. And this was exactly what the Eagle was doing. He had seen the main cogs in operation and it was easy to fit the small parts of the machine into place.

"And," Masters went on, "all you have to do is keep your U-boats informed as to the position of the convoy and they can step in and smash it whenever they've picked the spot."

"Ah!" said von Hollweg, glancing at a chronometer on the wall. "It is

time for me to contact my flock. Herman, call U-Eight sixty-three."

The German flicked a switch, turned a dial and leaned close to his mike.

"Calling U-Eight sixty-three. . . . H . . . calling U-Eight sixty-three. Come in, U-Eight sixty-three."

As the German waited for a response, von Hollweg pointed to a square on the map.

"You see, Masters," he boasted, "they are waiting here at K-Seven-A. It is right in the path of the convoy. Should my indicator inform me of a change of route all I have to do is contact the U-Eight sixty-three and give them the new position."

"There's one thing I'll admit puzzles me, von Hollweg," said Masters as he glanced over his shoulder at the two men who held guns on him. "Do you have one of your Fifth Columnists in England to see that your little transmitter is disposed of. Clever as you are, you don't get every ship."

VON HOLLWEG threw back his head and laughed. Again the temptation to brag about his work was too much for him. "The U-Eight sixty-three does that little job," he told Masters. "Its torpedoes are equipped with a tiny receiver, another of my little toys. This picks up the beam and steers the torpedo straight for the vessel with the transmitter. Clever, is it not? . . . I beg your pardon, there is the U-Eight sixty-three."

The big red-headed German snatched up a mike.

"Hello, Eight sixty-three! Hold your position. . . . Yes, I got your flash. Beam is right. Convoy still holding its course. It should reach your position about midnight tomorrow."

While the German talked Masters' eyes scanned the map and its squares. He noted that each square and subdivision was marked with the depth at that particular spot. He traced the course of the doomed convoy and shuddered when he thought of what

would happen when the ships and their precious supplies would reach square K-7-A.

"You see," taunted the Nazi as he placed the mike on the desk, "now he transmits my orders to the others by hydrophone and they remain submerged. Every two hours on the hour the U-Eight sixty-three comes to the surface to contact me for orders."

A German stepped up to von Hollweg, spoke softly, and pointed toward the large map where the two boxes were slowly drawing together.

A cruel smile crossed the face of *Der Rote Schneehuhn*. He jerked around to face Masters.

"You must excuse me," he said elaborately. "I will be very busy for a few hours. I cannot be bothered with you. When I have finished with my new experiment I will attend to you. Perhaps I will think of a nice way for you to leave this world. How would you like to be dropped on the deck of the *Victorious*—I mean from two thousand feet? That is an idea, is it not?"

"Just the kind of scheme a sadistic mind like yours would evolve," sneered Masters.

"I see," said von Hollweg, his grin still taunting. "You do not relish the prospect. But I promise you I will at least let you see the completion of my latest scheme. It is marvelous, simply marvelous. The *Hood* has a most unpleasant surprise in store for her, I assure you."

"What can you do to the *Hood*?" demanded Masters. "She's no unarmed convoy vessel."

"No?" von Hollweg chuckled. "But one of my transmitters was placed on board."

"And the minute it hit open water the tumbler switch set it in operation," snapped the Eagle.

"You know all the answers, do you not?" growled the Nazi. "Now stand over there and do not bother me. I have work to do."

It was cold as death within that huge icy cavern. The others, dressed in furs, seemed perfectly comfortable. But Masters, stripped to the waist and still wearing those hairy trousers and wet boots was growing numb. And the two guards were helping in the torture. For they stood there, keeping him covered with their guns and not allowing him even to change his position. If he so much as made a move he was hit across his face or neck by one of the rubber bludgeons each held in his other fist.

"You rats!" Masters snarled after a blow had cracked down on his Adam's apple. "Your turn is coming! I'm not through yet."

The guards simply grinned and made motions of a body falling through the air and squashing on a hard surface.

The hours dragged by; long, cold hours. Then toward dawn the atmosphere of the place grew tense. Men clustered around the big map watching the two metal boxes draw closer together. Every now and then Masters saw von Hollweg snatch up a mike and speak. And from the conversation he was evidently getting weather data from the outside.

**F**INALLY the Nazi glanced over at the two guards and motioned them to bring the Eagle over.

"You will find this interesting, Masters," von Hollweg said, as he pointed to the square objects on the board. "You see they have moved closer together. There is the *Hood*. She is coming toward the entrance to the straits. And here, my friend, is the *Bismarck*. It is misty out there. The *Hood* cannot see our ship, but let me assure you that my friend, Admiral Luetjens, knows her exact position, even the speed. His men are standing at their guns. When the proper moment comes I shall give the word and the *Bismarck's* fifteen-inch guns will rain death on the British ship even

before Admiral Holland knows the *Bismarck* is near."

The Eagle's muscles tensed as he studied the square on which the box representing the *Hood* rested. It was graduated like the others. The box representing the *Bismarck* had taken up a position which he judged from a quick calculation of the scale to be about thirteen miles away and broadside to the *Hood*.

The Nazi spoke a word or two into the mike, then turned to the Eagle, his eyes glittering.

"They have the range now," he informed, with that jeering grin. "Right down to the last yard. Our guns will start hammering before the others are aware our ship is near them in the mist."

Masters shook his head in helpless resignation. If what *Der Rote Schneehuhn* said was true, fifteen-inch shells would soon be whining out of the mist, their target the *Hood*.

"I can't believe it," Masters muttered. "I can see the other scheme—why you have U-boats go after the convoys. But this—it's too devilish for me even to comprehend!"

"Watch the *Hood*!" barked von Hollweg. "We are ready!"

Masters glanced at the tense face of the Red One. Beads of perspiration stood out on the Nazi's forehead. And the Eagle was surprised that even he, despite the bitter cold of the chamber, was sweating. He almost had to force himself to look down at those two metallic boxes gleaming against the black cross lines. And even as he looked the one representing the *Hood* moved forward, leaving a spot of ink behind it.

"Now!" von Hollweg cried into his mike.

Masters held his breath.

The quartet of assistants leaned forward, staring at the box nearest them. The two guards drew in harsh breaths as they stood poised, trigger-fingers tensed.

"They have fired!" muttered the

Hun leader. He sank on a stool and rested his chin against his fist.

The atmosphere was electric. The box representing the *Bismarck* moved ahead a point, but the other remained stationary.

"Schnell—schnell!" whispered von Hollweg.

"It can't work!" breathed Masters. "It would be too good."

## CHAPTER XI

### *The Eagle Cracks Down*



OF A sudden, a dull rumble began to shake the ground. At first Masters thought it just another slip of ice from the glacier. But it seemed to be coming from a distance, traveling toward them out of the east. It seemed to speed through the very bowels of the earth and center on the huge ice cavern. Here and there blocks of ice slithered from their niches high in the vaulted ceiling and fell with a crash to the floor.

Then the sound was gone.

"Was ist?" one of the guards breathed.

"It is finished!" von Hollweg cried, leaping to his feet and pointing a trembling finger at the still stationary box. "See the *Bismarck* is still moving? Fritz, try the loop!"

The German sprang to the panel and began to turn knobs. He finally stopped and looked over at his commander. There is no beam from the *Hood*, Herr von Hollweg. But the *Bismarck* beam still comes in strong."

"She must have been blown up!" exclaimed von Hollweg. "What we heard was the rumble of the explosion traveling along the rocky bottom of the ocean. Ah, that means victory will be ours! You hear, Masters? We will wipe the British Navy from the Seven Seas!"

"But the *Hood* couldn't have been alone," Masters interposed sharply.



"You didn't have transmitters on the others, did you?"

The German shook his head. "If there are others they are fortunate. Imagine what would be happening out there now were I able to give Luetjens the range on the others."

He grabbed for the mike.

"Calling the *Bismarck*, calling the *Bismarck*. . . . Ah, Luetjens, did it work? . . . . Splendid, splendid! You are getting away in the fog? Good! A total loss you say. . . . Splendid! Now

—no it will be this evening—I will smash another convoy."

He paused and stared at the Eagle. "You do not like it, do you?" he snapped. "It is torture to stand here and know that you are watching me win the war for our *Fuehrer*. And believe me, when the time comes I can put my transmitters on board any U. S. battleship I choose. There is not a ship in your navy but what carries one of our men in its crew. We plan far ahead, you understand. . . . Why do



Operating From His Own Secret Air Base, the American Eagle Combats Nazi Plotters Who Plan to Blitzkrieg Iceland

In

# HIGH RAMPARTS

A Complete Smashing Action Air-War Novel

By **LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN**



COMING NEXT ISSUE

I will concentrate on the convoy and its American escort. . . . Yes, they are at K-Seven-A. . . . If you can get away from them come there. At midnight, yes, that is correct, *Heil Hitler!*"

The Nazi turned toward Masters. A broad smile crossed his face as he stood rubbing his hands together.

"The *Hood* blew up," he chuckled. "Think of it! I sat here far away from either ship and gave the word that sent one of Britain's mightiest war vessels to the bottom. And tomorrow

you not say something? Are you stunned at what you have witnessed?"

"Not at all," Masters said grimly. "I was just thinking about what you said a few hours ago. I mean about exchanging letters. You remember—an 'M' in place of an 'R' changes right to might."

"So?"

"Well they call you *Der Rote Schneehuhn*," said Masters. "A little transposition of letters and a 'D' added and your tag would be cor-

rect. . . . Because, von Hollweg, I think you're a dog—a lower than any dirty hound dog."

Von Hollweg's big fist lashed out. Masters ducked, but the hairy knuckles grazed his cheek.

"Always the brave one aren't you?" Masters drawled. "Kill helpless Eskimos for the fun of it. You know you wouldn't have nerve enough to put your dukes up if you didn't have those two Huns standing at your back with guns. And let me tell you something. You may have me trapped at the moment, but you're going to rue the day you ever picked on these natives. They'll get you sooner or later."

"Bah!" snorted von Hollweg. "They are only ignorant Eskimos, even if they have learned to speak another than their own language in the missionary schools. What can they do against me. I am von Hollweg, the man who has placed victory within our *Fuehrer's* reach! His generals gave him Europe. Now I give him the oceans. I shall go back to Germany and construct many such boards as this you see here, and many transmitters and receivers. No ship will ply the Seven Seas, I tell you, unless we permit! Despite what you say, the world is ours! That includes your United States. We will give your President an opportunity to talk—only he will do it from bended knees."

"I don't think you'll live to see that day," Masters said fearlessly as he looked over the guard's shoulders.

**H**E COULD not believe his eyes, yet he was sure one of those cakes of ice had changed position. It was closer now than it had been a few moments ago. He had an idea of what might follow.

He started to talk, egging the Nazi on in his boasting. And like a true Nazi, von Hollweg began to toot his horn. And at every opportunity Masters contradicted him, aiming sarcastic remarks at the two fuming guards, who pleaded for permission to

send a couple of slugs into the body of the American.

"No, I forbid it!" shouted von Hollweg. "Death would be too easy for him. I'll make him stand, make him watch the convoy as it creeps toward its rendezvous with destruction! That will be torture."

"Lay you ten to one your subs never see the convoy," said Masters in a desperate effort to keep their attention focused on himself. He had seen that block of ice move again, slowly but surely. It was right behind the others now.

"You are a cool one, Masters," snapped von Hollweg. "I'll take that bet. You seem to forget that my men strike at night. Naturally they never see the convoys, save as a shadow or so. But either way, I cannot lose. As you Americans say, heads I win, tails you—"

"Lose!" cried Masters as he tensed himself.

The cake of ice slid across the floor and crashed into the legs of the two guards.

"*Gott verdamme!*" one of them cried as he went down.

His words ended in a horrible scream as Patloq rose to his feet and drove his seal spear straight into the heart of the astonished German.

Masters was on the other stumbling guard in a flying tackle. And as they crashed to the floor he wrenched the gun from the startled man's fist and brought it crashing down on his close-cropped skull.

Untangling himself from the man's clawing arms, Masters leaped to his feet. His finger worked fast on the trigger. His gun barked four times, dropping an assistant at every shot.

"Patloq!" he cried. "Patloq!"

He swung around in time to see the stooped figure of *Der Rote Schneehuhn* disappear through a low doorway. The Eskimo was after him, his red-smeared spear raised, waiting for the opportunity to drive it into the fleeing man's broad back.

"Take him away!" von Hollweg was screaming. "Shoot him!"

Masters laughed aloud. "That's the way they all are!" he taunted. "Yell bloody murder when the shoe pinches their own feet."

Swinging around, Masters forgot Patloq and his quarry for a moment. There was work to be done if the convoy was to be saved.

He started for the convoy chart and halted. His eyes narrowed as they scanned the squares. He knew the flotilla of U-boats lurked at K-7-A. Just a few miles to the south of that a ridge was marked on the chart, a spot where the soundings read ten fathoms.

Grabbing the mike as he glanced at the chronometer he began to call.

"U-Eight sixty-three. . . H . . . calling U-Eight sixty-three. . . Come in, U-Eight sixty-three." He lowered his voice to imitate von Hollweg's. "U-Eight sixty-three, change your position to P-Ten-J. . . Rest on bottom and await further orders. Am having transmitter trouble. Surface at midnight if you do not hear from me in the meantime. . . That's correct. P-Ten-J. Convoy is heading there."

Dropping the mike to the floor, Masters rushed over to a gun rack near the chart, yanked down a couple of automatics, and stuck them in his belt. Then taking two more, he turned toward the big chart. Lashing right and left with his gun barrels he soon smashed the metal arm and the tiny square box to bits. After that he centered his attention on the other chart, smashing its mechanism.

**"H**OLD 'em for awhile anyway," he growled, as he hurried toward the panel.

Throwing the switch he began to yank wires away from the back, strewing them in all directions. As he stepped from behind the panel with a radio tube in his hands a figure appeared in the door. Masters threw the tube as the German raised his gun. The man ducked, but never straight-

ened, for Masters' shot drilled him right through the top of his head.

Swinging around the panel, he spotted a door which, according to the sign on the panel, was a store-room. A shot tore the lock to shreds and he was inside.

"Oh, boy!" he exulted. "Just what papa was asking for."

Tier upon tier of cans met his gaze. Gas, oil, machine-gun ammunition and at the far end, ranked in wooden racks, were spare torpedoes.

It took him only a few moments to set the detonators on half a dozen of the long tin fish. And then a few minutes longer to spill petrol and oil over the racks. Then stopping close to a trickle of fuel he fired a shot. The flame from the muzzle caught the gasoline. A flare of fire leaped upward, singeing his eyebrows as it clawed at the soaked racks.

"Burned hair smells better than that pickled auk oil, at that," he thought, with a dry grin, as the flames began to roar.

Then, turning back along the corridor he fired shots into cans and drums of gasoline. He picked up two and took them with him into the main control room. There was one for each of the charts, just enough to guarantee they wouldn't be used in a hurry again. As the flames spread across the squares he turned and ran for the long passageway leading to the underground bay.

"Fire!" he yelled. "The torpedo room is on fire!"

Smoke billowed after him, adding weight to his words.

Then dull rumbling explosions shook masses of ice from the high ceilings. The small arms ammunition was letting go.

"Patloq!" he cried. "Patloq, where are you?"

"Here, Sakoatarnak," called the Eskimo, stepping from behind a shoulder of ice near the dock. He held his spear aloft. Its tip was smeared with red gore.

"Did you get the Red One," Masters demanded.

"No," grumbled the Eskimo. "Him get in fast kayak and go that way." He pointed toward the tunnel through which Masters had entered the cavern. "But Sorqaq have companions to hunt with now. Many. Everybody run when you cry fire."

"Come on!" cried Masters. "We've got to get out of here. The lid's going to blow off."

"Look out!" Patloq cried.

Masters ducked as Patloq's spear flew over his shoulder. He straightened in time to see a Nazi slip from the deck of the nearest U-boat and go tumbling into the icy water.

"Thanks, Patloq," panted the Eagle, as he looked around him.

Few of the Nazis were paying any attention to him, for the simple reason that they did not know just where he fitted into the picture. Not many of them had seen him brought in the night before, and now they were too busy trying to get their ships away from the scene of the fire to think of anything else.

"Look!" said Patloq. "There is fast kayak."

**M**ASTERS turned and spotted the two Nazi sailors fighting to cast off one of the little speed-boats. He fired two shots and leaped for the boat.

"Overboard with 'em, Patloq!" he panted as he fought to get the motor started. "We've got to get out of here in negative minutes. If we don't things are going to go boom."

"Things go boom." Patloq grinned as he rolled a lifeless Nazi over the side. "Big boom. I hear and find way in through rocks. Low tide show me hole outside."

The motor caught and Masters spun the wheel.

"You heard the wrong boom, Patloq," he cried over his shoulder. "But boy, am I glad you did! Thanks for putting this detail on ice for me."

"Okay, okay," said Patloq, as he crouched low in the boat.

A bullet smacked into the side. Masters lifted his gun and fired. A Hun ducked behind a gleaming mass of ice, but when he stuck his head out again the Eagle got him.

"Did the Red One go this way?" he shouted at the Eskimo.

Patloq nodded.

"Okay," muttered Masters. "Our job isn't finished until we've run him to earth. We'll get him, Patloq."

"Okay, okay," the native repeated monotonously. "Only Patloq no got spear. Dat feller keep it."

Masters turned his attention to weaving the little boat through the long, winding tunnel that led out into the secret bay.

"Sure would like to nail that gang of submarines," he muttered. "Every U-boat I get will make up for one of those fool industrial strikes back home."

He passed one or two of the slower moving boats in the narrow channel and finally hit the open. He had not gone more than a hundred yards before the little bay heaved in a terrible spasm. The water lifted around him, then receded. A terrific roar broke the silence. He turned in time to see the side of the hill bulge like a huge boil and go tumbling into the narrow cut. Ice and rock cascaded into the narrow channel leading to the outside, filling it completely.

"Spirits angry because we come in here," cried Patloq.

"Spirits, thunder!" yelped Masters as he fought to control the little boat in the turbulent waters of the now land-locked bay. "That was a nice little nest of *Der Rote Schneehuhn's* eggs letting go, when those racks burned through the torpedoes dropped."

"You do it?" Patloq asked in wonder. "My brother Sakoatarnak great man. Make big boom."

Masters started to say something, but abruptly stopped. His eyes nar-

rowed as he glanced across the water.

"Look, Patloq!" he yelled. "There's a fast kayak. Is that the one?"

"Okay, okay," exclaimed the native. He leaped up and began to dance in excitement. "We catch him, then Eskimos safe all time."

"We'll get him!" growled Masters. "Got to, or he'll pull this stunt again."

"Him go in rocks," the native suddenly said.

Masters was watching the boat, too. It bored straight for the side of the low cliff and seemed to disappear.

"If he can do it, we can," declared the Eagle. "Hang on in case we make an error."

The little boat leaped through the waves, heading straight for the towering mass of rock. Now and then Masters glanced behind him at the U-boats that had been caught out in the open. Most of them were making rough weather of it, and more than one had sunk as the water thrown up by the explosion had poured down their open hatches.

"We cleaned up a nice little nest here," the Eagle said, as he steadied himself behind the wheel. "Hold it!"

His fingers reached for the throttle. The boat slowed and slid quietly into another low tunnel, similar, except for the absence of ice, to the one they had closed on the other side of the bay.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Clack-Clack-Boom!*



ASILY the big Junkers 88 slid into the morning air. Right after it came another of the big twin-engine jobs.

The first ship was flown by *Der Rote Schneehuhn*. At first he had simply

been trying to escape the Eskimo with the red-tipped spear. Now, with his whole plan buried in the ice-bound cavern and his flotilla of U-boats trapped by the slide, he was flying for

his life, fighting desperately to get away from this Eagle who always appeared on the scene to spoil the best of Nazi plans.

And in the second Junkers, tense behind the wheel, eyes following every move made by the other ship, sat Masters. He and Patloq had located the tunnel and followed it through the rocky cliff until it emerged on von Hollweg's secret flying field. The big red Nazi had seen them coming and had not stopped. His only thought had been to get into a plane and away.

Pausing only long enough to show the excited native how to press the trigger of the machine-gun in the forward compartment, Masters hit the air right behind the German.

"Don't forget, Patloq," Masters was shouting into the inter-com. "Only shoot when I tell you to."

"Okay, okay," the native shouted back. "I go *clack-clack* only when Sakoatarnak say so."

Masters switched on the radio.

"Von Hollweg, von Hollweg," he called. "We're after you. You're going to die soon. But before you do you're going to learn something about this torture business. You're going to find out what it's like to be shot down for the fun of it. For I honestly believe my Eskimo friend is going to enjoy pouring slugs into you. You killed his brothers for a picture, you know. And then yesterday you killed another. Now it's your turn."

There was no answer. The Nazi seemed intent on trying to gain as much distance as possible.

"No use, von Hollweg," Masters said grimly. "They may call you the Red Ptarmigan, but you're far from a bird now. You're a goner."

"Masters—Masters!" a voice screamed into the phones. "I'm alone in this plane. You wouldn't shoot me down in cold blood, would you?"

"I wouldn't," replied the Eagle. "But you killed Patloq's brothers in cold blood. You didn't give them a fighting chance, did you? He's han-

dling the gun. He's the one who's going to get revenge. I'm only flying this job. He's the gunner, or executioner, if you want."

The Junkers in front of him seemed to waver. For a moment Masters thought the man had taken the easy way out and jumped, but then he recalled that von Hollweg wore no 'chute.

A stream of tracer gave him the answer. They came lashing up over his wings and passed into space. Masters glanced down to see the red beard of the Nazi fluttering in the slipstream from the rear cockpit.

"So that's it!" Masters muttered grimly. "Want to play, do you? Taking a gamble. Talking about gambling, don't forget, you owe me a buck. I fixed it so your subs will never see the convoy."

His answer was another burst from the gunner's position in the fleeing Junkers. A fist was waved toward him.

Masters calmly half rolled, threw his ship into a dive, and zoomed under the Junkers.

"Now!" he screamed, switching to the inter-com. "Press the trigger, Patloq!"

"Okay, okay!" yelled Patloq, and let go with a burst.

**M**ASTERS saw the tracer pour into the uncontrolled Junkers. Then it banked and he knew von Hollweg was back at the controls.

"That's enough, Patloq," he said. "We'll give him more later."

"How'd you like that shooting, von Hollweg?" Masters said into the mike a moment later. "Keep you dancing like a flea on a hot griddle, won't it?"

"Masters—Masters!" cried the Nazi. "Give me a chance! I'll do anything. I'll give my secret to the British or to the Americans."

"That's unpatriotic," snarled Masters. "You should never sell out your country, or your leader, especially a man as great as you say he is. But

some day he's going to be yelping for mercy, too. He'll sell out Germany to save his own skin."

"Give me a chance for my life, Masters!" pleaded the Hun.

"Did you give those fellows in the convoys a chance!" snapped Masters. "I heard of a chap—Lukes, his name was. He lost his wife and kid. Then you got him. You or your tribe didn't give them a chance. How can you expect one?"

Suddenly the Junkers leveled out and went into straight flight again. Masters knew von Hellweg had set the trimming tabs and was swinging around into the rear gunner's position again.

Kicking rudder, Masters eased his own ship into position just a little behind and a trifle above the other ship. As he leveled off von Hollweg threw a long curving stream of slugs at them.

"Get set, Patloq!" the Eagle called into the inter-com. "Here's your chance to avenge your brothers. Aim as you would a rifle and let go when I yell."

"Okay, okay."

But before Masters could throw his ship into a dive the Junkers hit a bump and started to fall off on one wing.

"Hold it, Patloq!" the Eagle yelled.

He watched anxiously, and when the big crate ahead leveled off he flew up alongside.

"Von Hollweg," he said quietly, "have you noticed that we're over water? Down under those waves are lots of bodies—bodies of men you and your devilish contraption have wrested from a life they loved. Well, that's where you're going! In a little while you're going to make a big splash. They'll be waiting for you. Quite a reception committee, no doubt."

The Nazi did not answer. He had tried pleading, and had found it as useless as if Masters had been pleading for his life. Instead he went back

to the rear gunner's cockpit and opened up again, determined to make one last effort to win away from the relentless Eagle.

"Okay, Patloq," Masters said quietly. "I guess this'll be it. Ready?"

"Okay, okay," cried the excited little native. "Patloq ready to harpoon big one."

With a stab at the throttles and a kick on the rudder, Masters sent the ship whining into a zoom, then into a half-roll. The big Junkers came hurtling out of the blue straight at the big job in which *Der Rote Schneehuhn* stood.

For a moment blazing tracer splashed around them, cutting ribbons in their wings.

"Now!" cried Masters, sighting along a rib in the transparent cowlings cover. "Shoot!"

He heard the gun up forward open up. He saw the gray tracer spatter all over the Junkers as the native struggled to hold the bouncing gun steady.

"Keep pouring it in!" he shouted as he eased the rudder over.

**T**HAT burst did it.

There was a puff of smoke, then a ball of orange flame as von Hollweg's Junkers exploded with a dull thud. It mushroomed into a thousand flaming bits and rained to the heaving Atlantic below.

"Patloq, come here!" cried Masters as the last of the flaming debris fell to the water. "Get away from that gun."

The Eskimo looked up through the control cabin. A broad smile lighted his face.

"Patloq go *clack-clack*, he go boom."

"Nice shooting, lad." Masters grinned as he reached out and patted the native's shoulder. "Now your people can live in peace. He'll not come around shooting for the fun of it any more."

"Why you want Patloq to get away from gun?" the Eskimo asked, turning a puzzled face toward the Eagle.

"Didn't want any accidents," said

Masters. "There's another ship sitting above us. Afraid you might find it too much fun squirting lead around the skies."

The Eskimo looked up through the cowlings cover.

"Sakoatarnak have sharp eyes. Patloq no see the ship." Then he did. "Look! It comes after us."

"I know," the Eagle said, with a broad smile. "It's a friend, a very good one I hope."

The Eagle switched on the wireless and turned to the R.A.F. band.

"That you, Phil?" he asked.

"John!" came the welcome voice into his ears. "I was wondering what was up. I've been watching you two ships playing tag down here. What was it all about?"

"Your friend *Der Rote Schneehuhn*."

"*Gesundheit!*" said Warren and laughed.

"Shut up," barked Masters. "I was telling you that we got him, cleaned out the whole nest. Flock of U-boat boys with nothing but a lake to play in."

"Did you know the *Hood* was blown up this morning?" Warren asked soberly.

"I know," replied Masters. "I saw a clever scheme worked to do that, but I've stopped it for good. . . . Go ahead—you lead the way back to the *Victorious*. Who have you got in the rear office?"

"Collins," said Warren. "Say, if we hurry we can get back in time for lunch. Understand they're breaking out frozen squab."

Masters gulped.

For a moment he had forgotten about it, but now the cockpit seemed to be permeated with the odor of pickled auk.

"I'll get even with you for that crack, Phil," he exclaimed.

"What's eating you?" demanded Warren. "Every time I make a crack about food you try to squelch me."

"I'll squelch you," promised Mas-



ters. "Come on—get going. I've got another job to finish."

"Going to help chase the *Bismarck*?"

"No—the British can handle that detail," replied the Eagle as he swung the Junkers in behind the Fulmar. "I'm more interested in making things safe for convoys. I started out on that job and I'm finishing it."

As they cut out over the Atlantic Masters contacted a United States Ice Patrol vessel and asked it to meet the *Victorious* to pick up Patloq and return him to his friends. The commander agreed to be on the spot. . . .

**M**ASTERS and Warren stood on the deck of the *Victorious* and watched the cutter speeding back toward Greenland with Patloq on board. Masters waved to the squat figure standing in the stern of the patrol vessel, and turned to Warren.

"Stout little fellow, that Eskimo," he said slowly. "He'll have a story to tell on long winter evenings as he sits around a blubber lamp."

Warren stood sniffing the air.

"Must be a lot of dead herring around here," he commented. "Smells something awful."

"You say you're going to have squab for lunch?" asked the Eagle.

"Sure." Warren's face brightened at the prospect of food. "Like 'em?"

"They'll be great," chuckled the Eagle. "Reminds me of a nice mess of auk I had on shore. Natives spread a banquet for me. Ever eat pickled auk, Phil?"

"Pickled auk? Can't say that I even heard of them. How are they prepared?"

Masters moved around so the wind blew from him to Warren and then he went on to tell in great detail of the sealskin full of auks pickled in their own oil. And as he described the eating of the birds Warren's face slowly turned green.

"That's what you smell," concluded Masters, pushing his hands closer to Warren's face. "I've scrubbed and

scrubbed but the smell still lingers. Well, come on—let's eat."

Warren swallowed. He shook his head and walked away. And the course he took was away from the ward room. . . .

Sunset.

Three destroyers and two corvettes moved slowly through sun-burnished waves. In the chart-room of the leading destroyer stood the Eagle, his eyes glued to a spot on the map.

"Want to reach there just before midnight," he said to the commander.

The officer nodded and checked their position again.

"We have all the depth charges set for ten fathoms, Mr. Masters."

He moved across the room and opened another window. Warren gave a reproachful look and started for the door.

"A destroyer is no place for a guy when he thinks about and smells pickled auks," Phil Warren said glumly. "I should have stayed on the *Victorious*. If you need me I'll be out here by the rail."

The commander handed Masters a signal saying the man in Halifax and his box transmitters had been taken. . . .

Midnight.

The flotilla of five ships moved silently away from a spot on the Atlantic that *Der Rote Schneehuhn* had designated as P-10-J on the big convoy chart.

Behind them the water heaved and bubbled as the ash-cans let go at ten fathoms.

The ships turned and came back. Once again their Y guns and racks spilled death into the waves. Once again the water was whipped into a caldron of destruction.

And as the eruptions died away Masters stood listening at a hydrophone. He finally shook his head. His face was pale, his blue eyes sober as he glanced at Warren and the commander.

"Not a sound," he said slowly. "Poor

devils! But it was they or convoys. They were sacrifices on the altar of Hitler's lust for power."

"Where to now?" asked the commander.

"Anywhere in the States," said Masters. There was a note of weariness in his voice. . . .

Dawn.

The sun crawled out of the east to light an oily slick that

smoothed the waves for miles around. That iridescent patch marked the graves of *Der Rote Schneehuhn's* pack.

And as the sun climbed, it lighted the decks of a convoy sailing safely on toward England. And a sight to cheer any heart save a Nazi's was the dawn's early light gleaming on the stars and stripes fluttering from the masts of the escorting ships.



## FOLLOW THE FURTHER EXPLOITS OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE IN HIGH RAMPARTS

NEXT ISSUE'S EXCITING COMPLETE SKY ACTION NOVEL!

To whisk off beards in record time  
Use Thin Gillettes—four for a dime!  
These thrifty blades shave clean and fast—  
Give smooth, good-looking shaves that last!



Made Of Easy-Flexing  
Steel Hard Enough  
To Cut Glass



Produced By The Maker Of  
The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

4 for 10¢  
8 for 19¢

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27¢.

# The LEA FLYING COURSE

## ENGINES

**W**ELL, Eaglets, I hope many of you have grabbed off some of the opportunities that are now being offered in the field of aviation for folks who know an airfoil from tinfoil. There are jobs going begging right now, and if you all have been following us right smartly for the last five or six years, you all are ready for bigger things.

I've been inspecting Southern flying fields, where things are booming. A big company is building a new plant in Dallas, Texas, with a million feet of floor space. Another big plant is going up in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Are you ready for a job?

We try to mix up the subject of these

true that almost every type of practical and impractical combination of cylinders and such have been tried out, and that what we have today is that portion of the years of experiments which has been found to be suitable for its purpose.

### *Air and Liquid Cooled*

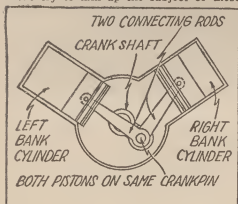
We have, as you know, two main types of gasoline motors, the air cooled and liquid cooled, as well as the type burning the heavy, cheaper, fuel oil, which is ignited by the heat generated by pressure.

The problems of aircraft motors center around getting more and more horsepower for the pound weight of the power plant. Because the less the engine weighs in relation to the total weight, the more payload, whether it be bombs or freight or passengers, we can carry.

There is no better way to demonstrate what we are driving at, than by mentioning examples. A marine oil engine might weigh from seventy to four hundred fifty pounds per horsepower delivered, and an automobile engine will weigh from ten to fifteen pounds per horsepower delivered.

Airplane engines for normal use are now delivering their power on the basis of one and one-half pounds of engine weight per horsepower!

That gives you an idea of the power of a modern aircraft motor.



articles right smart so they won't bore you, but we've just noticed that we haven't mentioned engines in so long that you might have forgotten that a power plant was a necessity in an airplane. (Yes, I know, except in gliders.)

### *Questions on Motor Power*

I think I've already told you what makes a motor mote, so we'll skip that and answer a question first which often crops up. That is, why are some motors cooled by liquid coolants (what a word) and others by God's free air? Also, why don't they design one good motor, make it by the millions, and forget the others?

Well, the answer has been a deep secret up to now, but we're going to risk something and let it out. They make different type motors because different types are more suitable for different purposes! That's the whole secret.

So, now we can go into more detail. It is

### *We've Faced Criticism*

Now, let's skip the designer's problems in creating an engine, and stick our noses into the old air-cooled versus liquid-cooled motors problem, and see what is what. We have heard some criticism of our own military service and the American aviation system in general because it has favored air-cooled engines while Europeans have been breaking speed records with liquid-cooled machines. Why?

The debatable angle is that of whether simplicity of design is preferable to speed, which is of course a complicated type of argument, depending on many things, but principally dependent on the use to be made of the machine, and the cost factor.

Let's not argue, but do some comparing.

### *Air-Cooled Planes Simpler*

For military purposes, both designs have their uses. A machine without a complicated system of pipes to carry the liquid through its radiation system, one which is

not therefore vulnerable to the possibility of bullets puncturing its radiators, and is therefore simpler to handle and safer from the enemy's bullets, is desirable. Such is the air-cooled engine. It has no liquid to leak, no radiators to be punctured, no liquid to freeze, or to be transported in quantities, etc.

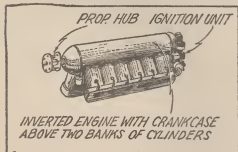
But that engine has to be cooled, and air must cool it. And to expose all the cylinders to the cooling, high-speed air through which it is passing, those cylinders must naturally offer head resistance to the air. That is why you see air-cooled engines made radially. (It is true there are a few radial liquid-cooled engines.)

You will therefore see most speed records set with liquid-cooled engines, despite the extra weight of the liquid coolant and radiator system.

In civil aviation you will see a preference for the air-cooled engine, despite its head resistance, because it is a more simple installation, it offers no danger of freezing liquids in the North or at high altitudes, and because it is usually more easily serviced.

### Cowling Important

Adequate cowling over the front of a radial engine, so that the smooth lines blend in with the lines of the ship, and thus cut some of the turbulence and head resistance can reduce the objections on this score somewhat, but can never make a radial engine offer as little head resistance as an in-line engine with a liquid system,



all of which can be completely covered and thus streamlined.

To make this perfectly clear, take the case of a nine-cylinder air-cooled engine. With all the cylinders set around a crankshaft, you have nine times as much head resistance as you have in the case of a motor which has twelve cylinders set in line, for in the latter case there will be only one cylinder headed into the air, with the others in line back of it.

And that one cylinder will be cowled with a perfect stream lining job of cowling.

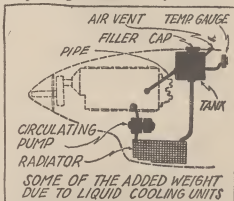
In these days they do not use water in a good motor, but a chemical liquid, often ethylene glycol, which has a constant boiling point of 187 degrees, and which takes less radiator space than water.

If a cooling liquid with a boiling point of 150 degrees Centigrade is used, the radi-

ator space is only a third of that needed for water. Since the boiling point of water falls the higher you get, you would have to use a lot of extra radiator space for high altitude flights, which you do not have to do with chemical coolants.

### The Radial Design

The most common form of air-cooled engine we see is the radial design, of course, because it offers the lightest weight for the power generated. The cylinders in a



single row around the crankshaft are like spokes around a wheel.

The crankshaft has only one throw-off center, and all the connecting rods are mounted on the one crankpin. Thus, when the piston in one cylinder is at the top of its stroke, those opposite will be practically at the bottom of their strokes, and in one revolution of the crankshaft the pistons of all cylinders will have traveled from the top of their stroke to the bottom and back again to the top position.

Also, with the cylinders all grouped around the crankshaft, each cylinder has had equal exposure to the airstream, and good cooling is had.

### More Cylinders, Less Speed

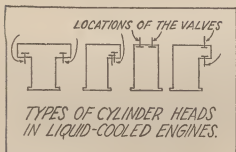
Naturally, there is a limit to the number of spokes you can get into one hub of a wheel, and as the number of cylinders that are to be grouped around a crankshaft is increased, the diameter of the engine must be increased until the practical limit is reached. And the more cylinders, the more head resistance, and consequently the less speed per horsepower.

However, when a still larger power output is demanded from a single engine, the designer starts a second wheel of cylinders just back of the first ones. These can either be staggered with respect to the first row, or the cylinders can be set just back of those in front. In this way, you don't get much more head resistance than you would with the single row of cylinders, but you increase your power.

And you can still go on, if you need more power, and add a third or even fourth row of cylinders. Of course, each row will have its own crankpin on the crankshaft,

and so you might have four rows of cylinders with four crankpins, each operating all the cylinders placed around it.

The number of cylinders around a crankshaft is uneven, either three, five, seven, nine, or more; and in two or three or four banks of cylinders, you would have mul-



tiples of the number in the first bank. Thus you can get a whole mess of cylinders around one crankshaft when you go about it this way.

#### *A New Problem*

Of course, when you have, say four banks of cylinders, you bring up a new problem, and that is how to get some fresh cold air to those rear cylinders to cool them.

Just as there are a few radial liquid-cooled engines, there are some in-line air-cooled engines, mostly of smaller horsepower. For motors, say up to two hundred

h.p., a common type is the straight, four or six cylinders in line. This offers little head resistance, but presents the added problem of cooling the rear cylinders. Sometimes this engine is built upside down, having the cylinders under the crankshaft, thus improving the pilot's view, as well as obtaining a better direction and application of thrust.

#### *Another Design*

Still another design in air-cooled engines is one, the front view of which would look like the letter H. Here the idea is to have two banks of four or six cylinders in line.

This necessitates two separate crankshafts plus a gear to drive the propeller. In this manner, the head resistance is cut down, since only two cylinders face the front, the others being behind them, but this design usually adds weight for the horsepower produced, and therefore is not extremely popular.

This should give you some idea of the problems presented to the motor-minded flyer, and some of the facts on which he is to base his decision as to the type motor best fitted for his job, both as to speed and to simplicity.

And you should have some idea of the merits of an air-cooled motor.

Next time, we'll mention something about the liquid-cooled motors, but in the meantime look around you and grab off a job in the aircraft industry. Just like the auto, it is probably here to stay.

—BRUCE McALESTER.

*Coming in the Winter Issue of Our Companion Air-Action Magazine, AIR-WAR: CAPTAIN DANGER OVER LONDON, a Full-Length Action-Packed Novel by LIEUT. SCOTT MORGAN. 10c at All Stands*

**HITS THE SPOT**

**PEPSI-COLA**

**BIGGER DRINK • BETTER FLAVOR**

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by authorized bottlers.

# Buddies

By WILLIAM  
O'SULLIVAN

*Author of "The Flying Pig," "The Squirt," etc.*

*One Used a Machine-Gun, the  
Other a Camera—But They  
Never Called Their Shots  
When the French Were Around!*

PROMPTLY with the lifting of the wheels from the Syrian tarmac, the old bickering broke out again in the cabin of the Yank-manned Potez 56-T.3 observation plane. Birdy Conklin, the gunner-observer, knelt in a welter of lenses and cameras and range-finders and maps and radio gear, the gleam coming into his gray eyes, while Blimp Moran bellowed through the communication tube:

"Look at the birdie, please! All Vichy Frenchmen will kindly look at the birdie while Birdy Conklin takes pretty pictures!"

But Conklin was used to it, almost. Like you'll get used to a corn on your toe. Besides, there was an agreement between him and Blimp Moran not to let their hair down in any arguments in front of the French.

"I think taking pictures of the countryside is screwy," Moran had said, when the two Yanks had first teamed up together, "but if they are satisfied to waste a top pursuit-pilot's time doing this, okay. At least, we'll get a scrap now and then, and a chance to do something real."

"Like downing one Nazi?" Conklin had suggested acidly. "You call that something real?" He shook his head. "Observation is one of the important



Moran held his aim

missions of airplanes—the ability to see what is coming, and to strike against it.”

“You said it: *strike!* And who can strike harder than Blimp Moran? Son, when I get a Nazi under my sights, he’s through for keeps! Me, I blast ‘em, I don’t just take pictures of ‘em!”

Conklin’s pitying smile goaded Moran and his words, “You have swell muscles—in your head!” hadn’t helped any. But at least they kept their arguments to themselves, kept them for the air, or for the dark of the small room they shared, or for a corner of some quiet cantina where the argument went on over glasses of wine and prized American cigarettes.

But never so much as the lift of an eyebrow did they show the Free French.

“Buddies, they call us!” Moran had marveled only the night before. “‘The so-brave Americans are ze mos’ bee-you-tiful frans’ of the worl’,” he mimicked *M. le Colonel Desjardins’* words at mess. “Wrap that one up, Birdy. In fact, trot out your equipment and take a picture of it, pal. Buddies. Me and an aerial tintype artist . . . buddies!”

“Desjardins is a swell fellow,” Conklin had growled. “He understood our fix—two Yanks living and working in Syria and wanting to help against the Nazis—and he’s giving us our chance. But we’ll never make good in this observation work, because you won’t see the use of it. You won’t work as a team with me!”

“Listen, Birdy, do you see the use of a guy like me? Heck, no. You class me as a useless bunch of muscle and bone.” Blimp Moran knew what he was talking about. “Well, okay. I’ll string along. But when the show-down comes—when we get in a tight fix with Messerschmitts and Heinkels and Henschels screaming in on us like maddened comets, and when Death is spitting hot slugs at you through his ugly, gory teeth, then you’ll holler for Blimp. You wait and see!”

As the observation bus drilled along with two other Potez planes for the rendezvous high over the Beirut Road, the argument was breaking over the cabin sides again.

“... All Vichy Frenchmen will kindly look at the birdie while Little Mr. Conklin mugs them. Look at the birdie. . . . Hold it, please! Pfui-i-i-i!”

And Conklin. “. . . The greatest muscle show over earth! The one, the only, the original Blimp Moran. He sees nothing—he hears nothing—he does nothing! Phooey-y-y-y!”

But for all their hard railleury, there lived in the minds of them both the knowledge that as a team they were non-existent. There was no question of one of them not respecting the other’s work. Worse, they didn’t even concede that the other one had a specialty that amounted to a consideration. And whatever measure of success might come to the team of pilot-observer in this man’s war would not be theirs, certainly.

**A**FTER a climb, Moran twisted the Deperdussin wheel and nosed for the Road and the rendezvous with the fighting convoy. Conklin made his way aft and dropped down into the transparent nacelle that nested under the cabin. Here, he assembled more gadgets, spread more maps, lined up his position, and wished for the hundredth time that Blimp would see the importance of observation work.

And up front, Blimp Moran sighed and ruddered over when he picked-out the cluster of dots that moved against the blue background of sky.

“Just a stooge for a flying tintype artist!” he muttered. “Oh, well—”

The objective was simple:

“A suspected Vichy attack is reported building up in the Damascus sector,” *Monsieur le Colonel Desjardins* had told them. “We shall photograph that terrain, gentlemen—thoroughly, speedily, and immediately.” What he could have added was: “Three other observation units were



all but wiped out in the attempt; and a score of convoy planes lost. But we must not fail!"

The objective was simple, stated just that way. And it was a simple thing to reach, as Conklin and Moran saw. Birdy Conklin saw it from his prone position in the transparent nacelle below the cabin, where he calmly made notations on his maps and ranged his long-focus camera on roads and woods below.

Moran saw it from his seat high above Conklin, and with suspicion. He grunted when a swarm of dots grew out of the sky far to the rear, cutting off escape. His eyes were calm enough, but he moved with speed and ranged his guns and then fired a warning burst to attract the attention of the fighting convoy.

*Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.*

But the Free French fighters had seen, were moving back, one group of them, in a protective screen, while another half-score of the planes swirled in screaming turns about the slow-moving Potez crates. And then the Vichy ships plunged in a flailing zooming and diving pattern that drew a tracery of fire completely around the embattled observation buses.

Two Vichy planes skinned in behind the Yank-manned plane, opened a withering fire. The *rack-rack-rack* of their hammering guns was succeeded by a pattering rain of slugs that seared through the wooden-nosed Potez. The instrument board exploded into a million particles before Moran's eyes, and the big pilot whipped in a hard turn, even as he fell into line and scurried under the protective wings of the French fighters.

**B**UT Moran's head was cocked in a listening attitude . . . listening for the first burst of fire and the racking vibrations that would announce Conklin had left his precious cameras and was at the aft gun, helping to beat off the Vichy attackers. But no such

reassuring sounds came. Instead, another metallic woodpecker joined up behind the hard-put Potez and now three Frenchies were methodically trying to cut the fuselage in two.

Moran roared in his fury and whirled the plane dangerously, standing on his rudder-bar. The Potez labored at her full 175 miles per hour, with the Vichy craft topping that by at least fifty percent. Then a succeeding wave of Vichy Curtisses roared in. Moran saw three of the convoy ships rear out of the fight, teeter uncertainly, and then plunge for the ground far below.

Moran swung back and fought to get away from the pursuing planes that besieged him.

Two of the three ships that had roosted on his tail had pulled clear, but one stayed there, like a woodpecker sitting on a rhino's rear. And still no welcome racket of sound from that aft gun!

Moran swallowed hastily at a new thought. "Maybe—maybe they got the poor dope. Got him cold, out there in that transparent nacelle—like a sardine in a cellophane wrapper! Gee, the poor dope. Him and his lousy cameras, going that way! No more chance than a herring in a delicatessen's glass case!"

The thought put new rage into him, and now he abandoned all chance of safety, swung, instead, on a Curtiss Hawk that was roaring past. The held the gun trips down and smashed a withering fire into the exposed flank of the speedy Vichy plane.

*Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.*

The Vichy pilot swerved sharply from a Hurricane and tried frantically to get clear; but Moran's aim had found its mark in his prop. The whirling stick showered into glinting bits and a puff of smoke belched out from under the motor cowlings. Simultaneously, a crashing noise sounded from the cabin back of Blimp Moran. But Moran held his aim, rapped out another long burst to fin-

ish the hapless Frenchy off. *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat.*

Strong gusts of air came from the cabin in back, and the Potez slithered hard off on the right wing for a moment. But Moran ruddered against it, even as he realized what had happened. One of the Vichy planes was manned with a 37-millimeter gun firing through the propeller; and a shell from that gun had hit the cabin, smashed in one side of it!

But Moran ruddered into the fray again, a sob in his voice.

"Well, that's one of you Vichy French mugs!" he croaked, feelingly. "One of you—to make up for that dope, Birdy. *O!* Birdy!"

And then he nearly went through the front of his compartment. Behind him, a voice inquired:

"Did you call me, Blimp?"

**F**OR perhaps thirty seconds, the Yank pilot sat transfixed, an easy target for any enemy guns. But the firing from outside had dropped away, the fighting had died down, the Vichy planes were bunching together and swiftback once more from their home field. . . .

"You, Birdy!" Moran came to life with a roar. "Where have you been, you mug? Lord, but I've been put to it, trying to keep all of the Vichy air off my pinfeathers! And where were you?" He stared back into Birdy's calm eyes and the big pilot started to come unstuck in his rage. "Don't stand there looking at me! Where were you?"

"I was where I was supposed to be, of course," Conklin said. "I was in my nacelle, trying to get some shots of the ground. Where did you think I should have been?"

"You should have been at the after gun, helping to wing those Vichy birds," Moran bellowed. "That's where you should have been!"

"I came out to take photographs, not to fool around in a shooting gallery," Conklin told him flatly. He

licked his lips. "I—I think I had some beauts."

Moran looked around and saw that one Potez was left up. Moran and Conklin were that one Potez. The remnants of the convoy gang were forming around them for the trip back to the home tarmac. Moran ruddered into a spot among them and looked at Conklin again.

"Oh. You *had* some beauts! Whad' you do—give 'em away as samples, or something? Maybe the whole Vichy nation will come out for tintypes if they like your stuff, huh?"

"That cannon," Birdy explained. "The thing that tore the side out of my cabin."

"Oh. *Your* cabin!" Blimp glowered. "Not *my* cabin, or *our* cabin—but *your* cabin. Just like that, eh?"

"It busted my cameras up, too," Birdy Conklin said wearily. "Now I've got nothing."

"You've still got me, dearie," Moran said sourly. "And me, I've got me a ship. A whole, certified, nasty Vichy-ander in a Curtiss Hawk, no less. I got that, anyway. But you got nothing."

Conklin looked away, and his eyes were pained. "That's right," he said slowly. "And that's the hell of it. I—I got to figure this thing out, some way. Here I get some good snaps, and my camera gets ruined. The whole trip is a washout. We might just as well not have gone out!"

"I got a plane," Moran put in again.

"Things like that don't count," Conklin said serenely. "That's an incident. Getting good photos of the Beirut sector would have been a triumph."

"Of tintyping?" Moran asked caustically. "How many would you have sold for two-bits, son? Three?"

"You fighters don't understand," Conklin said flatly, as he went back to the wreckage of his equipment and gazed down at it sorrowfully.

"Well, call me a keewee!" Moran said as he marveled. "That guy really sets some store by those tintypes of

his!" He shifted his eyes now and saw the score of English Hurricanes that roared in, realized why it was the Vichy's hadn't finished off the whole mob of them. "Well, call me a keewee! And my shooting and fighting isn't worth talking about. Just an . . . incident!"

**B**IRDY CONKLIN was morose for several days. Once, he said to Moran, "With the radio smashed to bits, we'd have been in a swell hole trying to send for help, huh?"

"Looks like," Moran agreed absently. He was sitting in a cantina over a glass of wine and moving small toy airplanes into various positions of alignment, then nosing a solid black toy at the other brightly-colored ones. "Sure does."

Conklin blinked. "What are you doing?" he asked, following Moran's movements. "What's that all about any way?"

"Combat," Moran told him. "I'm studying how to attack, how to defend, how to escape. See—? Here are three Nazis jumping me. Me, I'm the black one, see? Now, as they come in, I blast this one from in front while you hold these *herren* off with your aft gun. Get it?"

"Not in the slightest," Conklin said impatiently. "I'm trying to be serious, Blimp, and there you are playing again!"

"Well, spin my prop if—"

"Maybe you didn't hear me," Conklin cut in, "when I asked about what we'd do without our radio, that time it was blasted? Can you get the situation, Blimp? Us without our radio, and without our cameras, and no way to get home, or get help from home, or to get word home?"

"Mail 'em a picture postcard," Moran said sarcastically.

But it was lost on Conklin. "There's an answer," he said slowly. "A big answer. You go out to get observation photos of an ammo dump, or a bridge, or a rail head—you get there

—and so many enemy planes jump you that there's no getting back!"

"O! Blimp blasts a way back!" The big pilot grinned. "That's the answer." He pushed back his chair and climbed to his feet. "Listen, my buddy, perhaps you would like to see that movie over at the Australian camp? They say it is very good."

Conklin didn't move. He didn't move for a long time after Moran had shrugged his big shoulders and gone away. . . .

It was three days later that Conklin delayed a bit when the next Potez observation detail took the air. Moran waited idly—yawning—and then he shut his mouth with an alligator snap. Birdy Conklin and five grease-monkeys were trundling up with what looked like all the photo equipment in the Middle East.

"Listen, you!" Moran blared. "Whaddya think this is, a truck? You can't carry all that stuff! Holy Mike!"

But Conklin went on his serene way, lifting his equipment in and disposing it about to suit himself. Telescopes . . . telescopic lenses . . . more and more camera material . . . radio gadgets . . . aerial loops by the yard. . . . "I been three days assembling this stuff," he said.

Moran groaned. "Can't anyone stop him?" he asked. "We're gonna need a tow ship to get us off the ground, even!"

But at last Conklin was packed and satisfied. As satisfied, that is, as Moran had ever seen him when he wasn't bending over some photos. The pilot gave it up with a shrug of annoyance.

"Okay. The Flying Gallery is about to get off," he said.

Conklin noticed him for the first time. For the first time in three days, nearly. The diminutive observer-gunner looked up with a fleeting smile.

"What kind of gallery, Blimp? Photo . . . or target?"

But they both grew serious and gave their attention to the task

ahead of them, inspecting material and armaments and all the rest of it. After what seemed to them both an interminable time, the chocks were pulled and the Potez detail, six strong, this time, swung for the take off and the rendezvous with the Free French fighters.

"No fooling," Moran said, as he leveled off at 5,000 meters, "that makes a terrible load, Birdy. And I wouldn't mind if the stuff were going to do us any good. But—"

"Wait until you've burned some fuel," Conklin said flatly. "Then it'll be all even."

Moran chuckled. "Damned if you're not learning what a man's job is," he said.

But they went grim as the miles unreeled below their wings and the escort fell into line.

"Twenty planes in the convoy," Moran counted. "And judging from what we got the last time, there'll be double that dose of Vichy!" When Conklin came close, he said, "Listen, if they are so darn afraid of that Artemps sector, why don't they just unload a couple hundred tons of projectiles into it from the big guns? What do we need for them—photos of the gunners, or something?"

Conklin sighed patiently. "Ammo costs money," he said. "Besides, every shot we slap over is marked by the enemy, exposes one of our emplacements. We don't want to take chances unless we are sure we have a fair show of getting a hit."

"I get it," Moran said.

Conklin grinned tightly. "Darned if you're not learning what a man's job is!" he mimicked.

They both knew a man's job, a few minutes later, when they thundered across the Beirut sector and eyed the dark swarm of planes that closed across their rear, and the further swarm in the east that made a feint at a circling movement, then swirled and closed the gap between them in a rush.

*Ca-rumpf. Ca-rumpf. WHANG! WHANG!*

Archie fire slanted the Potez planes off into a zigzag course, with Blimp Moran counting through tight lips: "One, two, three, four, five, six—RUDDER! One, two, three, four, five, six—RUDDER! One, two, three, four—"

*Rack-rack-rack*, came the throaty chatter of machine guns. A shadow flitted across Moran's vision, enlarged to a shape, grew to a zooming Curtiss Hawk. The big pilot moved his fingers and braced his shoulders to the vibration of it as his own guns came in. *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat*. Then he looked around and saw that Conklin was climbing down to his cellophane nacelle.

"Damn him, there he goes into his 'light' room again!" He snapped another burst, then plowed his ship hard ahead over the objective. *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat*. "But that must take some guts," he conceded, as he lay the bus flat over and dived clear of a deadly burst from two Curtisses. "Nothing like this, of course. And not so important."

The battle raged high over the Beirut Road as gallant Allied airmen fought to get a look at the hidden Vichy objectives, and General Petain's most talented cloud killers fought back with skilled fury to smash the foemen lifeless to earth, and to hold the secret of the Beirut sector. . . .

**T**HE hell of air combat that seemed stretched to long, arm-weary hours had been in reality only thirty minutes old. But thirty minutes had been a lifetime to some of the Free French fighters . . . and spelled eternity to half the Vichy defenders.

And yet the battle raged furiously, with light and heavy ships, mono-planes and biplanes, single-seaters and two men and even four-place ships blasting in and out in a crazed

tracery of wings and steel and roaring motors and guns that chuckled in throaty death.

Two Potez observation planes were left up, and in one of them—lying starkly bloody and torn in the transparent nacelle—the gunner-observer was dead. In the other, a strange sky drama unfolded. . . .

Birdy Conklin was crouched close to the glass-floored cabin, his eyes glued to the focus of his camera. While in the forward control compartment Blimp Moran swirled his plane recklessly in and out of the welter of other wings . . . but trained a loaded service automatic back under his left arm and squarely on his observer.

"The gun!" he grated, for the tenth time. He stepped the rudder bar wickedly and barely missed collision with a staggering Curtiss Hawk. "Get to the aft gun, Birdy, or I shoot! I'm warning you, son! The pilot commands! I'm the pilot! Get to that gun!"

"Shoot or shut up, you oaf!" Conklin snarled. "I'm here to do a job that you don't know anything about. Just you keep this crate up for another two minutes. After that, do what you want!"

For answer, Moran squeezed the trigger of the automatic, and a new and closer roar sounded in the hell of noise that filled the cabin. The slug splatted against the sturdy, square box that stood at Conklin's side.

The observer snarled again, like an animal at bay, and threw his body to protect the box from another shot. At the same time, he yanked his own service gun out and sent two slugs dangerously close to Moran's head.

"Try that again, but don't miss. If you do miss, you can bet I won't! Park that automatic and stick to your job, Blimp. I'm warning you. *Park it!*"

It wasn't that Moran was afraid. It was more recognition, recognition of the killer in his mate's eyes, and of

wonder at it, that made him drop his automatic.

"I think you're crazy," he roared. "Clean nuts! Hell, son, we haven't a chance of getting your tintypes back to the tarmac. Not unless you drop that fooling around and get on the after gun. Shucks, I can't do a pursuit job with the slowest ship in the entire Free French Air Force!" He looked back anxiously. "Not unless you get on that gun and help, I can't."

Conklin stared at him for a long interval, then licked his lips and crawled close.

"We haven't a chance of getting back, anyway," he said harshly. "Not out of this death trap. And nobody knows better than I do! But my pictures are going to get back. Understand, you oversized collection of muscle and gristle and bone? My pictures are getting back!"

Moran shrugged his shoulders and rapped out a fresh burst at a Curtiss that swarmed up into his path. *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat*. He snapped it off again when the remnants of the Free French fighters formed into an echelon-of-echelons and slid in, raking them with a terrific broadside.

"Okay," Moran said. "You're nuts, I guess. I don't know why I never saw it before, but now that I think of it—" *rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat*. *Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat* "—I guess I always knew it!"

**C**ONKLIN'S eyes held more than a bit of wonder, as they followed a Curtiss away from Moran's gun in a death plunge. For a moment, he seemed unable to tear himself away from the fighter at the controls. A ripping patter of slugs on the fuselage did the trick, however. The observer-gunner scurried back to his equipment and busied himself there again. But in another moment, he jerked his head up, stared intently at a recording device on the side of the box.

"Blimp!" he yelped. "Blimp, we're

almost finished. I—I have enough for only a few more shots. Do you—er—I mean—” He paused.

Moran slid down in a fast slip, then skinned up again and cheated two Curtiss Hawks that were traveling too fast to maneuver with the slow-going Potez.

“Do I what, Birdy?” he asked.

“Do you—want a chance to get back alive, Blimp?”

The pilot roared his surprise. “Do I? Listen, son, if only to have you court-martialed and broken, I want to get back! If only to take a poke at you for letting your pop-gun go at me!” He grinned. “Then, too, I’m very thirsty. A good slug of cognac would taste fine before that last, long mile to Hell!”

“Okay, Blimp!” There was excitement in the observer’s voice now, an excitement that transmitted itself to the big pilot. “Then turn your crate clear over on its side. Over in a vertical bank, hear?”

Moran started the wheel over—then held it. “Why, Birdy?” he demanded.

“I want to get some shots of those Vichy planes! And in a rush!”

Moran shook his head in wonder. “The first man in history to request an autographed photo of his murderer!” he croaked. “Foul my running gear if the boy isn’t crazier than even I thought he was! He—he wants photos of the Vichy planes that are shooting the rivets out of our crate!”

But slowly, he heeled the big crate over, heeled it while Birdy Conklin clung grimly to his equipment and set his hands into motion again. The big bus swirled in a tight turn . . . another . . . and another. It raked the Vichy fighters— but only with the short-focus lenses that Conklin had slapped onto his camera equipment. The Potez was making its third whirl when Birdy yelped.

“Okay. Slam her straight again,” he called. “I’m through. Washed up for the day.”

Moran rolled the plane back on an

even keel. “You bet you’re through. Washed up. But not only for a day. For all time, son!” He shook his head in wonder when he heard the after gun bark once or twice, experimentally, then steady into the roar of new gunfire. “Bend my longerons if I haven’t drawn the goofiest gunner-observer in the whole, wide world!”

The gunfire stilled for a moment, and Birdy’s voice came faintly up the cabin from the after turret . . . the “blister” from which sprouted the rear gun.

“Listen,” Conklin was saying plaintively, “I’ve shot a lot of these damned things off, these slugs. And I haven’t brought down a ship yet!”

**M**ORAN roared. “Now you’re working a man’s job, son! Now maybe you’ll realize what’s in this fighting racket.” He added, “Now that it’s too late.” After a pause to sidestep a Curtiss, he asked, “Birdy? You’re no good with that gun. Come up here and tell me what this is all about. Come on, huh?”

The observer showed at his busy elbows in a moment, clung grimly to Moran’s shoulders to steady himself, watched with wide eyes as the pilot ripped a burst down a Curtiss Hawk and then smartly nursed a Vichy fighter off a Curtiss P-36’s tail. After a long moment, he spoke.

“Remember, I said there was an answer to not being able to get photos back, Blimp?” he said. “There, at the *estaminet*, when you were playing with those toy planes? And you went to the movies at the Aussie camp?”

“Speak fast, boy. These may be your last words!”

“Well, I hit on an idea. Rather, you gave me the idea. I went back and worked on it that night. And for the next three days. I told Desjardins it was *our* idea—yours and mine both—and got him to let me try it out.”

“Huh? Try what out?”

“A new way of taking pictures and getting them in,” Conklin said pa-

tiently. "You see, here's the stunt: I rigged a camera with telescopic lenses, that operates continuously while our Potez is in flight. Then I hooked it to the radio, so that I could send—during flight—the high lights and shadows in a series of electrical impulses, which—"

Moran groaned and hurled the Potez to the right and out of range of a deadly burst of gunfire.

"Speak English, Birdy, for Pete's sake! Whaddya mean, you sent a series of impulses? Me, I got an impulse to murder you for disobeying my orders. But skip that. Tell me in English. Or can you?"

"I'll try," Conklin said. "I mean, I think I've built the world's first aerial television set. I mean, instead of trusting to getting back with the pictures, I found a way to get the pictures back whether we do or not. Maybe I did, I mean. I dunno."

"Burn my hangar!" Moran roared. He swung and stared, wide-eyed. Respect grew in his eyes, spread over his wide, homely face. "You—you got the brains to rig a job like that?"

"As — said, I don't know," Conklin shrugged. "But you remember my asking you to skin over on your side, so we could get close-ups of those Vichy's? That'll be the proof."

"How? How will that prove you worked the job?"

"Easy. The men back on our side who are watching through the receiving set will shoot a gang of planes to yank us out of it, if they can. And if they see those ships flashing across their screen!"

Moran sat stone still while a Vichy fighter picked off an edge of his wing.

"Boy," he said then, his face shining, "get back to your gun! Lousy a shot as you are, we need you. Get back there and fire until you're black in the face and your eyes are out on your cheeks like marbles. Shoot until the gun bursts under the heat. Shoot from now until then! Get going!"

"But, Blimp," Conklin pleaded, "I

can't fight like you can. Lord, man, the way you battle your way through this mob is—is *miraculous*. If only I could do that! If I could only fly and fight like you!"

"Stow it," Blimp said modestly. "Scrapping is nothing, I tell you. But brains like yours— *We gotta get you home!*"

CONKLIN got back to the rear pit, started firing. He hadn't even warmed the gun up when a covey of speeding Allied planes showed far over the Beirut Road—hurtled the cloud ramparts above the Vichy French lines—swarmed in and raked the air with hot lead that sent the Vichy defenders limping off into the distance.

The lone Potez stumbled, rather than flew, into line, and started back across the long, Archie-studded miles.

While from the after gun, Conklin stared at Blimp, his eyes shining.

"Brains!" Blimp shook his head and said over and over, "That boy has 'em, and no doubt! Brains! Even if his television set isn't perfect, it can be worked out."

Peace was on the battered plane, was in the setting sun, was even over the Front Line guns when the triumphal armada slid down the skyways for the home tarmac. . . .

The celebration was a great dinner at a great Damascus hotel. Conklin had been properly kissed by half the beards in Free France's General Staff. Nor had Moran been neglected.

Brass Hats were a dime a carload. Waiters hovered near the table where the two medal-studded heroes sat alone—alone because, as *Monsieur le Colonel Desjardins* had explained: "Eet would make for ze jealousy eef all people could not sit at ze table with *les braves Americains*. And eet is not built so large, any such table. Besides, zey are w'at you call the great buddies, you know? . . . But of a certainty! Never has a cross word

been spoken between them. Look you now, and see w'at a sight! Look at the tender smiles, *mes amis!* . . ."

Blimp Moran was smiling steadily and Conklin's smile was as even, as kindly. But what Moran was saying through scarcely moving lips was:

"Why, you sawed-off bit of keewee breast-bone, where do you get that noise? Who was it fought it out and let you take your foggy pictures for the gang back home? Would those photos have been taken if I couldn't have fought it out to stay up?"

"Keep your voice low, Muscle-Ears," Birdy Conklin smiled on and murmured. "We don't want Desjardins in on our battle, do we? But, who was it got the guns ranged on the Beirut sector and let the Allies blast the impending attack right back into Dentz' lap? *My brains!* Who was it got the idea on how to get help, when you were hanging by your scorched teeth, out colder than a punch-drunk battler? *My brains!*"

"Well, reverse my dihedrall!" Moran murmured. "Everything you have I got for you. Your medals, your 'Palms', your write-ups, your promotion. Even your chance to ride with a top fighting-pilot again, you sawed-off excuse for a hitch-hiking tintyping artist, you Garbo of the Air!"

Conklin smiled on. "Even my cognac, Blimp?"

"Even your cognac, Birdy."

"You take it, then!"

With the flick of his wrist, Conklin jettisoned the fiery stuff in a slight zoom that raked along Moran's big nose, kissed his eyelids, and dropped down into the glass again. Most of it did.

Moran matched the gesture with his own cognac; but the grins persisted through reddened eyes. . . .

"Even," Blimp Moran said.

"All even," Birdy Conklin affirmed.

*Monsieur le Colonel* Desjardins started at the nudge the great general gave him.

"W'at is eet you say, *mon general?* . . . They have tossed ze cognac close to each other's faces. . . ?" Desjardins looked and blinked, and then smiled again, even as Conklin and Moran were smiling. "But of a certainty, it ees some strange American custom!"

But even the good colonel's brows were knit in wonder, for a moment; a moment that was punctuated when his own face bloomed under an expansive smile again.

"Eet ees," he said, authoritatively, and as one with two *braves Americains* in his outfit could say, "zat zey are wa't you call: *Ze buddies!*"



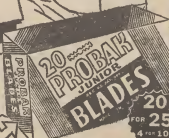
Word's Around Town...  
That You Can't Match  
Twenty Smooth-Shaving  
**PROBAK Jr. Blades**  
For A Quarter!



**\$5 REWARD**

For Probak Jr. quickies  
(like one above) accepted  
for publication. Address  
— Probak Jr., Box 2131  
Boston, Mass.

RECEPTACLE FOR  
USED BLADES INSIDE!





# THE STORY OF THE COVER

By LIEUT. JAY D. BLAUFOX

**F**OR weeks the Nazi High Command decried the reports as British propaganda that German infantry was infiltrating into Syria in civilian clothes.

They branded as lies, rumors, that these so-called German "tourists" would suddenly clothe themselves in their hidden uniforms and take over control of the gateway to the Iraq and Trans-Jordan oil fields and pipe lines thus making way for the rest of the Nazi vermin to gnaw at the vitals of the British source of oil supply; the destruction of the Suez Canal to follow.

Intelligence sources at Aleppo notified the Allied command that parachutists of German origin had dropped in the vicinity in mufti, discarded their 'chutes and established themselves in hideaways until the time would be ripe for them to come out and take over.

London clamored for the Syrian Invasion by General Wavell's forces. The Anzacs under his command itched, after their North African and East African mopping-up campaigns, for more action.

Reports increased of greater numbers of Nazi "travelers" entering strategic points in Syria. France was vehemently denying the reports and warning Britain to keep out or there might be dire consequences; she would fight to defend her rights in Syria.

## *The "Rumors" Confirmed!*

But confirmation of the landing of German tanks and infantry in Beirut, Lebanon, had arrived at GHQ and the Hurricane Squadron stationed at Zerka in Trans-Jordan roared off the tarmac and rose above it to wait for several long-range bombers to accompany on the way to the Mediterranean seaport a hundred and fifty miles northwest.

The Hurricanes arrived on the scene first. Far below them the blue Mediterranean lay like a gentle, wind-ribbed lake. Dark brown and camouflaged objects crawled lumbersomely for the hills. Suddenly they seemed to come to life as the British skyfighters were discovered.

Some were foolish enough even to blast their machine-gun fire up at the still out-of-range fighters. The signal was given and the Hurricanes dived for the earth, their long, sleek noses pointing directly at the hurriedly scurrying tanks.

## *Roaring Battle*

The formation of tanks suddenly ranged in all directions in an effort to avoid the Hurricane fire. English steel tore into the vitals of the Nazi "Sardines" inside the German hell-cans. As the Hurricanes



roared for the hills with Rolls-Royce engines wide open and wing-guns pouring burning death, men on motorcycles in advance of the tanks threw up their hands and screamed in last convulsions.

Tanks now out of control and running in wild confusion crushed their already bleeding bodies beneath the terrific weight of the clumsily rolling steel juggernauts. Here and there Madsens barked fruitlessly.

The great speed of the Hurricanes brought them down at almost four hundred miles an hour in the dive and carried them up and out of danger of timid tank gunfire before the Heinies within had time to think.

More motorcycles joined the ill-fated tanks as the long range bombers from Zerka roared up and laid their death-bearing burden into the very vitals of the ships which brought the tanks to Beirut.

## *A Vicious Circle*

Round and round in a vicious circle swept the Hurricanes like thundering tornadoes until the whole of the tank unit was completely routed.

Bombs from above found their mark in several of the chattering caterpillars and blew them apart as though they were so much paper. The Hurricanes made a masterful job of destruction.

The Hawker Hurricane has made a reputation for itself that will live long in the history of the R.A.F. Its top speed in level flight is estimated at 336 miles an hour. It carries eight Brownings in both wings; is powered by a Rolls-Royce 1000 horsepower Merlin engine of the Liquid-cooled type. It has a span of 40 feet and weighs almost three tons loaded.

# Blunder Buses

By JOE ARCHIBALD

Author of "Spitfire Baby," "The Border Blitzkrieg," etc.



What Ambrose did to the Heinie with his dukes was a sight

## *Muley Spink, the Little Tomato, Battles to Bail Out His Uncle—But Not from a Plane!*

IF I, "Muley" Spink, had had anything to say about it, I would have picked out my war 1000 years B.C. This guerre was bad enough without having to fight it along with Ambrose Hooley. He is a little onion who broke out of his crib at the age of eighteen months by using a straight left, and he got in two days

of road work before a posse caught up with him. The little tomato is not quite bright.

It is a day on the drome of Major Bagby's Ninety-Third Pursuit Squadron that has gone too smooth for comfort and I says to myself I am dreaming as nobody has been shot down and no brass hats have come in to ask

---

## AN AMBROSE HOOLEY HOWLER

---

us will we go over and bomb a hotel in Berlin. I am whistling when I walk into the Nisson. I should have known better as when I walk into the hut, there is Ambrose Hooley sitting on his cot and he looks like twenty cents worth of cat meat. There is a letter on the floor and he is sighing like an old maid who is seeing a honeymoon couple off.

"She married somebody else, huh?" I says. "Can you blame her? No dame wants a family that might start walkin' on all fours or swingin' from a chandelier."

"If I was not so upset, I would slug you for that, Muley Spink," Ambrose says. "I got to get two thousand dollars some place."

"Only two thousand?" I finally toss at the little tomato. "Why, for a minute, I was worried. Wait until I open my safe. I sold a hundred shares of Blondes Preferred yesterday. Ambrose, are you nuttier than usual?"

"Uncle Willie is arrested, Muley. He was sendin' me a package with a new hand grenade in it and it blowed up in the post office. They accused him of bein' an annihilationist and put him in jail. His bail is two thousand. My aunt says nobody has that much there and can I raise it? If I don't, Uncle Willie could die in a jail."

"I was always sure of it," I snap. "Well, when they take him to Atlanta, wish him bomb voyage for me."

"You haven't a heart, Muley," Ambrose groans. "Let's see—there are seven air outfits in this sector an' if I borrowed ten bucks from each flyer, I could—"

**I** PICK up the letter and read some of it. One paragraph almost pulls my peerers out. It says:

—and I know you will send the money seein' as how you are a Wing Commander now and make twenty thousand a year, Ambrose. I knew you would reach the top and—

"Ambrose Hooley," I says tartly, "you should be ashamed of yourself. Twenty thousand per—"

"I wanted to make a dame impressed," Ambrose says. "Well, I got to make good or I won't never dare go home."

I cheer Ambrose up and tell him it is time for mess.

"Wash up," I says, "an' I will write a letter home for you sayin' you went West. Then if you live through the guerre, you can surprise everybody."

"That does look like the only way out," Ambrose admits, and we go over to the mess shack.

There are three brass hats just arriving in a big limousine and I feel faint.

"Maybe I won't be lyin' when I write to your family, Ambrose," I says. "Look at their pans. They are here for no good."

We find out what is troubling Chaumont when the two colonels and the major go away. Major Bagby says the Krauts have pulled a new one out of the hat.

"They are thorough, those cussed Krauts," the C. O. snaps. "Since the war started they've shot or forced down two or three D. H. crates that could be fixed up. They waited until we forgot about the crates, then they make their own D. H. squadron and are dropping bombs on our dumps from here to the Channel. But we've got the way to fix their wagons!"

"Make the Heinie's give a lodge sign, huh?" Ambrose says, and I tell him to shut up before the C. O. gets gripy and hands us a suicide stint.

"When you see a D. H.," Bagby tells the pilots, "lift your left arm and point a finger straight up. If the D. H. waggles his wings, he is the McCoy. If not, use your own judgment."

When we leave the mess, the little crackpot, Ambrose, says he was worrying about his Uncle Willie being in jail all the time he was listening to the C. O. and did not hear half the Old Man said.

"What was the signal we have to use, Muley?"

"When you see a D. H.," I reply

curtly, "you waggle your wings an' if the pilot don't point up at the sky, you go after him."

"That is easy," Ambrose says. "How about starting off Uncle Willie's freedom with twenty, huh?"

"Why don't you git smart?" I sniff. "Uncle Willie knows he will never get a verdict in his favor and will jump his bail all the way to the Argentinas. I do not want to hear any more about him until you get a wire sayin' he has been convicted."

"Blood is thicker than water," Ambrose says. "I will save him, Muley."

Me and Ambrose go up with "Bug-eye" Boomer late the next afternoon. We swing toward Mont Sec but do not see any Krauts. Me and Ambrose fly into a big cloud and when we find our way out of it, Bug-eye and the other pilots are on their way back to the drome.

**I**T IS Ambrose who spots the three crates coming out of Heinie atmosphere and the little mutt climbs to get some altitude and I do not know any better than to follow him. When we get close to the three sky wagons, we see they are D. H. 4s and right away Ambrose waggles his wings and I wait to see if the D. H. bums will point straight upstairs. They do not, so Ambrose goes in and takes a wallop at them. I say here is where we clean them vons up, but me and Ambrose find out it is not wash-day for them and whoever was in the D. H.s never cut no classes at air school.

Ambrose Hooley can do as much with two Vickers as he can with two fists which is plenty and before you can say "cel," a D. H. is goin' down like it had drunk three quarts of vin blanc on an empty stomach. Another is trying to get loose from me and it has only one tail flipper and enough fabric is coming off the top wing of it to make a smoking jacket for a rhino. Me and Ambrose have visions of medals and we keep pourin' the metal into the Heinies.

One gets away from us and it flies right toward the U. S. lines and we know the pilot must have got conked by a hunk of ammo. Ambrose's Spad starts doing tricks that I know even Ambrose couldn't have thought up and the little tomato has to take it downstairs while there is enough of it to sit in.

Ambrose makes a rough landing and I go down to see if he can walk away from it. I find him sitting on a stump and figuring with paper and a stub of a pencil.

"Muley," he says, "I know where there is some fake mining stock in Paree. If I can git leave, I will go there an' buy it up for maybe fifty bucks, U. S. argent. I will sell the stock for two thousand—"

"Look," I says. "We have got to get them D. H.s confirmed, Ambrose."

He points to his Spad.

"There's my 'out,' Muley," he quips. "What a wreck that is, huh? I went West, Muley, so Uncle Willie will get my ten thousand dollar insurance, huh? I will disguise myself for awhile and when I know the dough is in his lap, I will come to life. They will have a tough time gettin' all the insurance money back."

"That is swindlin', Ambrose Hooley," I says. "You could get more years than Uncle Willie."

"Why—er—Muley," the little tomato says. "Look over there. Why, it is Lerouville as I knocked the weather vane off that church roof only yesterday. Let us go over. You can say your Spad got out of gas. Let it idle like it is until it burns what is left in the tank. Come on, Muley."

We go into Lerouville and I smell the inside of a bastille the minute we spot an estaminet. I shudder a little as there is tough U. S. doughs in the town. We got into an oasis and ask for cognac and Ambrose Hooley toasts a departed flyer.

"Who is it?" I want to know.

"Me," Ambrose says.

"I will have no part of the criminal

plot," I says. "Uncle Willie is not worth it. Anyway, you have been seen in this town, haven't you?"

"You will say nobody was with you," Ambrose tells me. "It was the ghost of your pal having a drink with you before he headed West."

**A**MBROSE HOOLEY will stop at nothing, you can see that. We stay in the estaminet for an hour and then some Yanks come in and start gabbing. At first I do not pay any attention to what they say. Not until they say all the U. S. cops in France are looking for two aviators who are dressed as Yanks and who are in two Spads.

"A special delivery check from the government could reach Uncle Willie in about a week, Muley," Ambrose says. "I will set fire to the Spad out there."

"Listen, Ambrose," I moan. "Oh-h, listen to what they are sayin'!"

"Yeah, two Spads shot up three D. H. buses across the Meuse. Them Heinies are flyin' Spads, too. One of the pilots who got back from the scrap said he give the signal but they started in on his flight. He says he thought one of the Krauts was forced down an'—"

Me and Ambrose go out a back window. We find a motorcycle with sidecar waiting for us in front of a bakery and Ambrose has it a mile out of town before anybody misses it. The little crackpot cuts right across a field with it and then lifts it over a stone fence. We hit a road and Ambrose follows it for a good eleven miles until he comes to a curve.

"I just saw some auto headlights, Ambrose," I yelp. "Look out!"

"Whoever thought they would be real D. H.s, Muley!" Ambrose howls. "You got that signal mixed, you fat-head!"

Then it hapepned. The auto leaps right at us and then skids out of the road, missing us by the width of a potato chip. But Ambrose hits a big

rut and we slide down an embankment and into a lily pond.

It is too bad we did not drown as then we would not have to go through what we did the next day or two. We climb out of the pond and make our way to where the auto is turned turtle.

There are two citizens wearin' uniforms that look like the ones the Y. M. C. A. hands out.

"Bon sour," Ambrose says. "It was an accident."

"Look at the stuff here," I says. "Here is a box of make-up. Grease paint an' eyebrow pencil an' wigs an' false noses, Ambrose."

"Why, they are U. S. actors," Ambrose says and grins. "They were on their way to entertain some doughs. Quick, Muley, an' don't just stand there. M. P.s are comin'. We must get into their clothes an' make up our pans. Then we will tie them actors up and hide them some place. It is our lives or theirs as we will get shot if we are caught. Hurry, Muley. We can make our way to the Channel an' escape from the guerre."

"I got to do it," I moan. But it is wrong. We shot down U.S. crates, stole a motorcycle, wrecked an auto an' now we are impersonatin' A.E.F. actors. Ambrose, you got me into all this!"

"Shut up, Muley," Ambrose says.

He taps a citizen on the chops and puts him to sleep. I start peeling off my flying clothes.

It is just a minute and a half before the U.S. cops reach the scene that we have finished the dirty work. Our clothes are hidden in the bushes and so are two patriots who help out in the guerre by keeping up the soldiers' morale. We are made up with grease paint, et cetera, and are standing by the over-turned jalopy when a tough M.P. wants to know what hapepned.

**T**WO fellers on a motorcycle wrecked us, sir," Ambrose says. "Here we are late for the show an'

we even made up on the way so's we wouldn't lose no time. That is the kind of troupers we are, as the show mus' go on. We never missed a curtain from Punxatawney, Pennsylvania, to Ringworm, Oregon. Did we, pal?"

"It is curtains now," I groan and Ambrose has to cover me fast.

"Which way did the crumbs go?" the top kick asks.

"That way," Ambrose tells the M.P. "Toward Nancy."

A truck comes along and the sarge asks if a motorcycle passed it.

"Naw."

"Look, if you are goin' to Barley Ducks," the topkick says, "take these two actors in. There's a big show on tonight. Maybe they are the only two laughs in it."

I pick up a banjo, a suit-case and a saxophone and climb into the truck. Ambrose comes in after me and asks can I play a banjo.

"A little," I admit. "What can you do with a sax, huh?"

"I never saw nothin' I couldn't play," the crackpot says. "We got to go to Barley Duck, Muley. We can git to Brest easy after the show. Nobody has got anythin' on us yet."

"Wait until they find them Spads we left," I says. "I would give my right arm to be with your Uncle Willie. We'll never get out of this one, Ambrose Hooley."

"You give up too easy," Ambrose snorts.

We get off the truck in Barley Duck right in front of a big crowd of citizens and soldiers and somebody is already singing. A doll.

"Where is our dressing rooms?" Ambrose asks.

A brass hat with a Y.M.C.A. suit on leads us to a big truck which is not far from the big tent which has only three sides. A platform comes out from the open side and there is the dame standing there and straining her pipes something awful.

"We can't do worse," Ambrose says.

"Oh, you think so, huh?" I gulp. "I won't never make it, Ambrose."

We find out we are on just after a juggling act. The doll who got through singing asks did we ever play Chatauqua in the U.S.

"Yeah, it is the best town in Ohio," I says and Ambrose manages to cover me again and says his pal is a great comedian. "He will kill you," the little tomato says to the other actors. "I would like to kill him, ha-ha!"

We get our cue. An announcer says Gus Vanny and Eddie Murch in a riot of an act and everybody who has chapped lips to leave at once.

"Anybody with cabbages, too," I says. "What'll we do, Ambrose?"

"Leave it to me," the half-wit says. "You be the stooge an' I'll feed 'em. Say, Eddie, do you think I can play this sax when this finger of mine heals up?"

"Huh?" I ask. "Why—er—sure, Gus."

"That's funny," Ambrose quips. "I never could play one before. Ha-ha!"

The crowd boos. "No sense of humor," Ambrose hisses at me. "Let's give 'em another. . . . Say, Eddie, who was that woman I saw you with on the street last night, huh?"

"That was no street," I comes back quick. "That was an alley."

**T**HE crowd does not boo us. They throw vegetables. A cabbage nails me and takes off my wig. Ambrose picks up a soft tomato and throws it back and it hits a colonel in the eye. The A.E.F. doughs quiet things down after awhile.

"If a army travels on its stomach," I says to Ambrose quick, "what runs the army on the seat of its pants?"

"A general," Ambrose says, and then the brass hats comes up on the platform and says we are a disgrace to the service and are under arrest for casting aspersions at generals.

"They cast tomaters at us," Ambrose says. "Let's run for it, Muley!"

We put up a battle, but are tossed

into a klink. The M.P.s make us take off our make-up and they search us and find our dog tags.

"Oh, yeah? Lieutenant Hooley and pal, huh? We found a letter from an Uncle Willie right where that motorcycle was swiped. So we got you guys!"

"Call Major Bagby," I moan. "Oh, if I ever get my hands on Uncle Willie, Ambrose! We are good for twenty years."

"Your C.O. was at the show," an M.P. snarls. "He'll be here in two shakes."

The Old Man arrives and looks at us very nasty and he says he wouldn't wish what we were going to get on even his brother-in-law who has lived off him for eighteen years.

"There is so many charges against you two," Bagby says, "that they will sure throw the book at you. Gettin' us all hepped up about there bein' Spads with Krauts in 'em, too. Knockin' down two D.H. Fours. Stealing U.S. property and wrecking more property with it. Impersonatin'—Well, this is U. S. army business and you will come with me back to the drome where you will consider yourselves under arrest and honor bound not to try and escape."

"It is all a mistake," Ambrose says.

"I want to turn State's evidence," I toss out quick. "Write anythin' an' I will sign it. We are guilty but it was this tomaters fault an' I want to talk plenty."

We go back to the drome and wait for a court-martial. Bug-eye Boomer says he is sorry for us and tells us about what is going on. The brass hats think there is activity going on over in the Vosges near Lutzelstein and D.H.s keep going over to see what it is but cannot seem to spot anything.

"Maybe they are goin' to put an army through there," Ambrose says.

"There's been a Rumpler flyin' over that spot for the last week, Intelligence says. They want to know why?

The Heinies in the D.H. crates knocked off a supply train awhile ago. The Allies are offering fifty pounds, a hundred francs, and five hundred U.S. dollars for the aviator who can take them D.H.s. I could use that argent, Hooley."

"All that dough?" Ambrose groans. "An' they keep me in jail. What was the signal to them D.H.s, Bugeye?"

"Why, you point straight up in the air an' if the pilots of the observation wagons waggle their wings, why—"

"Take this, Muley Spink!" Ambrose says and hands me one right on the jowl.

NIGHT creeps on. Ambrose stands by a window and looks out over the drome.

"That old D.H. Nine out there by the hangar, Muley," he says. "They say it will still fly now. I heard it was goin' to be used to ferry brass hats between Chaumont and the air dromes."

"A new D.H. Nine is not healthy," I says. "An ancient one is suicide. What are you thinkin' about, Ambrose Hooley? Breaking your parole?"

"It is better than disgrace," the crackpot mutters. "An' twenty years in a U.S. bastile. How could I help Uncle Willie if I was in jail with him, huh? I dare you to follow me if I decide on doin' somethin' in an hour or so, Muley Spink!"

"Oh, is that so?" I flare up. "You dare an' try to make me stand trial alone, you little mongrel!"

Ambrose picks up a potato masher grenade he found in a Heinie dugout one day he was forced down behind the lines.

"Nobody here knows whether it is loaded or not, Muley. I am a desperate man."

We wait until it is close to dawn. Then Ambrose shakes hands with me and says we will cheat the gallows.

We sneak across the field and reach the D.H. 9. Ambrose gets in the pit while I drag the canvas from off the

nose of the senile sky scooter. Ambrose switches on and I bear down on the prop. The D.H. makes enough noise to shake the brass hats out of bed in St. Nazaire and it is a sound like you hear when you dump six coal hods filled with rivets and stove-lids into a wash boiler.

Bagby comes out in his underwear and so do half of the pilots and there are groundmen and sentries all threatening to shoot at us if we dare try to escape. Ambrose hands me the grenade and I wave it around my dome, yelling:

"Back, everybody! We won't be took alive. We are beside ourselves, huh, Ambrose?"

The little crackpot jams the throttle up the brass and away we crawl. There is awful noises coming from the D.H. as it heads across the tarmac and finally Ambrose gets it upstairs to an altitude of sixty feet and we just clear the top of a tall tree. Guns start shooting at us and that is sure a pretty pass to come to.

"Don't stand still!" I yell at Ambrose. "Give it some gas, you fat-head."

"It is going forty miles an hour now," Ambrose yells back at me. "I will try for Switzerland, Muley. We are saved!"

"Oh," I sigh deeply. "Saved! If a leopard chased you into a lion's den, you would call it a lucky break, wouldn't you? After the guerre, Switzerland will drive us out an' we will be men without countries."

Ambrose can't hear me as the D.H.9 makes more sounds than eight skeletons having a binge on the tin roof of a haunted house. I lean against the side of the office and it almost gives way. The top wing over Ambrose Hooley's head is patched up more than a hobo's pants and it wobbles around like it is on casters.

We have been up twenty-five minutes when I lean over Ambrose and ask him why we are not in Switzerland yet.

"Your compass is haywire," I yelp. "I have not seen a mountain of any size yet, or a St. Bernard dog carryin' schnapps. But I did hear yodelin'."

"That is the radiator," Ambrose says. "You could steam a batch of clams on the nose of this heap right now. Dawn is breakin' fast, Muley, and we must watch out for Boche buggies. You better fix that watch as we left an hour later than we thought. Why, it is daylight already. If a dragon fly attacked us, we would not last out the first round."

**A**MBROSE has not got the words out of his big mouth before we see a fight up ahead. Two observation buses are taking slaps at a Spad and before we can even get puzzled over it, the Spad does a curtsy and then a handspring.

"They are D.H.s, Ambrose," I scream in the crackpot's ear. "They are the Heinie wolves in sheeps' top-coats. Oh, if we only had a fightin' plane!"

"What is this?" Ambrose tosses over his shoulder. "I have got two Vickers in front of me. We'll show them dirty squareheads, Muley."

"Ambrose, don't you dast fight them with this thing," I choke out. I . . . "Look, Ambrose! There is also another Jerry battle wagon over there. A Rumpler. We are over the Vosges, you fathead! You *would* start out for Texas to join the Northwest Mounted Police!"

Everything starts getting worse. The D.H.s start working on the Rumpler and I rub my lamps and lean over Ambrose once more.

"This is drivin' me nuts," I yelp. "If they are Krauts in the D.H.s, why are they shootin' at a Jerry Rumpler that is givin' lead back at it? It must be we was wrong and that the Spad the D.H.s just knocked off was one flew by a Heinie! For Heaven's sake, Ambrose, who is mad at who?"

"One is comin' at us, Muley!" the little lame-brain howls back at me.



"Give 'em all that is in the Lewis."

"If I had a Lewis!" I gulp. "All I got back here is a penknife, Ambrose. Just let me git close enough—"

I scrooch down in the office and Ambrose fires off his guns. The D.H.9 shivers like a St. Vitus dancer with malaria fever and not because it was hit by a handful of grapenuts. Spandau or Vickers lead—who knew which at the moment?—goes through the D.H.s alimentary canal and does a major operation on it. I rise up to see if Ambrose is hit and then a tracer slithers along just under my snoot and I was glad I did not have a mustache.

Everything happens so fast a champ stenographer couldn't have took it all down. One of the D.H.4s gets a pretty poke from the Rumpler and starts throwing a fit. It loses half a wing and does a Steve Brodie over the Vosges. Then the Rumpler whacks our crate and then the other D.H. takes a piece out of the Rumpler's empennage.

"Have you figured it out, Ambrose?" I howl in the little tomato's ear. "Who is the enemy?"

"Everybody up here but us," he says and loops the D.H.9 which nobody would do in his right mind as a D.H.9 was never made to loop only once. But Ambrose could train a homicidal feline maniac to do tricks like a seal overnight. He hits the Rumpler with a burst just when he comes out of the loop and the Jerry observation buggy turns over on its back and kicks with its undercarriage like a wounded wild hog. The pilot straightens it out and loses two thousand feet doing it and then the D.H.4 that is left in the sky hops right at me and I look into the muzzles of two Vickers.

"Adoo, Ambrose," I yelp, and steel myself for the haymaker. "It was a swell fight."

Then I says to myself, "You die fightin', Muley Spink!" I pick up the potato masher grenade I used on the take-off and heave it at the D.H. It goes off and I almost swoon.

When I lift myself up again, the D.H. has lost its prop, part of the top wing and one Vickers is on the bias. It starts going down like all the rest of us. I lean over and bang Ambrose on the dome.

"You doublecrosser! That Jerry grenade was loaded. What if I had thrown it at our pals back at the drome? Oh, you sawed-off—"

"Shut up!" Ambrose yelps back at me. "We have got to land as all is holding us up is a rusty bolt and a piece of catgut. I didn't know it was loaded, Muley. Honest!"

"If we get away from this one," I says, "we will be wrapped in bed-sheets and laid out to cool."

"You are a pessimist," Ambrose yells back.

**T**HEN he makes a landing with no points. We fold up in a goat pasture not far from where a D.H. has been put down intact. The fuselage of the D.H.9 wedges itself between two trees and sticks there.

"The pilot of the Rumpler is still fightin', Muley," Ambrose says. "We must help him."

"I have to wait a second," I says. "Help me straighten this right leg, Ambrose. My face is pointin' the wrong way, too."

I cough up a quart of oil and then trot along behind Ambrose. Over there in the next field which is in the foothills of some mountains, a character is battlin' two other characters.

"Hold the fort!" Ambrose yelps. "We are almost there!"

"Look, the Rumpler pilot has got a beard, Ambrose," I says. "He is swearin' in the funniest language. Look at him hold onto that strut but he don't use it, huh?"

One of the Krauts turns on Ambrose Hooley and throws a spanner at him. It bounces off the little tomato's noggin but does not stop him. What Ambrose did to the Heinie with his dukes was a sight to see. Ambrose lifts the Boche right off his feet with

an uppercut and he follows up with three more punches before the Heinie's feet come down again. Then the squarehead spins around twice and falls over as stiff as a crowbar.

I help Ambrose flatten the other von. Then we get a look at the pilot with the chin spinach. The guy bows low and thanks us like he is a head waiter.

"Ah, my fran's. T'anks you vary much."

"Now it is a foreigner in a Rumpeler," I sigh. "See if some Chinese are anywhere around, Ambrose. This is a Russian."

"An' we are rushin' too," Ambrose says. "That D.H. Four over there looks like it will fly some more, Muley. Come on, run! There is some things coming out of the woods over there and they are not elves. Throw that strut away and jump aboard, Ivan."

"We can't go home," I gasp, as we all make for the D.H.4 that has survived the brawl.

"We got to go somewhere that is not here, Muley," Ambrose hurls back. "I will fly the tub. Ivan, you crawl out on a wing. Veet veet!"

The Russian climbs aboard the D.H. and still holds the struts to his bosom. It is a strut that never come off no D.H.4 as it is about the size of a two-by-four. I want to tell Ambrose but too many bullets are singing around our domes. Ambrose gooses the power plant of the two-place ship and off we go.

**WE FLY** almost to Luneville which was a miracle even with gas in the tank, as the D.H.4 has more holes in it than a crook's alibi and Ivan holds the top wing in place all the way to the spot where we crack up and it is right in the laps of half the A.E.F. Ivan slides into a trench on a piece of wing and me and Ambrose stay with the fuselage which finally gets wrapped up in barbed wire until it looks like a cocoon.

Yanks get us loose with wire-cutters and drag us into a first-aid station. Here me and Ambrose faint as there is the Russky sitting on a grenade box and dumping things out of the strut he carried. They sparkle and are white and green and red. When we are revived, we take a gander at what the caviar connoisseur has piled up on a table in front of a bug-eye general.

"For von, almos' two year, I try an' escape from der Reds, my fran's," he is saying. "I am Count Boris Petrolovitch, second cousin from the Czar of all the Russias. At las' I escape an' go to Vienna. There I fin' the airplane an' try to get to France. I have it the accident an' my airsheep is land in the mountains. Some Germans they fin' me wandering with me out of my head. Zey tak' me to the air squadron an' I join weeth the Kaiser as a pilot, yah!"

"They are not Wellworth store stones you see there, Muley," Ambrose gasps out. "I think I will faint ag'in after I hear more."

"The Boche zey gat suspecous of Boris Petrolovitch who always flew to the Vosges to look for ze airplane he cracks op an' don't remamber where is, no? Zen, wan day, I find heem. Thees day, an' I go an' gat ze strut feelled weeth savan hundred thousan' dollars worth of zam precious crown jewels I tak' whan the Czar he ees run from ze palace, no?"

Ambrose passes out again and medicos have to work on him.

"I am sorry I shoot ze gons at my fran's," the Russky tells us. "But I do not know wheech is wheech as avarybody she seems to fly in what you call heem, Dee Atch Four times. But I am geeving my fran's a reward. I, Boris Petrolovitch, geeve zam zees diamond' an' he is worth mabbe t'ree t'ousan' dollars."

This time I collapse and I do not come to for ten minutes by the clock. When I do, I see Ambrose Hooley fondling the dazzling dornick and he

is mumbling something about Uncle Willie being saved from solitary.

"You give me half," I says to him.

"Just as soon as I git to a diamond cutter in Amsterdam," Ambrose says. "It was my idea, wa'n't it, Muley Spink? I must have two thousand dollars worth of this and you know it."

They pull me off to Ambrose just as a brass hat, all covered with mud, comes in. He tell the general that he found Kraut maps in the D.H. we washed out and that it looks like me and Ambrose have got rid of the Wilhelmstrasse wolves wrapped up in D.H. fabric.

"We knocked two of them down awright," Ambrose says. "Will you call up the Ninety-third Squadron near Commercy, an' tell Major Bagby? What a rock, Muley! Fancy us meetin' the Czar's cousin over here. It is a small world, huh?"

"It will always be too big to hold you an' me even if an epidemic comes an' kills everybody but us two. I will sue you for my full share, Ambrose."

"Ah, I do not want to see ze hard feelings between soch good fran's," Boris says, and hands me a green stone. "It is wan good emerald worth also twanty-five hun'ed dollars, yah."

Well, I pass out again. They keep me and Ambrose under observation for the rest of the day and then we are loaded aboard a U.S. boiler along with two brass hats and are driven all the way to the drome.

**T**HERE is awful hypocrites in an Army. Bagby shakes our hands and slaps us on the back and says he knew we was made of the right stuff all the time. The Ninety-third is going to be mentioned in more despatches. Me and Ambrose are given two weeks leave of absence and the little cluck says he is goin' to Hol-land to hock the rock.

"With what I will have left over," Ambrose says to me, "an' put in with your dough, we will go into business after the guerre, Muley. I—"

The diamonds drops from Ambrose's fingers and rolls on the floor. Bagby accidentally steps on it and it gets mashed up like a grape.

"Why—er—diamonds don't do that," I gulp.

I pick up a Java mug and bang it down on my emerald. It folds up like it is a piece of rosin. Me and Ambrose look at each other and almost start crying.

"We was framed," I says. "Has anybody got some coneyac?"

The word comes in later. Petrolovitch was nicked by a slug fightin' Krauts on the Eastern front and his dome never was quite straightened out again. They let him play with the Czar's children an' the jewels he had were the ones the heirs to the throne in Russia practiced wearin' until they would become the real McCoy's. Everybody says how sorry they are but Ambrose won't be comforted. He asks what will become of Uncle Willie, then goes to his hut and broods something terrible. Three days later, a letter comes from Ambrose's home town. The crackpot reads it to me.

Dear nefew:

Don't bother about the bail money as Uncle Willie is free When the U S army experts saw what the little package did to the drug store they was sure your uncle had discovered an explosive that was five times better than any other They want the formula, but up to now your uncle can't find it. He is sure there was saleratus and chewed-up playing cards (which makes celerlose) in it though. I am so proud you are running the air corps there now as we can't help but win. Your loving aunt.

Annie.

"Good afternoon, Ambrose," I says. "I am takin' a walk. This time I will find Switzerland all by myself. I do not think I'll ever come back."

# Model Fighting Ships

*A Department of Accurate Plans for Model Builders*

## HOW TO BUILD THE VICKERS F.B. 9

**T**HIS pusher model is probably the hardest we've given you model builders in this series, but it presents to you a type of World War plane which should be in your collection.

The anchoring of center-section struts to fuselage and top wing is the important bracing problem, also the anchoring of bottom wings to fuselage. We mention this to get you on the right track immediately. The whole weight of booms and tail assembly hang on your wings so they have to be mighty husky to hold true and not sag or twist as the construction goes forward.

### Center Lines

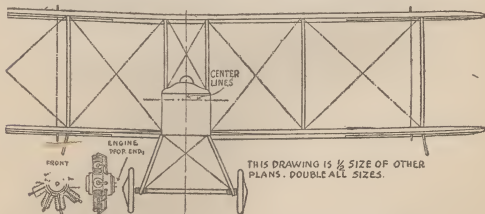
Let us take up "Center lines" in laying out your job and then later checking back to them. You will find two center lines running the length of the ship, one on the top "A" and one on the side "B". Then there are two forming a cross as you look into the nose of the ship. These four lines should be established right at the beginning of the job. Use a pair of dividers or a com-

pass to establish this line but measure up from center line. In this way if you have made a mistake in establishing the top you do not carry that mistake on to the next measurement and you still have a chance to see that the first measurement was sour and correct it. Get this center line habit so drilled into your mind that you can't measure any other way. You will get lots more fun out of your work and your job certainly will be more accurate.

In measuring lengthways on wings or fuselage establish one point on each from which all measurements on that surface must be taken. Say on the wings you use the top fuselage center line. On fuselage you could start at extreme forward tip. Here again let's emphasize that once you have established this point or line take all measurements from it only.

If you have patience with this system you will speed up your work, so don't give up if it seems complicated at first. It gets easier the more you use it.

The pushers came at the first of the war. Then came the tractors. A couple of



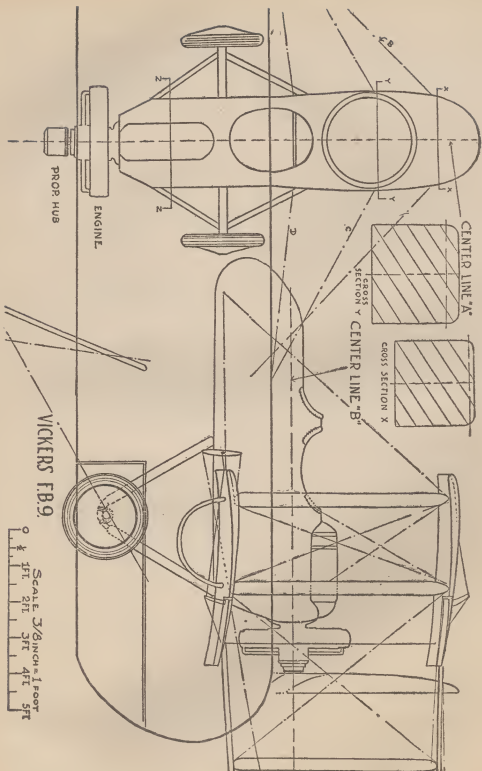
pass which will not slip to measure either to right to left of line "A" and up from or down from line "B".

If you get used to working this way you will cut down your time and will have less chance of making errors in your planning and carrying forward of your model. For instance: at point "Z" on side view of plans you establish extreme top of fuselage and bottom by measuring from center line "B". Now comes the placing of top of cockpits. Do not measure back from top of

tries to bring back pushers during the war failed to find much favor, but keep your eyes open for pushers in the next few years. They have started to come back and will probably be given a real whirl.

### General Assembly

Consider this pusher model in three parts: the fuselage, the wings and the tail assembly. Make the fuselage first, the wings second and the tail assembly third. Assemble wings to fuselage, complete tail



assembly, then anchor wings to a board which you can fasten to a table. Get it rigidly fixed and absolutely square, then take completed tail unit and anchor it exactly square and centered with wings. Now you have things under control and it will be easy to measure and cut booms which hold tail to main part of plane. See additional data on anchoring wings to fuselage under next heading.

### *Wings*

Wings are same span top and bottom. Heavy lines in top view indicates outline of wings. To get dihedral in top wing make it in one piece, saw halfway through top of top wing just above where wing hooks to four center section struts. Put a weight on wing in this small center section or tack it down. Now bend the wing-tips up. Dampen wood at saw marks and when fairly dry put some glue or ambroid in the saw cracks. Put a couple of pencils or other blocks of right size under wing tips to hold them up. Let your wing set till cement has dried thoroughly. When the wing is released from its bracing you will find the dihedral established for you. Bottom wings can be cemented to side of fuselage with or without pins sunk in their end butts. If you use pins cut them so about a half an inch goes into wing butts and half an inch into side of fuselage. Use a lot of cement whether you use the pin system or just the cement.

When bottom wings are rigidly in place, take the top wing and with the help of blocks of wood, books, tin cans or any other objects suitable, erect four little platforms one inch or closer to each of the four upper wing tip corners. Now lay a flat piece of thin board across each pair. This forms a little platform just under the place where each upper wing tip will be. Blotters, small scraps of balsa or other thin material will give you the small adjustments to get the height absolutely right. One more hunch on wings before we proceed with the construction data. Go to a dime store and in the tool department ask for a pair of *inside calipers*. This instrument looks like a compass with its points blunted and curved sharply outward. You use this gadget for establishing the gap between inner surfaces of wings. Unloosen the set screw and let spring open points of calipers till distance between them is exact distance shown in plans. Now when you jack up upper wing, use calipers to shove between wings at different points to check your distances.

### *Struts*

Considering you have the top wing laying fastened to its temporary scaffolding, measure distance between upper and lower wings at points at which struts are to terminate, cut struts to correct length only when you are satisfied that you have the wing absolutely square with lower wing and with fuselage. You can cut struts a trifle oversize in length to allow for sand-

ing. Shape ends and main body of struts. As each strut is completed, lay it close to the place it is to occupy. Cement the two front center section struts in place first, then the two forward outer struts at each wing tip. Now repeat the procedure along the back of wing. The struts between the fuselage and the outer end struts should now be put in place on both sides.

### *Tail*

The tail assembly can be made with two pieces of balsa. The upright section comprising rudder and fin may be slotted so as to slip over stabilizer. Separation of fin from rudder and elevators from stabilizer may be indicated by painting lines on finished job or by actually cutting members apart and hinging or anchoring back in position with bits of piano wire or pins.

### *Connection of Tail to Wing*

Leaving your wing and fuselage unit fastened to table and with its scaffolding still in place erect the same type of scaffolding for tail unit. After it is squared up and in exact relation to main part of plane, measure the length of booms. The exact distance the tail is back from the fuselage must be determined from the side view drawing. The top view drawing has had to be made with a slight section of the boom missing on account of the limitations of the width of the page. After you have established the correct length from the side view, fill in with pencil on the top view plans that small part just behind the first strut in rear of engine. Bamboo or other hard wood will work well in making booms, balsa is not strong enough. After the four booms are firmly cemented in place and dry, you can put in the two sets of struts on the booms.

### *Wiring*

There is a chance for lots of swell wiring on this job. The confusing places will be at wires B, C, and D. Wires B are drag wires going from forward part of fuselage to wing strut terminals. There are four of these wires, two on either side. One wire goes to top of middle forward strut, the other to bottom of same strut. Repeat on other side. Wires C and D are aileron control wires running from both cockpits. They terminate at base of same struts as drag wires vent to. The bracing wires on the booms looking down on plans are fitted both on top and bottom surface. In other words make a complete set which will lie on two top booms and a complete set on two bottom booms. The rest of the wiring is simple.

### *Painting*

Get the pores of all wood surfaces well filled with liquid wood filler or shellac before attempting your paint job. Use your own judgment as to color scheme. As this is a complicated wiring job you will do well to paint complete plane before wiring.

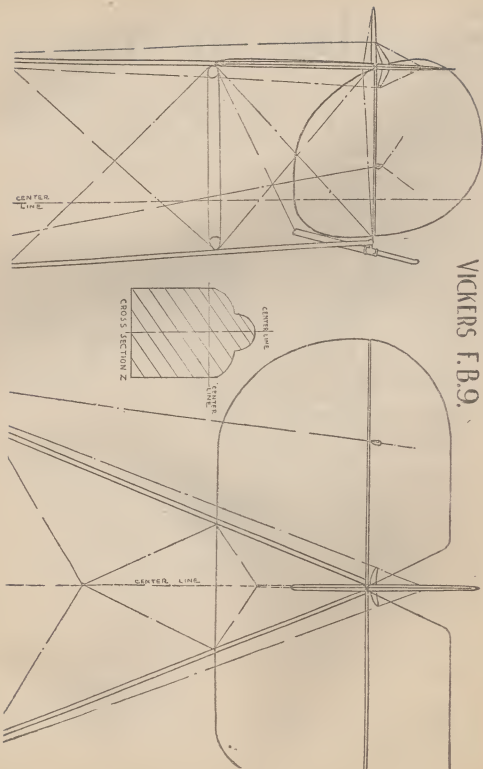
### *Engine and Propeller*

Only half of propeller is shown but from that you can fashion the other half. The engine has nine cylinders. This bank of cylinders is indicated close up against the back of the fuselage. If you want to go into detail the air-cooled flanges encircling each cylinder may be indicated by winding black thread around each cylinder.

### *Specifications*

Span, wings .....	33 ft. 9 in.
Chord .....	5 ft. 6 in.
Length .....	27 ft. 9 in.
Span of tail .....	14 ft. 3 in.
Engine..100 h.p. Monosoupape Gnome	

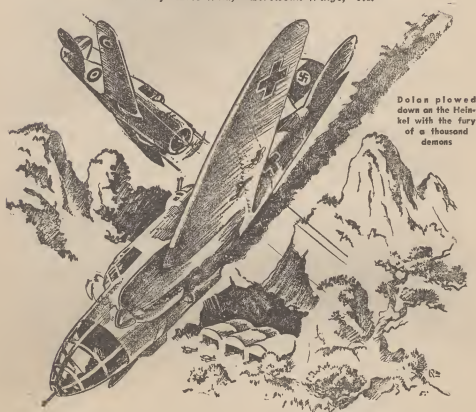
# VICKERS F.B.9.



# Eagle Wings Over Albania

By ROBERT SIDNEY BOWEN

*Author of "Aces Wild," "Screwball Wings," etc.*



*Jimmy Dolan Joins the Greeks in Their Fight for Freedom—and Sets the Stage for a Nazi Fiasco!*

"I'VE DONE a lot in my few years," murmured Jimmy Dolan between gulps of his drink, "but this is certainly tops. And how!"

Captain Poppollis, commanding officer of the famous Greek flying outfit,

the Metaxas Escadrille, showed his fine teeth in a broad smile. But his brows were furrowed in faint puzzlement.

"Tops, my good friend?" he echoed. "And what do you mean?"

"Me," the Yank said, and jabbed his



thumb against his chest. "Two months ago I was test piloting for an American aviation company, and liking the job plenty. Well, I meet an old pal of mine, and we get boiled just for old time's sake. I wake up the next morning and find that I am a lieutenant in the Greek Air Service. Pay, passport, and boat ticket all in my pocket. And here I am helping you guys beat the ears off the Fascist pilots."

"And making yourself a great hero," Poppollis said gravely. "Believe me, Greece will never forget you, my friend. My country will always honor your name, and you for coming over here."

"Let it ride, Poppy, old sock," Dolan broke in, with a grin. "It was mixing scotch and rye that really got me over here. But I think it's a swell idea, and I haven't got a single complaint. Your glass is empty, Skipper, and so's mine. This one is on me."

Picking up the two glasses, the Yank went over to the small zinc-topped bar and gave the noncom the nod. When he returned to the table, the commanding officer was talking fast and furiously with a man dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of Greek infantry.

It was all Greek to Jimmy. He couldn't catch a single word of what was being said, but from the look on Poppollis' face, he guessed it was important. He sipped his fresh drink and waited patiently until finally the infantry lieutenant saluted smartly and beat a wary retreat.

"What's up?" he asked Poppollis. "Is it like I figure? Old mush face in Rome has decided to toss in the towel?"

"To what?" asked the Greek with his everlasting smile.

"Toss in the towel," Dolan said, and gestured. "Quit. Take the ten count. Holler uncle. Call all bets off. Give up. Surrender. Aw, you know what I mean!"

"Ah, yes," Poppollis breathed, and

nodded vigorously. "No, it is not anything like that, my friend. It is much worse. Much, much worse."

The rising wisecrack died on Dolan's lips. He stared hard at the good-looking Greek pilot he had come to love as he would his own brother.

"Give, Poppy," he said softly. "What's it all about? Bad news, huh?"

**T**HE Greek shrugged and took a long pull on his drink.

"Hitler," he said presently. "It is what we expected, but hoped would not happen. He is lending his aid to the Italians."

"Troops?" Dolan asked sharply. "Yugoslavia has given Hitler the green light?"

"No, not troops," Poppollis said. "Air squadrons. That officer who just left, he is of Intelligence. He reports that a squadron of German Heinkel bombers is now occupying the air-drome west of Lake Ohrid. It is a compliment to us, of course, but I do not like it. They will give us much trouble."

"Compliment?" Dolan murmured, looking puzzled.

"My Escadrille is the finest in all Greece, in all Albania, I mean," Poppollis said proudly. "We have given the Italian cows much to remember us by. They would like nothing better than to see us all destroyed, but they have neither the courage nor the ability to do it themselves. And so the Germans have been sent down here to attempt it for them. We are in for trouble, my friend, as you would say."

"So what?" Dolan grunted. "A Nazi can die just as easy as a Fascist. Think nothing of it, pal. We'll kick the stuffing out of them in no time at all."

"But, of course." The Greek nodded. "Yes, we will defeat them, but that is the point. It will take time, which we cannot afford. It is essential that the Escadrille continue to work closely with our troops in the Mokra Mountains. If these Heinkels bother us with

bombs, we will not be allowed the time we should have to give our troops."

"Sure," Dolan said. "So let's all go over and beat their ears off before they can get started. Always had a yen to see how a Heinkel folds up in the air."

"You have the courage of a true Greek," Poppollis said. "But it is not as simple as all that. Like this drome, their field is nestled in the mountain foothills, and is very hard to get at. Of course, I shall recommend that our bombers, and the English bombers, give them a taste. But for us to strafe the place, and be even a little bit successful? Impossible, my friend."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Dolan demanded. "Just sit here and wait for them to come over and plaster us?"

Poppollis stared at his drink, and slowly shook his head.

"No," he said. "They will make a bombing raid at dawn. We shall be in the air and waiting for them. All of us. Perhaps we can teach them a lesson, and they will not come back again."

"Maybe, but I doubt it," Dolan said. "Hitler's little boys are dirty so-and-sos from way back, but they're not sissies. Knock a couple of them off and the others will still come back. But why dawn? What makes you think they won't be over tonight?"

Poppollis looked at him with an expression of paternal rebuke.

"You have been flying off this field for a month," he said. "Have you been doing it with your eyes closed? There are mountains within rifle shot of where we now sit. Bombers would have to come over them and then swoop down low over these foothills. At night it would be most difficult. Too many bombers would probably hit the mountains. It is the same if our bombers attempted to attack them at night. No, they must be able to see where they are going. And so they

will bomb at dawn. I am sure of it."

Dolan looked at the black night beyond the glass of the mess window, and grinned.

"Fair enough by me," he said. "Let 'em come. I still want to see how a Heinkel folds up in the air."

**P**OPPOLLIS laughed, and emptied his glass.

"Indeed, you are like us, my friend," he said. "You are a good Greek."

"I'm getting that way fast, for a fact," Dolan chuckled. He picked up the two empty glasses. "Darned if maybe I won't open a restaurant after the war. The same, Poppy?"

"The same," the Greek pilot said. "We will drink this one to the Heinkels coming over at dawn."

Seven hours later, the fifteen pilots that made up the Metaxas Escadrille slid off the strip of flat valley floor that served as their field, and angled up toward the clouds that drifted sluggishly by high overhead.

The planes were American-made Curtiss P-38s that the Greeks had bought from the French just before Hitler's hordes had broken through at Sedan. Nursing his throttle, Jimmy Dolan grinned and felt very happy to be riding an American craft.

"Now, if these other lads were only Yanks," he murmured to himself, everything would be perfect. "But nuts to that thought! Me, I'm a Greek, and I like it!"

Nodding for emphasis, he hung close to Poppollis' left wing, and followed the Greek squadron commander all the way up to fourteen thousand feet. There, the clouds began. Poppollis leveled off, and spoke into his radio mike.

"Hold formation," he ordered. "I will go up through and take a look around."

He rattled it off first in his native tongue, and then repeated it in English, for Dolan's benefit, although the Yank had already guessed the idea.

"Okay, Poppy," he acknowledged

cheerily. "But no cheating, pal. If you spot them, let us in on it, too."

"It is good the others do not speak good English," the Greek's voice murmured in Dolan's earphones, and softened by a chuckle. "I should then have to reprimand you for such lack of respect for a superior officer."

"Do that, and you'll pay for your own drinks, pal!" Dolan warned. "But hurry it up, Poppy. The boys and me want action."

Poppollis made no reply to that. He just laughed and Dolan saw his ship nose up through the clouds and disappear from view.

Taking up the formation position the Greek had vacated, Dolan led the squadron about in a series of slow circles. Every other minute he was tempted to call Poppollis and ask what was what, but he checked the urge and bided his time.

After fifteen minutes or so, the Greek commander nosed down out of the clouds and flew past the patrol shaking his head and gesturing with his free hand.

"Perhaps I am mistaken," he spoke into his mike. "Perhaps they have not made ready for a raid as yet. Anyway, we will make the usual patrol."

A feeling of disappointment rippled through Dolan, but he made no spoken complaint. He dropped back to his regular position in the formation, and let Poppollis take the lead.

The Greek C. O. wagged his wings in signal and started to bank around toward the north and the Mokra Mountains, where the valiant Greek forces were slowly hammering the Italians down toward the lowlands. Dolan started to bank, too, but checked his maneuver as he caught the dull flash of wings far off to his left.

He took a good look, and his heart looped over with excitement. Some four miles away, a German Messerschmitt two-seater One-ten was drifting out of the clouds. It leveled off just underneath them and banked

south toward the location of the drome of the Metaxas Escadrille.

**D**OLAN opened his mouth to bark into his mike, but on impulse snapped it shut and said nothing. Kicking rudder and rapping the stick over, he cut away from the formation and headed toward the Messerschmitt.

In the hope of sneaking up on it unobserved, he eased upward until his top wings were cutting through the belly of the cloud layer. Hunching forward over the stick, he kept the heel of his palm pressed hard against the throttle, and his eyes glued to the German ship ahead.

The Messerschmitt flew a bee-line course until the drome of the Metaxas Escadrille was in plain view. Then it started down in a dive. Dolan, still far out of gun range, started to dive his own P-38, but checked the maneuver on second thought. Throttling slightly, he sat scowling at the German craft as it rocketed downward.

Abruptly then, ground gunners stationed about the field opened up with everything they had. The Messerschmitt pulled quickly out of its dive, circled the field twice, and then nosed up through the clouds.

Dolan closed in as fast as he could and started to bang away with his guns, although he knew it was but a waste of perfectly good nickle-jacketed lead bullets. He could see his tracers skipping off to the sides and down a good hundred yards from the climbing Messerschmitt.

"Come on, bum!" he shouted impulsively into his mike. "Pull over here and lets see what you can do about it!"

If the Messerschmitt pilot was tuned in on Dolan's wave-length, and heard him, and understood English, he completely ignored the Yank's challenge. The German plane continued zooming upward, and in a few moments was out of sight up in the clouds.

"So?" Dolan grated, and pulled

back his own stick. "No want a scramble, huh? Well, maybe we can make you take it, and like it!"

Holding his ship at a steep angle, he prop-clawed up through the soggy clouds and finally broke through the top and out into the cold, pale yellow glow of the dawn sun. For a moment it blinded him and whirling dots dance around before his strained eyes.

Presently, though, his vision cleared and he spotted the Messerschmitt scooting along the crest of the cloud layer toward the northwest. Dolan swung around and started after him in hot pursuit. His Curtiss, however, was no speed match for the German two-seater, and with every rev of its twin props the One-ten drew farther and farther ahead.

For fifteen minutes Dolan banged along after it, and then suddenly he sat up straight in the seat, and blinked hard. Far ahead he saw a cluster of eighteen or twenty dots. They grew bigger and bigger, and in a few moments he got his first view of German Heinkel bombers!

The planes were coasting about in a series of slow circles, obviously waiting for something. It was the Messerschmitt. The One-ten flew right up to them and took up its position alongside the lead ship. Then the entire aerial armada dipped noses and started sliding down into the clouds.

Dolan hesitated, stuck his head out through his hatch opening and peered down at the sea of sun-tinted clouds. He had a rough idea of where he was, but he didn't know exactly. He didn't know for sure whether the peaks of the Mokra Mountains were down there under his wings, or whether they were safely behind him. He pondered the question a moment, shrugged, and started down in a long, flat glide.

"Maybe here's where Mrs. Dolan's little boy gets his pants caught on a mountain top," he murmured. "But I

gotta find out why those babies headed down."

AS the cloud layer slowly closed over him, the back of his neck grew pimply and cold, and his morning breakfast felt like so much buckshot in the pit of his stomach. But, luck was with him. No snow-capped mountain peak loomed up before his prop, and presently he coasted down into the clear air.

He twisted his head and glanced back instinctively. He had missed the north side of the mountain range by a good half mile.

Shaking hands with himself, he turned front and started searching the air ahead. It was all of two minutes before he spotted the Heinkels, and that was because he was hunting for them at altitude. Movement below caught his eye finally, and it was then that he saw them.

The bombers had strung out into line, and, led by the One-ten, they were coasting down toward a long, narrow strip of land deep in the heart of the Mokra foothills. He spotted the make-shift hangars and frowned in puzzled wonder.

"Called it off, huh?" he grunted. "I wonder why? I—"

He stopped short, nodded, and snapped his fingers.

"Go to the head of the class, Jimmy, my boy!" he breathed. "You've guessed it, pal. Ten to one, you did!"

As a battery of ground guns suddenly started to open up on him, he rapped his throttle forward and hauled up the P-38s nose toward Heaven. When he was above the clouds again, he banked south and gave the ship its head.

Thirty minutes later he slid down, and landed on his own field. He was in the mess and working on his second drink when the rest of the flight arrived, and Poppollis came bursting into the room. As soon as the Greek saw him, Poppollis wiped worry from his face and broke into smiles.

"My heart was turning to stone!" Poppollis gasped. "When I saw you were not with me, I thought you had met with an accident. Perhaps had struck a mountain peak."

"Missed by a good half mile," Dolan said, and grinned. "But it was all my own idea. Listen, Poppy."

Dolan took a pull on a drink, and then told of his recent tour of parts of northern Albania. Poppollis listened in frowning silence, and deepened his frown when the Yank finished.

"They immediately went down and landed?" he murmured. "But that is peculiar. I do not understand? Why did they not come over and bomb our field?"

"I wondered, too," Dolan said. "And suddenly it hit me, just like that. The One-ten was out scouting us. I got a hunch they wanted to catch us on the ground so they could plaster the tar out of our ships before we could get into the air. They'd have to come down low and in from the east, you see. The old surprise attack. But we were all in the air, so why waste bombs on the drome? It would take plenty eggs to spoil the field for use. And besides, we could easily move to another field. So the One-ten hiked back to where they were waiting above the clouds, and called the thing off."

"You are right, of course!" Poppollis cried. "You have a head on you, my friend. So they will not attack until they find all our planes on the ground, eh? Well, we must make arrangements to get off at an instant's notice. Perhaps there should be one of us aloft all the time to keep a constant lookout for that scouting Messerschmitt."

Jimmy Dolan shook his head.

"I got a better idea," he said. "I think we can make those birds plenty sorry they ever left Berlin. Bend an ear, Poppy. . . ."

Five minutes later, Captain Poppollis' face was radiant with smiles.

He grabbed hold of Dolan and hugged him hard.

"I salute you, my clever friend!" he exclaimed. "It is wonderful, ingenious! They will not know the difference until it is too late."

The commanding officer let go of Dolan and called for the attention of the other pilots in the mess, and rattled away at them in their mother tongue. Everybody smiled and cheered and raised their drinks in salute to Dolan.

"Then let's go!" the Yank shouted, and downed his drink. "We've got plenty work laid out for us."

The usual troop contact patrols were flown that day, and there was always one ship aloft to keep a look out for the bombers that didn't come. But in between times the Greek boys worked like beavers putting Jimmy Dolan's plan into action.

**I**T TOOK all day and most of the night, but an hour before dawn, everything was set. Standing on the tarmac with Poppollis, Dolan glanced up at the clouds that hid the stars and grinned happily.

"Even the weather's with us," he said. "We'll need those clouds to make it complete."

"They will be there when it gets light," the Greek C. O. said. "This time of year there is very little sun in northern Albania. We might as well prepare to take off, eh?"

"Yeah," Dolan said, and pulled on his helmet. "We want to be sure and be aloft when it gets light. You're sure, Poppy, the radio officer got your instructions okay?"

"He will not fail us," Poppollis said gravely. "At the right moment he will press his key three times. We will all hear the signal at the same time."

"Swell!" Dolan said. "Well, now it's up to the Heinkels. I sure hope they don't decide to take the day off. Luck, Poppy, and get all you can while the getting is good."

"We will all do that, never fear,"

Poppollis said grimly, and shook the Yank's hand.

An hour later the Metaxas Escadrille slid off the night-shadowed valley floor and circled slowly upward. They held formation by keeping their eyes on the faint cowl light of the plane next to them, and eased up through the clouds and into clear air under the canopy of stars. There they pulled throttles back to cruising speed and coasted about in a series of endless circles, with the bellies of their ships skimming the crest of the top cloud layer.

Seconds became minutes, and minutes seemed like hours to Jimmy Dolan as he slouched in the pit and held his formation position. A thousand times he twisted around in the seat and stared to the east for the first sight of dawn.

And when finally the glow of the sun came stealing up over the lip of the world, his imagination played him tricks. With each passing second he was almost positive that the three long dashes from the key of the field's radio operator below were sounding in his earphones.

Seconds, minutes, hours! An eternity! And then, suddenly, the signal dashes buzzed in his phones. With a wild shout of joyous relief, he banged the throttle wide open and shoved the nose of his plane straight down.

So did every other pilot, and with a combined roar that fairly shook the heavens, the Metaxas Escadrille streaked down through the clouds and into clear air. Hunched way forward, Dolan brushed cloud mist from the glass of his goggles and strained his eyes below. The sight brought another joyful cry to his lips.

Flying in groups of three, eighteen German Heinkel bombers were racing toward the drome of the Metaxas Escadrille from the east. The leading trio were just about over the edge of the field and veering slightly toward the row of hangars. All of the bombing planes were well below the alti-

tude of the surrounding foothills that nestled the drome on three sides.

At that moment the wild battle cry of the Greeks thundered in Dolan's earphones, and as one man the Metaxas Escadrille pilots fell upon the unsuspecting Germans with yammering, fire-spitting guns.

**L**INING up the lead Heinkel in his sights, Dolan plowed down on it with the fury of a thousand demons gone haywire. The Heinkel's gunners didn't even have time to return his fire. The Yank's bullets hammered the ship from props to tail. It belched out a cloud of smoke and then exploded in a huge ball of red flame.

No sooner had Dolan nailed it, then he kicked his ship off to the left and tore in on a Heinkel that was striving to climb up into the clouds. His bursts forced the pilot to fall off his climb and go scooting off toward the south.

Dolan shouted impulsively in alarm, but it didn't do the Germans in that plane any good. The Heinkel failed to clear the top of one of the foothills. It tore down trees as though by magic, and finally burst into flame.

"Three and I'll quit!" Dolan shouted, and booted his ship around in a dime turn.

He was doomed to disappointment, however. There was no chance to get his third Heinkel, because there just weren't any more left in the air. The entire battle had taken less than ten minutes, but that was more than enough time for the hawk-eyed, and steady trigger-fingered pilots of the Metaxas Escadrille.

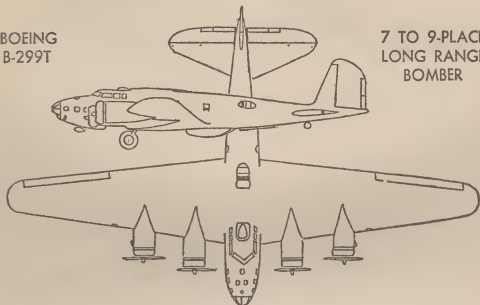
Trapped low down and caught between the foothills the Germans didn't stand a chance. Their eighteen ships were now eighteen blazing wrecks scattered all over the place, and some members of their crews were floating earthward by parachute, only to be rounded up by Greek infantry patrols.

Five minutes later the Metaxas  
(Concluded on page 113)

# The Ship of the Month

BOEING  
B-299T

7 TO 9-PLACE  
LONG RANGE  
BOMBER



**T**HIS magnificent flying fortress is one of the giants of the air President Roosevelt wants more of plus. This ship carries seven to nine in the crew who can press little buttons in strategic places on the ship and blow little Nazis right through the gates of the River Styx into Hades.

It can lay its steel eggs 1750 miles from home and return without making a single landing. Its four engines, each with its 1200 horsepower, can drag the big hulk into the air at the rate of 2260 feet a minute. On the level, its maximum speed is 325 miles per hour; its ceiling, 36,700 feet.

The plane is of all-metal construction, has provisions for seven machine-guns in addition to its load of bombs.

## SPECIFICATIONS:

Span .....	103' 9"	Weight empty ....	31,150 lbs.
Length .....	67' 10"	Weight loaded ....	47,500 lbs.
Height .....	15' 4"	Fuel .....	1,700 gals.
	Oil .....		180 gals.
Engines: Four Wright Cyclone R-1820-600C of 1200 h.p. each.			



See it first in THE AMERICAN EAGLE

# Wind on the Wing

By  
JOHNSTON  
CARROLL

*Author of "America's Life Line,"  
"Flying with the R A F," etc.*

*Mike Dillon Had Been a Pilot So Long That He Knew Plenty—But His Passenger Didn't Realize It!*

**T**IM KELLEY, the mechanic, stuck his head in through the hangar door opening and let his eyes wander about until they lighted on the one hundred and eighty-five pounds of pilot sound asleep in the cockpit of a plane which had no lower right wing and no engine. He walked over and cupped a grease smeared hand to his lips.

"Nor rain, nor snow, nor dark of night, pal!" he yelled. "She's all set and raring to crash!"

Mike Dillon opened one eye and regarded Kelley with disgust and disapproval.

"Go away, Kelley," he said. "We got all day, and I feel awful."

"Not this day we haven't got all day, Mike," the mechanic said. "We got a passenger. Cash money on the barrel head. Hobbs says you're to make the run right away."



A small hole appeared in the windshield



Dillon opened both eyes at that and sat up. In fact he climbed down out of the half repaired plane and stretched up to his full five feet eleven inches.

"A passenger, you say?" he echoed. "It wouldn't be a beautiful, blond-haired daughter of the Yellow Jack Mine owner going up to visit her old man, would it?"

"It ain't a she, it's a him," Kelley said and led the way out of the hangar. "An eastern engineer, or something, going up for a once-over." He frowned. "Say, Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"When are we going to pull out of this job?"

"I thought you liked it, Kelley."

The mechanic made a face and nodded his head.

"Sure I do," he said. "Good pay, nice eats, and my work's not too tough. But I was thinking of you. The run from here to the Yellow Jack mine is no trip for a fledgling. It's bad country around these parts, and you're on the wrong side of forty, if you know what I mean. I'd feel plenty sorry if you should fly into a cloud some day and find a mountain in the middle of it."

**D**ILLON chuckled and dug knuckles into his sleepy eyes.

"Thanks," he said, "but I don't plan to do that sort of thing. I've been around this game for a long time. Besides I could fly the Yellow Jack mine run with my eyes closed."

"Yeah!" Kelley jeered. "And maybe get caught in the Chiso Pass like you did that time, and have those cock-eyed air currents practically turn you inside out."

"I got out of Chiso Pass, didn't I?" Dillon grunted. "Well, I can do it again if I have to. But skip it, pal. Chiso Pass is way down toward the Mex border and not even close to my run. And, any pilot with brains keeps clear of the Chiso Pass."

"Maybe," Kelley sighed. "But I

got a funny feeling. I wish that even this trip was over. You're getting too old to get out of jams like you used to do."

Dillon let the conversation die right then and there. They had reached the three passenger cabin job used to fly supplies and stuff from the Sonora rail junction to the Yellow Jack silver mine high up in the Naco Mountains.

Its prop was already turning over, and standing beside the cabin door were two men. One was gray haired Hobbs, the rail junction manager. The other was a not too bad looking man of perhaps thirty years or so. He was tanned to Indian color but his bright blue eyes gave his face an odd expression. Looking at him you couldn't tell whether he was going to break out in tears or in laughter.

"A passenger for you this trip, Mike," Hobbs said. "This is Mr. Collins. Figures he can get a job at Yellow Jack. I've told him there's not much chance, but he's willing to pay for the ride, so take him along."

"Sure," Dillon nodded and jerked his head toward the cabin door. "Hop in and have a seat in back, Collins. Always glad to have a passenger. Ever been up before?"

"Never," Collins said. Then giving Dillon a questioning look. "It's perfectly safe, isn't it? I mean, maybe I could hire a car—"

"And reach Yellow Jack three weeks from now," Dillon cut in. "Sure it's safe. Never even had a forced landing yet. Isn't that so, Kelley?"

The mechanic gave Dillon a look, and nodded.

"Check," he said. "Dillon's been around a long time, Mr. Collins. And he knows everything!"

If Collins caught the emphasis on the last sentence he gave no sign. He climbed into the cabin and settled down into one of the seats. Dillon climbed in and took his place at the Dep wheel. He half turned and glanced back at the cargo load for the

trip. It wasn't much and didn't take up very much space.

"Everything's aboard, Mike," Hobbs answered his unspoken question. "Give my best to everybody, and I'll see you back here by night-fall."

"Check, and gangway!" Dillon called out and pulled the cabin door shut.

A moment later he goosed the engine and taxied out to the lee end of the small field and swung around into the wind. He paused a moment to motion to Collins to buckle his safety belt, and when that was done he eased the throttle forward and got the cabin ship underway.

He cleared the ground at a point opposite to where Hobbs and Kelley stood watching the take-off. He waved at them and grinned as the mechanic raised crossed fingers for luck over his head. Then he turned front and set his nose on the Chiso Mountains that poked their snow capped peaks up through the world of haze some one hundred and twenty-five miles to the west.

**N**O LESS than five hundred times had he flown an airplane toward those majestic peaks, yet on every occasion they looked more awe inspiring and more beautiful than the trip before. He was going to miss the Chiso peaks when he and Kelley did pull out. And pull out they were going to, and soon.

As Kelley said, he was on the wrong side of forty and the junction-mine run wasn't a run for pilots with weak hearts or jelly nerves. That's why the pay was high, and the high pay was exactly the reason Dillon had taken on the job four years ago. He had figured that in four years he could save up a lot of dough, and so could Kelley.

When they had saved up that much they could go East, buy themselves a little machine shop, and get to work on that super-charger they had designed together. And if it worked on

paper they would both be on easy streets for the rest of their lives.

Yeah, barring accidents and such, they'd pull out soon. Forty-three years was a lot of years for this kind of flying, and—

"Okay, Dillon, turn south!"

The voice was like tempered steel in Dillon's ears, and the gun muzzle pressed against the back of his neck was even more impressive. He tightened his grip on the Dep wheel and glanced up at Collins' face reflected in the rear view mirror. The bright blue eyes bored back into his, and there was a dangerous light in their depths.

"Turn south, Dillon!" the man said again. "And watch how you make the turn. I'm a pilot, too, so you're not tossing me on my ear by any sudden stunting. Come on, bank south, and easy!"

"Mexico, eh?" Dillon murmured and started a gentle turn.

"Right!"

"Why?" Dillon asked casually. "You'll have a tough time selling those machine parts back there to the Mexicans."

"Never mind them!" Collins snapped. "And stop fooling me, Dillon. You can have that stuff. All I'll take is the mine payroll."

"Ah!" Dillon breathed.

"Sure," the other chuckled and leaned back until he was comfortable but still close enough to Dillon. "I know it's in one of those boxes marked machine parts. I've been looking things over, you know."

"Is it worth it?" Dillon asked and squinted ahead.

"Six thousand smackers is worth a try," Collins said. Then with a grin, "See, I even know how much. Some more throttle, Dillon. Stalling won't get you a thing. I could let you have it and take over the controls, myself, you know."

"I've been wondering about that," Dillon said in a calm voice. "Maybe it's you that's behind the eight ball. Maybe you're not a pilot."

The man with the gun stuck his free hand inside his pocket, pulled out something and held it up before Dillon's eyes. It was a three-year-old expired Department of Commerce pilot's license. A thumb covered over the name and registration number, but the small identification picture checked perfectly with Collins' face.

"I tried this game," he said in a harsh voice, "and got a sweet pushing around. I'm through with it. A mug's racket unless you've got a pot full of chips. But I just wanted to let you know I'm a pilot, Dillon, and that I can beat you to any quick maneuver you start with that Dep wheel. You're being a pilot is just why I'm giving you the break and not knocking your head in and taking over. Besides, you can settle this baby on Mexican ground better than I can."

"And then?" Dillon asked.

"Then I take the payroll and let you fly back to tell your boss all about it," Collins smiled. "Tough on you, but things do happen. So, as pilot to pilot, take a tip. Be nice!"

**D**ILLON kept his eyes on the mountain-broken southern horizon and felt rotten inside. The Yellow Jack outfit could stand a six thousand dollar loss without weeping too many tears, but that wasn't the point. He hadn't lost a dime in cash or crash damage for the company in four years of flying.

It was a record that made him feel good. He'd hated to quit Yellow Jack with a robbery loss mark on him. Then, too, he had planned to touch the Yellow Jack owner for an extra bit of super-charger financing. The owner had showed a mild interest, and it wouldn't be hard to get him to take a note. But with six thousand dollars in some other guy's pocket deep in Mexico? That would change things. Dillon thought of Kelley, and sighed deeply.

"This your first job?" he asked Collins.

"Right," came the reply. "How'd you guess?"

"The way you hold that gun," Dillon murmured and pushed on right rudder to avoid the first of the jagged mountains looming up ahead. "Looks like you've got a nervous trigger finger."

"Don't worry," Collins said with a grin. "I know what I'm doing."

Dillon squinted ahead, then shot a quick glance into the rear view mirror and smiled faintly to himself.

"Okay," he said and shrugged. "I guess you're the boss for the time being. But I wonder how much time you'll get for this."

"Huh?"

"Prison time," Dillon said. "You don't think you're going to get away with it, do you?"

The other laughed and gestured with his gun.

"I don't think, I know, Dillon," he said. "Once I'm in Mexico everything will be perfect. And nothing's going to stop me getting there! So don't get ideas, Dillon. I don't want to blast you, but I will if you force me to do it. So just keep your hands nice and steady on that wheel. If I see you brace yourself to give it a shove or a pull you'll get hurt, plenty."

"I'm no dope," Dillon murmured and stared ahead once more. "But I feel sorry for you. A six thousand dollar payroll isn't worth what you might get—and maybe will."

"Save it, Dillon!" the other grated. "You're not scaring anybody. I know what I'm doing, and I know what you're doing. So just keep on doing it."

"Suit yourself," Dillon grunted. "If you know what you're doing then that's that. But as one pilot to another I'm simply trying to give you a break. Why not be smart and park that cannon? I'll take you back to the rail junction and we'll just tell them that you changed your mind. I'll even get Hobbs to give you back whatever you paid out for this trip."

Collins' voice took on a nasty edge. "Stop worrying about me!" he grated. "Just keep heading for the Mex border."

"I'm only worrying about me," Dillon said. "That's why I'm willing to give you a break. I want to keep my record okay. You see, I'm quitting the job soon, and—"

Collins reached forward and tapped him lightly on the head with the gun muzzle.

"Skip it!" he chopped out. "I don't need any break. I got one, right now. Back in one of those boxes. You just stick to the flying. Keep your trap closed, and don't get fancy with the controls."

"Okay," Dillon sighed and coasted around another mountain side. "But as pilot to pilot, I—"

"Shut up!" Collins snarled.

**T**HEN it happened, just as though the gods were waiting to punctuate Collins' exclamation. Invisible hands grabbed hold of the cabin plane and hurled it straight up on its tail faster than a flash of light. In practically the same instant the ship was kicked crazily off to the left.

Then the nose dropped straight toward the green valley three thousand feet below. A scream of rage filled Dillon's ears. A gun barked and a small hole appeared in the windshield in front of his face. Maybe other things happened but he was being jerked around in his seat too much to have time to notice.

Face white, lips drawn back against his teeth, he fought the banging Dep wheel with every ounce of his strength. The yawing rudder pedals tried to drive his feet right up through his hips. And a split-second later a loosened box of machine tools came flying across the cabin to catch him a crushing blow on the right shoulder. It hurt a lot and he groaned with pain.

By now the plane was spinning crazily downward. The wingtips vi-

brated and a hollow sound filled the cabin. Sweat streamed down into Dillon's eyes to half blind him, but he didn't dare take either hand off the Dep wheel. The engine howled and screamed in protest but he made no effort to ease back the throttle. Power was his only hope. With the engine dead he wouldn't stand a chance.

He hung fast to the Dep wheel and kept both feet stuck to the rudder pedals, and by sheer strength moved the controls in the opposite direction to the movement of the plane. Little by little the spinning reluctantly stopped.

The instant it was going through its final slow half turn, Dillon jammed on opposite rudder hard, changed the spin into a dive and then brought the nose up. A hundred unseen hands still tried to grab the ship away from him, but he held it doggedly in a climb until he finally soared up above the tallest peak of the mountain range.

Then and then only he relaxed and exploded clamped air from his lungs. He banked around north, set the stabilizer, and then slid out of the seat and crawled back in the cabin.

Collins was flat on his back—out cold, and half a dozen boxes of machine parts were sprinkled over his prostrate form. A trickle of blood ran down from a gash over one eye. His right hand still clutched the gun.

Dillon pried it from the stiff fingers, stared down into Collins' face for a moment, then sighed and clipped the man on the head with the gun butt.

**O**NE hour later he slid down to a gentle landing on the junction field and taxied up to the line. Hobbs and Kelley both came running out the field office and hurried over wide eyed.

"Hey, what goes on?" Hobbs demanded.

Dillon grinned and climbed down. He reached back into the ship and

hauled out Collins' limp figure. Holding the would-be payroll robber up with one hand he slapped the man's face with the other. Collins groaned and slowly opened his eyes.

"What happened?" he mumbled.

"So you wouldn't take a break, huh?" Dillon growled and shoved the man into Hobbs' arms. "You knew what you were doing? Yes, you did! You're deputy sheriff around here, Hobbs, so lock this guy up. He had ideas about grabbing the payroll, only he didn't know what he was doing."

"How did you do it?" Collins muttered in a dazed tone. "I had my eyes on you every second. I didn't see you move. What happened?"

Dillon stepped over and tapped him on the chest.

"What I planned to happen, lug!" he said, tight lipped. "I took us through a spot called Chiso Pass. Of course you didn't see me move the controls. I didn't. The instant we hit that nest of air pockets in Chiso Pass they took the controls right out of my hands, and tossed you on your ear before you knew it. Next time, fellow, just make sure you really *do* know what the other guy is doing!"

# Just Out REAL LIFE COMICS

Featuring

True Picture Stories of the World's  
Greatest Heroes!

Now on Sale **10c** Everywhere

## SPARE TIME TRAINING for **YOUR** Part in **NATIONAL DEFENSE** and... **the AFTER YEARS!**

OUR first job is to aid our nation in this world crisis—to serve her most effectively. Our second task is to prepare for the adjustment years that will follow.

For most of us, fortunately, both tasks call for the same preparation; quick, thorough training that we may know more and do more. The trained man will help more in this crisis, and he will be better equipped for the adjustment years. He will be more valuable to the nation now and to himself all the rest of his days.

Right now one of our bottlenecks is the shortage of leaders—supervisors, managers, and executives—in defense industries. The millions of workers need thousands of trained supervisors. When the adjustment years arrive, these leaders will still be the needed and preferred men. So immediately and in the long run, training for the leadership jobs is both a patriotic and selfish investment.

If you are interested in knowing the possibilities of such an investment, simply check on the coupon below the field of business in which you are most interested. We will send you—without obligation—a free 48-page booklet about the opportunities and requirements in that field, and full details about our low cost, home study training. It will cost you only a 3 cent stamp to inquire—the returns may mean larger success and service for years to come.



### LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A Correspondence Institution Dept. 10329-R, CHICAGO

I want to prepare myself for greater service now and for larger success. So I'd like to have your 48-page free booklet about the field I have checked below and information about your spare-time training.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management     | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting              | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management      | <input type="checkbox"/> Law                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy               | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English   |

Name.....Age.....

Position.....

Address.....

# AROUND THE HANGAR

(Continued from page 12)

up a list of future nurses, ambulance drivers, and you know the kind of pen pals we mean, and see that you will be the envy of everybody down there. The cupcake out at the reception desk here has a sister about sixteen, she tells us. We will get the dope on the little trick because if she is anything like her sister, you would have to shift to the cavalry as her sister eats like a horse.

We knew it. You didn't have to show it to us, Duckfeet. An insulting letter. It is a long road that has no detours in it. Well, let's go through it fast. The offender writes from 2612 N. 17th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His name is William Spangenberg. Well, we can take it:

I just don't know what's the matter with me. About five months ago I received my membership card, and I haven't written till now.

The February and April issues of THE AMERICAN EAGLE was very good with the exception of your department. Personally I think it—well, let's skip that. The Ambrose Hooley Howlers are great.

The June issue isn't bad and not so good, either. MERCY SHIP, by Arthur J. Burks didn't appeal to me very much and I hope the next Eagle adventure, WINGS OF TREASON, will be better than this issue's ACES OF THE ARCTIC.

By the way, what happened to the young R-47? Please include her in THE AMERICAN EAGLE stories some time again. Also include a little love in some of your stories. After all, you have to have a little of that, too!

Please find enclosed AMERICAN EAGLE names from the covers of three issues. Send me the membership card and case and the loose-leaf memo book. Also find enclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope.

I am already a member and have only read about six issues, but so far I can't complain very much.

I would also like to have a pen pal living in a foreign country. My age is 14.

Why, that wasn't so bad, Willie. We were worried there for a minute. You don't like our department, huh? Well, all great men were misunderstood like Columbus and Edison, et al, so who are we to sulk over a setback? We will ask Morgan to insert some mush in the stories if it will please you, as apparently you are at the age when pitter-patter sounds more thrilling than rat-a-tat-tat if you get what we mean. But we try to please everybody even the boss and our landlady. My, my, Flapears is smiling and that is a surprise like finding an oriole that eats fish.

Quick, give me that letter as we see the handwriting on it is very genteel, and do we smell gardenias? Miss Ann Homza of 775 Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pennsylvania, has this to say. Oh, before I let her have the mike, get the C.O. in here, if he is not in that estaminet just across the street. Well, go ahead, Ann:

I am very happy indeed to call myself one of your "Eaglets." Have been reading your magazine and any other airplane stories I could find, since I first learned my A B C's.

However, your magazine was getting too stiff and dull and it was more of a duty than a pleasure to read them. Sometimes I had two or three mags wound and just couldn't seem to feel like reading.

What a surprise one day to find you'd taken

over, Commander. You certainly put some life in the old crate. Even the stories are snappier. After reading your column, even the authors feel wittier. I'm certainly glad you're our boss now.

Some of the lads who write to you seem to take the phrase "free speech" too literally. Well, you just ignore them. They probably just don't know any better and should all be grounded. A good soldier always obeys and respects his superior officers and that's what you are to us.

We believe every word you say and really enjoy hearing about your experiences. You and Muley Spink can come up to our Hangar any time.

Please list me in the pen pal column. I'm 20 years old.

We are glad you brought the bottle of ammonia here, Flapears. Here, give me one more sniff as this kind of letter is almost unbelievable. Make a note to send this in to the boss, Duckfeet. It is a lie!

I never saw Ann before in my whole life and it is a pretty pass things have come to when you crumbs think we bring our own orchids and applause. Ha, ha, we do not know what to say, Ma'am. We-gulp-gulp-er-are too overcome to thank you enough as most of our eventful, dangerous life has had no softness in it. A touch of a gentle hand in the school of hard knocks, say we. A breath of spring kissing a Yukon blizzard. But we can't go on. Thanks ever so much, Ann. Boy!

From the sublime to the ridiculous swings the pendulum of popularity. And a poet no else, in the U. S. Army. This long-winded Longfellow is a private at the 52nd Air Base Squadron, West Palm Beach, Florida. His name? Joseph E. Cartier. Listen to this ribald rhyme and judge for yourselves:

## CANTO I

In the last, were you passed in your bunk?

Or is there some other reasons why your stories are punks?

Ambrose and Hooley, are they Russians?

Or a fantastic of brain concussions?

The Eagle sure spreads it on thick!

I'll bet he couldn't capture Baby Dumping with a boogie woogie stick.

## CANTO II

Your plane model page should get the pong.

Blueprints like that can be bought for a song.

How about a plan to give the readers that place?

Let their artistic efforts fill in the space.

## CANTO III

About myself I'll tell you more.

I am a private in the Army Air Corp.

I like your mag and no grudge do I hold.

You asked for our opinion so I guess you are told.

Letters from home are mighty few;

So maybe your readers could contribute a few.

You can see by my nature that I am friendly and shy,

So come on, pals, and write to a guy!

THE END.

We get it, ha ha. He used insulting words because he could not find good ones that would rhyme. Didn't you, Joe? We knew no self-respecting flyer would hurt the feelings of an old veteran of the last guerre and so we will suspend judgment on you. We are a very close friend of an officer in the M.P.s and would not want to show him this. We insulted officers

once, too, but we had more sense than to put it in writing, Joe. But don't worry. How are your reflexes coming on? We hope they are slower than snails with sleeping sickness, and we do not have to explain, do we? Thanks, Joe.

We smelled brine on that one, Flapears. It's a sort of S.O.S.? Well, let's have a squint at it. From Ronald Baynes, St. Mary's Street, St. Johns, Antigua, British West Indies! Gimme that stamp, Duck-foot or we will slug you. Anyway, what Ronald wants is more important as look here:

The only copy of THE AMERICAN EAGLE that I've ever read was the February issue and I wish I hadn't read it, for it's only made me want to read more of them, and they are difficult to obtain here.

I think that SHADOW OF THE SWASTIKA was swell, and SPOOK SPAD made me howl with laughter.

I'm not sure whether to join the club or not, although I'd like to. I'll do as you advise, but I won't be able to take your advice if I can't get another copy. In the meantime please enroll me.

We have a lot of U. S. planes flying over this island now as there is a base here.

We will be pleased to consider you a member, Ronnie, and appoint you ambassador of good will for this office. How is that for a portfolio? We remember one almost as good that was once offered to us by the country of Switzerland. They heard that Oswald and yours truly generally flew back from Germany with Spads filled with holes and they asked us to advertise a brand of their cheese for a small stipend. Of course we refused.

A flimsy is spread out in front of our tired optics and before long we can expect to receive a communique written on a piece of tape out of a stock-ticker. Joe A. Cameron who fishes his Sears-Roebuck catalogue out of Box 66, Barnsdall, Oklahoma, writes in vignette, thusly:

I have been reading THE AMERICAN EAGLE for some time. I am becoming jolly well disgusted with some of the letters you have been receiving. Their beefing about your column is beginning to bore me. At first their letters amused me; but, after all, anything, if one gets too much of it, begins to wear on one's nerves.

Please list me as a pen pal. I am fifteen years old, have blond hair and blue eyes. I am five feet tall and weigh ninety-seven pounds.

So as the British are saying, "For the duration," I remain yours truly!

Yeah. Good stuff comes in small packages. Joe wants to take issue with the characters who needle us, and that makes him a gentleman who must have had good bringing up. You stick around, Joe. We want you to listen to this guy, Donny Feitman, who writes from 55 Chancellor Ave., Newark, N. J. Donny speaks your language so what do you think of this stint:

I'm surprised at you for not putting Lucky, the parrot, back in the stories. You can put him back because parrots can live for a hundred years or so.

I also agree with that Bladley guy. What do people want with a dime? Maybe they want the Constitution? As for me, it's good enough as it is. I've a suggestion to make. Why not have Captain Danger, who appears in your companion magazine, AIR WAR, and Masters meet and then have them work together. So in each magazine there will be a mixture of both of them.

[Turn page]

**Increased  
production  
means more**



## Jobs for MACHINISTS and bigger pay for men who know their work

This home-study course gives you the practical facts on modern machines, up-to-date methods you need to advance in machine shop work. Take advantage of the other man's experience as found in books, to solve your problems. Increase your efficiency, with

## The AMERICAN MACHINISTS' LIBRARY

6 volumes—2368 pages—2516 illustrations  
(A combined home-study course and reference library)

This library of machine shop practice was written for practical men. It gives you the best methods for every kind of machine shop work. It fully explains lathes, drills, and other machine tools and their operation, automatic screw machines, speeds and feeds, gear design and production, fits and fixtures, punch and die work, metal surfacing, etc., etc. Plainly written—completely illustrated—the best kind of help to the machine shop man who wants to advance himself.

No money down—special price—easy payments.

### EXAMINATION COUPON

McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 W. 42nd St., New York

Send me for ten days' examination the American Machinists' Library, 6 vols. If satisfactory I will send you \$1.50 in 10 days and \$3.00 monthly until the price of \$19.50 is paid. If not wanted, I will return the books postpaid. (To insure prompt shipment write plainly and fill in all lines.)

Name .....

Home Address .....

City and State .....

Position .....

Name of Company .....

TH-10-41

## High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go on rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Courses equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education in very practical for advancement in business and industry and society. Don't be handicapped all your life. In a High School program, start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.

American School, Dept. H-758, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

## SEND NO MONEY!—Save Money!

**60 Days' Trial!**

**TRANSPARENT** ← **ROOFLESS** **PARTIAL**

We make **FALSE TEETH** for you by MAIL from your own mouth-impression. Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction. Free impression material, directions, catalog.

**FREE**

Professional Model

U. S. Dental Co., Dept. A-82, Chicago, Ill.

**\$6.95**

**to \$35**

## MAKE MORE MONEY

Taking Orders For The NIMROD Line

Turn more every day in the year representing old established firm with a complete line of fast selling necessities: Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery, pajamas, Raincoats, Sweaters, Leather Jackets, Campus Coats, Pants, Belts, Briefcases, Shoes, Uniforms, etc. Every item guaranteed. Experience unnecessary.

Write quick for FREE SALES EQUIPMENT

NIMROD COMPANY, 4922-J Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.



**BE PREPARED! LEARN TO SHOOT WITH BENJAMIN**

**For Target—Small Game—Camping—Guaranteed—Accurate—Practical—Economical—Safe—Clean—Quiet—Adjustable Firing—Amazing Maximum Velocity—No Smoke or Fumes. Bolt Action—Hammer Fire—Half Trigger—Safety Lock—Hand Pump. Single Shot BB with 1 lb. shot \$9.95. Single Shot cal. .177 or .22 RIFLED line of Benjamin designs Holster \$2.00. Also a complete line of Benjamin designs Holster \$2.00. Single a complete with 800 pellets \$10.00; Compressed Air Rifle for BB and cal. .177 or .22. No House required. From dealer or factory. Write today for complete specifications and free targets.**

**BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE CO., 650 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.**



**\$7.95 60 DAYS TRIAL**



**FALSE TEETH**  
AS LOW AS \$7.95

Per Plate. Dental plates are made in our own laboratory from your personal impression. **WORKMANSHIP and Material GUARANTEED or REFUND.** We take this risk on our 60-Day Trial Offer. **Do Not Send Any Money** Mail post card for **FREE** material and catalog of our **LOW PRICES.** **DON'T PUT IT OFF**—Write us today!

**Brighton-Thomas Dental Laboratory**  
Dept. 308 6217 S. HALSTED STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

## Quit Using Tobacco!

Write for Free Booklet and Learn How Results Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

**NEWELL PHARMACAL COMPANY**  
995 Clayton Station St. Louis, Mo.

**100,000  
Satisfied  
Users**

## SONG & POEM WRITERS

Have you a song, poem or just a lyric? WE SUPPLY THE MELODY and make recordings of your original songs.

Send yours to  
**CINEMA SONG COMPANY, P.O. Box 2020, Dept. B-9, Hollywood, Cal.**

## SPECIAL WORK FOR MARRIED WOMEN

Earn up to \$23.00 weekly and your own dresses free. No canvassing, no investment. Full or part time. Write fully giving age, dress size.

**FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. 24042, Cincinnati, O.**

**HAY FEVER** or **ASTHMA**  
TREATMENT ON TRIAL.  
If satisfied, send \$3; if not, it's FREE. Write for it today. State which.

**W. K. STERLINE, 830 Ohio Ave., SIDNEY, OHIO**

## HAND-COLORED in Oil PHOTO ENLARGEMENT

Beautifully mounted in 7x9 white frame mat. Made from any photograph, snapshot or negative. Original returned. Send 25c and stamp—no other charges.

**25c**

**COLORGRAPH, Dept. 7F-16, 17 N. LeClaire, Chicago. PLUS 3c STAMP for Mailing**

## INVENTORS

Protect your idea with a Patent. Don't delay. Get Free "Patent Guide." No charge for preliminary information. **CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN—Registered Patent Attorney, 1183 Adams Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

FUN ON THE CAMPUS IN

## CO-EDS

The All-Picture Magazine

ON SALE 10c AT ALL STANDS

The Newest Picture Magazine

## COLLEGE HUMOR

NOW ON SALE 10c EVERYWHERE

And that story, **MERCY SHIP**, what happened at the end? I think that it was terrible! The rest were swell. Have Joe Archibald keep up the good work. **CROOKS SHOULDN'T FLY** ended in a surprise and that's the kind of ending I like. Give us some romance.

If you value your life you better print this.

We like to live like the next citizen, so here is your letter, Donny. We were going to print it anyway as we have been threatened before by big tough Krauts and laughed it off. And so another big he-flyer craves romance in his reading! What goes on around here?

We will just tell the droop who writes Masters to read some Elsie books and get in the mood. Just think of this kind of paragraph, guys! "—the enemy was in sight but could be leave Gwendolyn, the beautiful daughter of the inventor of the wingless stratosphere plane? No! A thousand times 'No.' Let civilization crumble for what was life away from Gwendolyn's side? The pounding of her heart rang in his ears and Masters took her in his embrace and kissed her furiously. 'Ah, my one, my own, my everything,' Masters whispered. 'Let Frankensteinmetz have the world, as long as he leaves us that bench in the park, what, my chickadee?'"

What do you think? We are just kidding, Donny. We guess Morgan could dish out the shortcake if we asked him, which we intend to do. Get out the code book, Duckfeet. Here is a name that is questionable. We will settle for Narozny, Melvin Narozny who has a roof over his head at 2075 N. Leavitt Ave., Chicago, Ill. Narozny is psychic, Flapear, not Russian. How did he know our altitude? He calls us Shorty. The letter he writes is as follows:

How's Oswald?

Why is it that the model plans of the World War planes are being published? I think that changing the name from **THE LONE EAGLE** to **THE AMERICAN EAGLE** is swell, but a little confusing.

Keep Masters in the old war because you don't find very many, if any, older pilots in the new war.

How about some kind of a pin for the members. I think **THE AMERICAN EAGLE** is the best mag ever.

Oswald is still in, Mel, and will be until these tightwads shell out a buck or two to make up the coming-out purse for the misunderstood ex-ace. We have had one directors' meeting and we put it up to the boss about pins for the club. No news just now but you will hear from us, Mel.

Gobs start running. The Marines have landed and right up in front is Private Louis Sorace, Platoon 118, U. S. M. C., Parris Island, South Carolina. This leather-neck comes right out and tells us:

I would like to be enrolled as a member of The American Eagles of America. I am a private in the U. S. M. C. and have been in service for two months. We seldom get mail down here, so I would appreciate it if some one would write. I have flown an airplane and rode a motorcycle. I do intend to become a pilot in the service. Say, in this month's mag somebody asked how about giving the Navy a boost? How about giving the Marines a boost, too? I have read **THE AMERICAN EAGLE** magazine for about two years. You see,



I'm a native of old N. Y. C. Hoping to hear from pen pals soon.

Give a Marine a boost, Louie? Why? Those babies wouldn't need a boost if they wanted to get over a two hundred foot wall. We never saw a leatherneck yet who took a back seat for anybody and we wish that about a thousand of you guys could get within shellacking distance of Hitler.

We had a brother in the Marines during the last guerre and he was thrown into the brig at Brest for kayoing the crew of a destroyer as Oswald bet that he couldn't. We will see about your mail shortage, Louie. We can't figure what is wrong with dames nowadays.

When we were slicked up in our uniforms back in Patee, gendarmes had to escort Oswald and your C.O. through the Champs DeLizzies and more than once we were almost stripped to the bone from such hero worship. There is a cupcake back there named Babette who treasures a sleeve she pulled off Oswald. It saved her life in the days when Hitler took over France as she boiled it down and got three kinds of soup out of it. She should have got hold of Oswald's vest before he enlisted back in Peoria, Louie. We have got to stop getting off the track so much.

We grab this one out of Duckfeet's crude hands as it was not meant for such treatment. The distaff side sends another delegate to the hangar. Miss Irene DeRose of Long Beach, Cal., brings this message to us:

Is there room for another Around the Hangar? If so, I'm a female, not too old—but past thirty. Am interested in aviation and like air stories, so your magazine is my favorite along that line.

I expect to go to work for the Douglas Aircraft in their new factory here.

I'd like some pen pals—especially pilots between 30 and 40. Are there any readers in Alaska? I'm saving my pennies until I get enough to go there to live. I think it must be a marvelous country from what I've read. Am joining your Eagles and hope I get at least a dozen nice pen pals. My idea of a hero is a pilot—either in war, transcontinental, or just a plain everyday flyer. I'll exchange snaps with every one who answers.

Ahem! Pilots between 30-40. We are so close to 40, it is no kidding. You have the specifications of this medium bomber, gents, so just get in line there and no shoving. Behind me! Irene, why should you go to Alaska? The chamber of commerce out there would put you in a concentration camp if we let on you wrote us. Anyway, we never hope to go to Alaska but we do plan on going to California, soon. But we are both just interested in aviation, aren't we? Hal

This very night, we will go over our list of pilots who can read and write and get them lined up for you. Can you cook good? Drop in again, Irene.

We must put up some curtains here, guys, as the place is a mess. Here is another nice girl who must think we are pretty sloppy. Take your feet out of the flask drawer, Flapears, and douse that Florida orange grove smudge pot you are smoking. Excuse us, Nancy, as we haven't

[Turn page]

**20 TIMES EASIER FOREIGN TUNING!**  
with **SUPER BAND SPREAD CHASSIS**  
**9-BANDS** {ON 6 DIAL SCALES}  
REPLACE YOUR OLD CHASSIS WITH THIS NEW 1942 MIDWEST  
30 DAYS TRIAL  
FACTORY TO-YOU SAVES YOU UP TO 50%  
UP \$50.00 TRADE-IN  
WRITE for big FREE catalog. New 1942 models include Radio, Radio-Phono, Home Recorders, Sensationally low factory-to-you prices \$9.95 to \$199.50... up to 16 tubes. (Over 40 parts wanted).  
**COMPLETE**  
**MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION**  
DEPT. 62-B CINCINNATI, OHIO

**MANY STYLES TO SELECT FROM**  
**GLASSES AS LOW AS \$1.95**  
**16 DAYS TRIAL**  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or Money Back. Attractive styles. Low prices. BROKEN GLASSES REPAIRED.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just send your name for FREE Circular today.  
Advance Spectacle Co., 537 S. Dearborn, Dept. HM-10, Chicago

**SONG POEM WRITERS**  
Write today for free Booklet outlining profit sharing plan.  
**ALLIED MUSIC**  
Dept. 32, 7008 Reading, Cincinnati, O.

**WORK FOR THE**  
**GOVERNMENT**  
**START**  
**\$1260 to \$2100 YEAR**  
**MEN—WOMEN**

Postoffice Clerks, Carriers  
Railway Postal Clerks  
Stenographers-Typists  
Messengers  
Many Other Jobs

**Franklin Institute**  
Dept. A261  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

**PREPARE IMMEDIATELY**

**Mail Coupon TODAY**



Gentlemen: Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay jobs. Send FREE 32-page book describing salaries, vacations, hours, work. Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name .....

Address .....

# TEAR GAS

100% Protection  
A REAL SURE FIRE SELLER

Thugs and Thieves Beware!—Here is a regular 5 shot repeater which discharges 5 smothering clouds of Tear Gas in rapid succession in instantly Stop, Stun and incapacitate the most vicious man or beast. A safe and effective substitute for dangerous firearms. NO PERMANENT INJURY. Needed in Streets, Banks, Autos and Homes everywhere to protect Life and Property. No skill required. Also Pistol Guns, Electric Shells, Riot Bombs, Fountain Pen Guns, Police Club Guns, All precision-built. NO TOYS. Demonstrations lead to \$4.00 to \$16.00 sales, offering big profits. Handle our Tear Gas Equipment as a side line, you'll soon give it full time. To enable you to make a quick start, we will TRIAL OFFER: send you a complete demonstrator outfit consisting of an Automatic Pistol Gun with 10 shot magazine, 10 shells, and 8 powerful Tear Gas Cartridges, fully guaranteed, for only \$2.00. At this low cost, you can properly break into a business that is hot, alive and not overworked. Complete sales plan furnished with each order or inquiry. Write today.  
HAGEN IMPORT COMPANY. Dept. 6-447. St. Paul, Minn.

## Muddy Skin HOMELY SURFACE Blemishes PIMPLES Blackheads Blotches

To the thousands of folks suffering from surface pimples, acne, muddy complexion, skin eruptions, etc., we will send FREE booklet of a simple method of treating the skin. A noted dermatologist's private method. No harmful medicine, skin peel, diet, etc., something different. Send to DR. W. D. TRACY CO., 1637 E. New Haven, Conn.

**USED Correspondence Courses**  
Complete home-study courses and educational books, slightly used. Sold, rented, exchanged. All subjects. Money-back guarantee. Cash paid for used courses. Full details and illustrated 72-page bargain catalog FREE. Write today! NELSON CO.  
509 Sherman, Dept. K-227, Chicago

**DICE. CARDS.**  
Specialties for Magicians use. Inks, Shiners, Cheek-Cop, Danhs. Catalog ten cents, stamps or coin.  
HILL BROS., Box T, Salida, Colo.

## Best Mystery Thrillers in THRILLING DETECTIVE NOW ON SALE 10c AT ALL STANDS

had time to police up much. Nancy Lyons lives in Miami, Florida, which is not bad, and her address is Box 410, R. D. #2, in case any of you creeps are interested in refined friends. Says this aviatrix almost:

I have read your magazine for a good while now and have decided to join your club. Enclosed are three mastheads from the magazine, four cents in stamps and a self-addressed envelope. Please send me a membership card and an aviator's card case and memo book.

I like nearly all the stories in THE AMERICAN EAGLE magazine although I liked John Masters best as he was in the first World War stories.

You are all signed up, Nancy. When you have time, we wish you would ask how Esmerelda is down there? It is a racing pooch that won eight bucks for us there one night—just when we were oiling up our thumb joint for a walk back to Jersey City. Bring your friends with you the next time.

Make this little sprout feel at home, slaves. Edward R. Whipple of 30 Penn. Ave., Delaware, Ohio, steps up timidly and admits he is a small fry. But that is nothing to be ashamed of. Hark at Eddie:

Perhaps you think I am pretty young to be a pen pal. A small fry, maybe. I like airplanes, but I have never ridden in them. I wish I could. I think your magazine is swell, and I like the stories

and the secrets of war planes. I like model planes, but I don't build them. I hope you don't forget me as I want to show the things I got from you to a friend of mine. I like your American Eagle stories very much.

Small fry is pretty good stuff at times, Eddie. Who wouldn't prefer a mess of fried smelts to a chunk of broiled whale meat? You are a pen pal in as good standing as anyone else around this shack. Don't take any guff from these alleged toughs as you go out. Let's see now, what have we here? We will all listen to George W. Williams, Jr., 4004 12th St., Long Island City, N. Y. George gives out in this manner:

After many years of constant reading of your books, I thought I'd send you an uncensored opinion. Your books are grand. The stories are almost all swell. I say almost, as an author can't always be perfect. One has to give them credit though, they certainly try hard enough. I also like your pictures heading each story, plenty of action in them. It's many a time that I make a World War model airplane and use the pictures in putting detail on them.

If I were to list your three books in the order of their merit, it would go thus: THE AMERICAN EAGLE—SKY FIGHTERS—AIR WAR. Your column is the longest and best I've read in any aviation books. I prefer Old World War stories. I guess it's because they were all equal then. But then, that's one man's opinion.

I am very proud of my real leather aviation card case and memo book. Gosh! I was hoping you would print this letter, but it seems as if I've written too much. I hope I'm not taking too much of your most valuable time. Goodbye, and thank you.

P.S.—I am enclosing a sweater emblem I designed. It is just an idea, though. I would like to know if it is acceptable. If you were to have them made, I'm sure every one of us American Eagle members would get one.

Thank you for the shot in the arm, George. And your sketch of the emblem you would like to see worn on the lapels of the American Eagles is a neat bit of draftsmanship. The design will be laid in the boss' lap for approval and in the event we adopt an emblem for this gang, look up over your house about seven in the A.M. some day and you will see a Piper Cub with a motorcycle hanging from its floor boards. That is your C.O. on his way to work from his estate in Westchester.

A guy who has been calling us Mushroom is in again. That half-baked critic, Richard Papin, who now puts his address down as St. Petersburg, Fla. Why don't you light some place and roost, Pap! Listen to this goon:

I happened to get hold of two old copies of THE AMERICAN EAGLE. After reading them, I knew it was the same old story.

I couldn't resist the enclosed. I just want to show you that it is getting to be old, old stuff. I don't care whether you print it or not. It is just a hint I hope you will take.

Incidentally, after reading your first war story, PHANTOM ACES, I agree, keep Masters in the present war. Or maybe Morgan wasn't feeling good that time. Just kiddug.

Papin sends us an illustrated story called "The Adventures of Captain Cubcake." He claims it is a parody on John Masters and wait until we show it to Lt. Morgan. But the guy has talent and we must admit it.

We have time for one more letter before we close up this hangar and the lucky win-

ner is LeRoy Holford from faraway Chew-clak, Washington. Let's go over this one carefully for LeRoy has plenty of meat in it:

I have just finished ACES OF THE ARCTIC. Boy, it was swell! MERCY SHIP was one of the most dramatic stories you have had since THE SONG OF THE SKY.

I have read THE AMERICAN EAGLE for a little over seven years, and SKY FIGHTERS the same. It must seem funny that after all these years I haven't written you before, but I never could write enough to get the idea over.

Since you took over Around the Hangar it has improved so very much that I always turn to it first. I like your (fictitious?) characters, Uncle Willie and Oswald.

I also whole-heartedly agree with Richard Papin when he says you should get rid of the R-47's. They do get away with too much and the American Eagle should be able to stop them.

Many of your neighborhood boys think that the new name for this mag is swell. It put a little bit of patriotism into the title.

When I lived on the Indian Reservation, your publication was the favorite mag with them. It doesn't make any difference whether John Masters flies in No. 1 or No. 2 World War. They're all swell stories.

We are obliged to you for the plug, LeRoy, and we guess that we are getting most of the buzzards out on the tarmacs that are spread all over the country, educated to the new deal in this mag, huh?

The new name for our top flight publication seems to have caught on like ice cream cones in the Sahara. But do not go knocking McAlester, anybody, as we will climb somebody's frame. Bruce is a very swell and classy guy and does not have as thick a skin as we have and he took too much to heart. We have handled the dead end kids who came up to the airdromes in the last guerre so nothing scares us.

There was one tough Spad pilot who came up to the drome where Oswald and

[Turn page]

## MACHINE SHOP MEN

**Learn to set up and run ANY kind of machine; MAKE MORE MONEY NOW by learning quickly HOW TO DO THINGS which usually take years of study and practice. The demand for SKILLED men is ALREADY ahead of the supply, then what WILL IT BE a month or two from now?**

**Bigger Pay** Don't miss this chance to qualify for promotion, don't miss this opportunity which is yours almost for the asking. Eight Big Books chockful of important mechanical facts told simply and clearly. Over 3000 pages, nearly 3000 illustrations cover every subject fully, including Tool Making, Pattern Making, Foundry Work, Mechanical Drawing, Blueprinting, Machine Shop Practice and Management, and hundreds of other subjects.

**8 Big Books (Up-to-date Edition) Sent FREE** to you for examination. With them we send a Big Binder of nearly 600 pages with 267 original shop tickets with 1200 illustrations. These show, step by step, how to set up and run almost any kind of job and are in addition to the 8 books. Decide in your own home or place of business whether or not you want to keep them, check up on any facts you want to. Note their great MONEY MAKING value, then, if you want them, pay on the easiest kind of payments. A year's consulting privileges with our engineers now given with these books without extra charge.

American Technical Society, Publishers—Home Study Courses.

You may send me the 8 big books and binder of shop tickets for free examination. I will pay the delivery charges only, unless I decide to keep them in which case I will send \$2.00 in ten days and \$3.00 per month until the total price of only \$34.00 is paid. If I return them in 10 days I will owe you nothing. You also agree to send me a certificate entitling me to consulting privileges with your experts for one year without extra charge.

Name.....

Address.....  
Please attach a letter stating age, occupation, employer's name and address and that of at least one business man as reference.



### WE MATCH PANTS ToAnySuit!

Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for you O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

**SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY**  
209 S. State St. Dept. 274, Chicago

## FALSE TEETH



Make in our modern laboratory from your mouth impression. Satisfaction or money back. **SAVE MONEY — ORDER BY MAIL.**

Write TODAY for full particulars. FREE precision material, and illustrated folder showing our many styles of dental plates.

**MARVEL DENTAL COMPANY**  
SEND NO MONEY! Dept. 59-D, 343 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

**As low as \$6.50 per plate**

**90 Days' Trial**

## NEW WRITERS NEEDED!

Editors seeking new talent. 2,500 markets buying. Send for professional writer's test of your talent and ability to write for pay. It's fun—and FREE! No obligation. Mail postcard for your Test NOW!

Send For **FREE** Midred Patrick, one of many new writers for whom we've sold. We show what to write, help you sell.

**Comfort Writer's Service, Dept. 715, St. Louis, Mo.**

## ROLLS DEVELOPED

25c Coin. Two 5x7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Deckle Edge Prints.

**CLUB PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 15, LaCrosse, Wis.**

### THE AMERICAN EAGLE

10 EAST 40th STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

Gentlemen:

Please enroll me as a member of the LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA. I am interested in flying and hereby pledge myself to work for the advancement of aviation.

Name.....  
(Print legibly)

Street.....

City and State..... Age.....

Do you want to be listed as Pen Pal?.....  
State whether you are a pilot, can fly, have ridden as passenger, or intend to become a pilot.

Date.....

.....  
(Signature)

**IMPORTANT:** Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want a membership identification card.

If already a member check here ☐

Foreign readers are requested to enclose American stamps or International Reply Coupons

10-41

# FREE SAMPLES OF REMARK- ABLE TREATMENT FOR Stomach Ulcers

Due to Gastric Hyperacidity



H. H. Bromley, of Shelburne, Vt., writes: "I suffered for years with acid-stomach trouble. My doctors told me I had acid stomach ulcers and would have to diet the rest of my life. Before taking your treatment I had lost a lot of weight and could eat nothing but soft foods and milk. After taking Von's Tablets, I felt perfectly well, ate almost anything and gained back the weight I had lost." If you suffer from indigestion, gastritis, heartburn, bleeding or any other stomach trouble due to gastric hyperacidity, you, too, should try Von's for prompt relief. Send for FREE Samples of this remarkable treatment and details of trial offer with money back guarantee. Instructive Booklet is included. Write:

PHILADELPHIA VON CO. Dept. 36-J  
Fox Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

## SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems to  
J. CHAS. McNEIL, MASTER OF MUSIC  
510-TH So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

# LODESTONE

\$1 PAIR. Charm Pack containing 6 bottles of perfume, 50c. Astrological Reading (send birthdate) 35c. How to Win Prize Contests 25c. How to Read Minds 25c. Secrets of Black Arts 35c. Good Luck Ring 25c. World's Smallest Bible 10c. 700 Secrets 25c. Lucky Numbers 35c. How to Know Your Future 35c. 7 Keys to Power \$1. Beautify Your Figure (for women) 35c. Valuable catalog 5c.

T. MESSICK, 8-217 Camden, New Jersey

## YOUR SONG ON A RECORD WILL GET IT PUBLISHED

DON'T DEPEND ON PUBLISHER'S IMAGINATION

Publishers are too busy to read and study the thousands of manuscripts they receive. Precious few get even a quick glance from an assistant.

## ASSURE YOUR SONG AN AUDITION

Let us make a recording and get real action—the action no manuscript can command. Instead of trying to read your song—make them hear it. Manuscripts may be cast aside but records are kept and played over and over.

## AN ORIGINAL 10" RECORDING OF YOUR SONG ONLY \$1.00

Rush your song to us at once—we will make a regular 10" record for only \$1.00 plus few pennies postage—expertly played and vocalized—NO OTHER CHARGES. We employ only fine recording technicians, musicians and singers. We manufacture our own blank records and do all recording right in our own studios. Volume recording work permits this low price. Elsewhere you may be required to pay up to \$5.00 and even more for an original recording and talent such as we offer.

SONG RECORDING STUDIO C,  
9 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose my manuscript—lyrics and music—and you are to make recordings as offered. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage when record arrives.

Name.....

Address.....

yours truly had our Nisson and he carried a mascot, a horned toad, that was slap-happy and had cauliflower ears. He said he brought it over to compete with the other frogs he'd heard so much about.

He said he would punch our ears off too if we did not look out. His name was Butch McBoffo and he came from Arizona. Oswald challenged him to a finish fight, with gloves. The day after Oswald softened him up, a frog peasant complained to Chaumont that U. S. aviators were stealing shoes off their mules. You could never make Oswald talk, though.

It must have been quite interesting living with Indians, wasn't it? You never have to worry about a place to sleep even if a convention is in town. You always have a reservation.

Well, we have finished for this time. Do not feel bad if you do not see your letters in this issue. We will try our best to insert them in the next batch. We know how you feel as once we did a very brave thing in an air battle over Mont Sec and was not mentioned in dispatches. We are pleased to observe that discipline is improving and that the wisenheimers are loath to send in poison pen letters. We guess that the last three convictions obtained by our legal staff has scared some people right out of their balbriggans.

Do write—and you will always be a member in good standing of The Lone Eagles of America. Send in the necessary coupons and what goes with them and get in the parade. Every new member burns Hitler's snoopers up, do not forget that. If you think Adolph, the world's prize rodent, has not got his bleary lamps turned toward Ma Liberty, then you still believe that snakes have kittens. Do not believe certain citizens who spout and gush against American help to the allies.

They have got axes to grind somewhere and a lot of them would sink one right up to the hilt in Uncle Sam's pate. Take a gander at the kind of citizens who attend their meetings! Maybe some of the leaders mean all right but they're not aware of the fact that they are Adolph's stooges, and that they are softening up morale. You know their kind. They watch a movie of a Luftwaffe attack on London and they get up and yelp: "Don't be scared. They can't do that to us!"

Why, even Oswald thinks those guys are nutty. —THE WING COMMANDER.

## OUR NEXT ISSUE

Readers, let me repeat The Wing Commander's invitation—join our grand club for air fans, THE LONE EAGLES OF AMERICA. There are no dues and no fees and you'll be mighty welcome. See the coupon on Page 111. A partial list of members appears on Page 13 of this issue. They're all true blue fellows and girls you'll be proud of having for clubmates.

Just a word about next issue's novel—HIGH RAMPARTS. It's set in Iceland,







# Thousands of Machinists Wanted!

Get Started for a Big Pay Job With This

## NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE

... a practical reference book and reading course  
combined in one big volume ... for only ...

AMERICA'S rapidly expanding industries call for machinists and more machinists! Rates of pay were never higher! What an opportunity for men who like work that combines the skill of hands and brains! For such men anxious to get started in this profitable field, we have just published this NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE.

This amazing book shows you in almost 1,000 crystal-clear illustrations and easy-to-understand text exactly how every function of the machinist is performed! Written by practical experts in simple language so that even the beginner can make rapid progress; a ready reference work also for every machine operator, metal worker, draughtsman or mechanic.

**\$1.98**  
an amazing  
bargain!

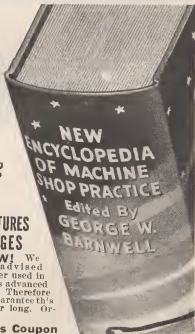
### Describes and Illustrates Every Basic Machine Shop Operation

Covers every problem that confronts even the most expert machinist. Complete chapters devoted to every type of Bench Work; different types of metal used by the machinist; Turret and Automatic Lathes, their attachments and operations. Every type of Screw-Cutting; Tape-Turning, Knurling; Milling and Grinding.

Included is full information on Special Machine Tools and Machine Attachments; Jigs and Fixtures; Punch Press Operations. Instruction in Heat-Treating of Metals; Welding and Soldering; Drop-Forging; Foundry Work; Gauging and Testing. All types of Callipers, Micrometers and other measuring instruments are included. Chapter on Reading Machine Blue Prints. Dozens of tables to simplify mathematical calculations. Edited by **George W. Barnwell**, Professor of Production Practice, Stevens Institute of Technology.

**SEND NO MONEY NOW** Just mail the attached coupon. When the volume arrives, deposit \$1.98 plus few cents postage and handling charges with postman. At the end of 5 days, you may return the book if not satisfied and we will refund your deposit in full. WM. H. WISE & CO., Inc., 50 West 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY WM. H. WISE & CO., INC.



**1000 PICTURES  
576 PAGES**

**ACT NOW!** We have been advised that the paper used in this book has advanced 42% in cost. Therefore we cannot guarantee this low price for long. Order now.

### Mail This Coupon

WM. H. WISE & CO., Inc., Dept. 5510  
50 West 47th Street, New York City

Please send me, for 5 days' free examination, a copy of the NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE, 576 pages, nearly 1,000 illustrations, bound in semi-flexible cloth. When the book arrives, I will deposit \$1.98, plus a few cents postage and handling charges with the postman. At the end of 5 days, I may return the book and you will refund my deposit. Otherwise, I will keep the book and the deposit will be considered payment in full. (Shipping weight, 3 lbs.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if you prefer Thumb Notch Indexed Edition, in Dupont water-resistant binding, easily cleansable, for only 50 cents more. Same terms.



# One LIFE INSURANCE POLICY INSURES YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY!



## TOTAL COST

Only \$1 A MONTH  
PAYS FOR ALL

**INSURES PARENTS, CHILDREN (Married or Unmarried)  
BROTHERS, SISTERS and GRANDPARENTS . . . Ages 1 to 75**

★ Now, modern life insurance methods make it possible for *all* of your family, including in-laws, to be insured in one policy paying guaranteed benefits for death from any cause.

Instead of issuing five or six policies to include mother, father, sons, and daughters, even grandparents, we now issue just one policy that insures them all . . . and at one low cost price of only \$1.00 a month.

## Guarantee Reserve

**FAMILY POLICY**

**INSURES FROM 2 to 6  
MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY**

**\$1,422<sup>00</sup>** For Natural  
or Ordinary  
Accidental Death

**\$2,844<sup>00</sup>** For Auto  
Accidental Death

**\$4,266<sup>00</sup>** For Travel  
Accidental Death

The figures shown above represent the insurance provided by the policy on a typical average family of five persons.

**GUARANTEE RESERVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
DEPARTMENT 17-K, HAMMOND, INDIANA

**NO AGENT WILL CALL**  
**10-DAY FREE INSPECTION OFFER**  
**SEND NO MONEY**

### COMPUTED ON LEGAL RESERVE BASIS

To guarantee payment on each death that occurs in your insured family, we have figured this policy out on the strict legal reserve basis, complying with State government requirements in every respect. This is your assurance of *Cash When You Need It Most*. Claims are paid at once . . . without argument or delay. State records verify our fair and just settlements.

Guarantee Reserve specializes in full family coverage, that's why we can offer safe, guaranteed life insurance on your whole family at one low price of only \$1.00 a month.

### NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

To eliminate costly doctor fees, etc., we have eliminated Medical Examination. All people from age 1 to 75, in good health may be included in this new type Guarantee Reserve family policy. No membership fees, no examination fees, no policy fee . . . \$1.00 a month pays for one policy that insures all.

### RUSH-MAIL AT ONCE-DON'T DELAY

**Guarantee Reserve LIFE INSURANCE CO.**  
GUARANTEE RESERVE BLDG., Dept. 17-K, Hammond Ind.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me at once complete information on how to get your Family Life Policy for FREE inspection.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....



# SCAN COURTESY OF EXCITER

